

ALEXANDRA GRIPENBERG

From a photograph taken in Chicago in 1888
Courtesy of Dr Rita Gripenberg

ALEXANDRA GRIPENBERG'S

A HALF YEAR IN THE NEW WORLD

Miscellaneous Sketches of Travel in The United States

(1888)

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY

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ONE of the most important foreign visitors to the United States during the last half of the nineteenth century was Baroness Alexandra Gripenberg, a traveler in the tradition of Peter Kalm and Fredrika Bremer, her famous Northern European predecessors in America Alexandra Gripenberg, author and a leader in Finland's woman suffrage and temperance movements, was born August 30, 1857, at Kurkijoki, Finland, the daughter of Baron Juhana Ulrik Sebastian and Maria Loviisa Örnberg Gripenberg. Of an illustrious Swedish-Finnish family, Alexandra Gripenberg was educated at home, and she manifested an interest in literary activities at an early age In 1877 she published *Berättelser af Ringa,* followed in 1884 by a collection of short stories entitled *Strån* and in 1886 by a novel *I tätnande led,* both of the latter appearing under the pseudonym "Aarne." For several years, in the early 1880's, she served as a reader and assistant to the well-known Finnish author Zacharias Topelius In 1884-1885 she was a correspondent for the *Wasa Tidning;* in 1885 she began editing the *Nya Trollsländen,* a children's paper, and in 1887-1888 she edited, in Finnish, another children's publication entitled *Sirkka;* from 1889 to 1911 she edited a journal called *Koti ja Yhteiskunta.* She also contributed to numerous Finnish and Swedish newspapers and periodicals and to Danish and Norwegian women's journals Among her more important books should be mentioned *Till Aavasaksa* (1886) and other lively travel accounts resulting from her trips to Germany, Hungary, England, and America; *Från läktaren* (1887), a collection of biographical sketches of the leading members of the Finnish Diet in 1885, and *Reformarbetet till förbättrande av kvinnans ställning* (1893-1903), a review of the development of woman's rights in various lands.

Like so many others in Finland, Alexandra Gripenberg, whose father was a senator, felt the influence of Finnish nationalism early in life and this led to an awareness of the general problems of humanity. In furthering her interest in social questions, she traveled to England and to America to study woman suffrage and

temperance work in those countries Her experiences abroad convinced her of the social significance of the woman suffrage movement and she became one of the foremost exponents of woman's rights in the world She was president of the Finnish Women's Association from 1889 to 1903, was a member of the Diet in 1907 1908, and founded the National Council of Finnish Women in 1911 From 1893 to 1899 she was treasurer of the International Council of Women, and she was again serving as president of the Finnish Women s Association at the time of her death in Helsinki on December 21, 1913 To Alexandra Gripenberg's indefatigable work as an organizer and speaker Finland owed its position of leadership in Europe in the emancipation of women and in coeducation

In 1888 Alexandra Gripenberg was a delegate to the international women s congress in Washington, D C., and afterward she traveled extensively through the United States She was particularly impressed by the vastness of America and felt that in the short time at her disposal she could not possibly learn much about a land where the sequoia trees in the primitive forests were so tall that looking up the trunk of one such giant she could not see its top Realizing that six months were not enough to give her more than a superficial insight into American conditions, in writing her account of the country, she did not attempt to give a total impression of the United States with its merits and shortcomings Rather, she made the book in which she recounted the events of her trip to the New World, published in Helsinki in 1889, a collection of random reminiscences Written in Swedish and translated into Finnish, *Ett Halfår i Nya Verlden . Strödda reseblilder från Förenta Staterna* was widely read in Northern Europe Although it has never before been translated into English, Alexandra Gripenberg's account ranks with Peter Kalm's *Travels in North America* and Fredrika Bremer's *The Homes of the New World* as one of the most important travel books on America written by a Northern European In it she recorded for posterity the United States of 1888 as Peter Kalm and Fredrika Bremer had earlier recorded the America of 1750 and 1850 Although her first concern was woman's rights, her interests were

as varied as those of her predecessors. She visited the most important cities in the United States, and saw many of the country's scenic wonders, such as Niagara Falls, Yosemite Valley, and the Great Salt Lake. She delved into movements such as American spiritualism, Christian Science, and Mormonism. At the Republican Nominating Convention of 1888 in Chicago, she observed certain elements of that party currying favor with the woman suffrage forces. At the convention of the National Educational Association in San Francisco, she learned much about American education, its aims and accomplishments Prior to that meeting she had had the opportunity to study American education at first hand on numerous occasions in various parts of the country. She expressed a lively interest in American literature and thought, and she was especially interested in the social and historical implications of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona,* the former dealing with the wrongs of the Negroes and the latter with the wrongs of the American Indians She admired the West as portrayed in the poetry of Joaquin Miller and in the prose of Bret Harte. It may have been Harte's work which aroused her curiosity about the Chinese in America. Practically nothing escaped her view, whether the domestic arts or the national characteristics of the American people.

In spite of its general excellence, *Ett halfår i Nya Verlden,* or *A Half Year in the New World,* is not without its faults. Writing for the Northern European reading public, Alexandra Gripenberg wished to make her treatment of certain aspects of American history and culture as complete as possible. As a result, she had to rely on secondary sources for some of her material. Unfortunately she is not so accurate and authoritative in the chapters in which she depends upon secondary sources as she is in those in which she recounts her own experiences Moreover, the short duration of her stay in the United States, as well as the great variety of her activities while here, probably accounts for some minor factual errors in her book. Since the author gives general impressions rather than a chronological, step-by-step narrative of her movements in America, it is frequently difficult to follow her route of

travel with any accuracy Occasionally, too, Baroness Gripenberg's natural bias as an aristocrat and a feminist can be detected in her writing On the whole, however *A Half Year in the New World* is accurate and objective

Alexandra Gripenberg's importance lies as much in the astuteness of her observations on immigrant life in America as in her contact with some of the leading Americans of the day She visited some of the Finnish settlements in the United States, especially in California and in Ohio In her interesting and detailed account of her countrymen in America she anticipated and warned against the state of cultural inertia into which the Finnish settlers in this country might fall if they failed to learn English Some of the early immigrants actually ceased to progress culturally remaining at the same level as when they left Finland because they lost all touch with the advancing culture of their native land and could not assimilate the new culture of their adopted land Although this isolation from both cultures did not occur very frequently when it did happen it proved the greatest tragedy of immigration

Alexandra Gripenberg served to strengthen cultural ties between Finland and America not only by her thorough understanding of the immigrants problems but also by her friendship with many of the outstanding American women of the period As a delegate to the first International Council of Women meeting in Washington D C she became intimately acquainted with such women as Elizabeth Cady Stanton Susan B Anthony Frances Willard and May Wright Sewall The inspiration and encouragement given to the women's movement in Finland by the women in America is attested to by a letter from Baroness Gripenberg to Susan B Anthony

> Often I wonder if you have an idea of how much you and Mrs Stanton have influenced my life You may know—you can see it—how much you have influenced the women of your own country, but I want that you should know how vividly we Finnish women feel our gratitude to you how we follow what you speak and

> write. Is it not wonderful how great ideas unite different peoples? Thousands of women here in Finland cannot read English, but still they know you, have read your speeches and enjoyed your articles.[1]

Perhaps even more important than her interest in woman's rights was Alexandra Gripenberg's interest in American literature. During the course of her transcontinental tour, which almost took on the nature of a literary pilgrimage, she met many distinguished American writers. In Cambridge she called upon Mrs. Ole Bull, widow of the famous Norwegian violinist, who was then living at Elmwood, the home of James Russell Lowell. In Cambridge she also visited the Longfellow House, where she paid homage to the memory of the great poet. In Hartford she met Mark Twain, the humorist, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, the abolitionist; in Chicago she was introduced to Robert Ingersoll, the orator and writer; and in Oakland, California, she became acquainted with Joaquin Miller, bard of the Sierra Nevada. After her return to Finland, she was instrumental in popularizing American literature in her native land,[2] and in her book about her visit to the New World she has given us a firsthand account of all the famous American authors whom she met.

To the American or English reader familiar with such accounts as Mrs. Frances Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* and Matthew Arnold's *Civilization in the United States*, Alexandra Gripenberg's narrative will bring to mind many points of com-

[1] Ida Husted Harper, *The Life and Work of Susan B Anthony* (Indianapolis, 1908), III, 1280-81

[2] One example of Alexandra Gripenberg's work in making American literature [illegible]

answer to the Literary Society's counter-proposal that the Women's Association [illegible]

Series III (1895), 91.

parison and contrast Thus, for instance, even though Alexandra Gripenberg agrees with Mrs Trollope in condemning the incessant tobacco chewing in the United States, her attitude toward America and Americans is, in general, much more sympathetic than that of either Mrs Trollope or Matthew Arnold The traveler from Finland could look at America much more objectively than could the English visitors, who might still be embittered by England s loss of its American colony Generally speaking, Alexandra Gripenberg s *A Half Year in the New World*, in dealing with the America of 1888, does not present a flattering nor yet a derogatory picture of the United States, here we can see ourselves as a cultured Finnish visitor saw us more than sixty years ago

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In translating Alexandra Gripenberg s account of her travels in the United States into English, I have used both the Swedish and Finnish editions of her work *Ett halfår i Nya Verlden Strodda resebilder från Forenta Staterna,* af Alexandra Gripenberg (Helsingfors G W Edlunds förlag, 1889), and *Uudesta maailmasta Hajanaisia matkakuvia Amerikasta,* translated into Finnish by Hilda Asp (Helsinki G W Edlund in kustantama, 1891) I have not omitted anything from the original account, and I have included certain interesting and informative footnotes which appear only in the Finnish translation In order to keep the editing as unobtrusive as possible, I have corrected the small number of typographical errors in the original text without calling the reader s attention to them

My aim in translating was to be literally accurate, at the same time I have tried to convey, so far as possible, an impression of Baroness Gripenberg s style which is generally straightforward and clear

I wish to thank the Faculty Research Committee of the University of Delaware for the grant of a Faculty Research Fellowship, which made it possible for me to translate and edit *Ett halfår i Nya Verlden* I desire also to express my appreciation to Dr Rita Gripenberg of Helsinki Finland, for her kind permission

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E. J M.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

AT THE time of the break-up of the ice in the realm of ideas, there sometimes comes a moment when the air seems to be rustling and ringing with liberated thoughts. Then truth and justice, as we then see them, seem to come, alive and warm, out of the darkness of prejudice, to meet us. One such moment was the first attempt at a general meeting of the women of the world in Washington in 1888. The generosity and energy of the members of the Finnish Women's Association made it possible even for Finland to be represented on that memorable occasion. The notes which here follow were made during travels in the New World after the Association's work had been completed. But six months in such a gigantic country as the United States can give only a superficial insight into its conditions America is so large that—as American women say—"whatever is right in the North is wrong in the South." It is like a gigantic tree in its own virgin forests· while we behold the trunk, we cannot see all the way to the top. Therefore these sketches of travel cannot offer a whole impression of modern America with its peculiarities, its faults and its virtues They form only one collection of random reminiscences among many others. When we spend a long time traveling, there come periods when freedom from work and its concomitant responsibilities renews our ability to receive impressions and to fill our souls with wonder over the multifariousness of life Then we feel as though we were rocking gaily on one of the blue waves of the Atlantic or looking down on a sunlit world from a circumnavigating cloud. At the same time the great number of impressions weakens our criticism now and again, and the various pictures do not stand forth clearly enough.

These travel sketches are from such a period.

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Chapter I

In New York

"THIS is not America. This is Finland!" On a frosty morning in March this thought instinctively passed through my mind as I[1] beheld for the first time the coast of the New World.

The shores were lofty, solemn, and snow covered, with the pallid colors of a northern winter day in the sky, and the Atlantic, which yesterday had still been sparkling blue-surfaced in the sunshine, now was transformed into an ice field. If I had not been looking at that scene from the deck of an ocean-plowing steamer, while a babel of various languages buzzed around me, I could have imagined myself on the open water of Kallavesi or Leppävirta in Finland

But non-Finnish was the hustle and bustle which we encountered as soon as we got near enough to New York for the roar of the seething metropolis to reach us. Small, swift ice-breakers crushed the thin crust of ice ahead of us and in their wake our large ship puffed its way toward the entrance of the harbor. Looking like a city floating on the waves, far-famed New York harbor stretched out in front of us with its innumerable vessels. High above everything in its vicinity rose the gigantic beacon "The Statue of Liberty" with its arm firmly extended toward the sky. Behind her appeared an endless perspective of the large city with its diversified scenes of everyday life and its monotonous rows of roofs and chimneys.

After passing through the fires of purgatory in the customhouse, we steamed across the Hudson River to New York on a bellowing ferryboat. Only a week had elapsed since the terrible blizzard which struck North America in the winter of 1888. The streets were filled with dirty gray snow; on the sunny side of the streets water dripped down on the walks; a chilly wind pene-

[1] The translator has changed the author's *we* of the original to *I* throughout the text.

trated through outer garments, and the air smelled of snow Fruit venders at the street corners were gay signs of spring in the midst of winter scenes, they offered violets and roses for sale to the passers by, Florida roses of every hue, from the most delicate shades of pink to the darkest cherry red

My destination was the Miller Hotel, where the European delegates to the international women's congress in Washington had been invited to stay Since only two of us had arrived and the ceremonies with which the New York women's organizations planned to honor the congress and us had not yet begun, I had time to look at the city

One would probably get a more powerful impression of New York as a metropolis if one did not see it immediately after a trans Atlantic voyage At sea the eye is accustomed to a limitless range of vision and everything else seems crowded compared to the watery expanse New York among the American cities most lacks special character It does not have the same striking characteristics as does Philadelphia, the city of the Quakers, where each one of the red brick houses looks exactly like every other one Neither is New York, like Boston, a copy of English cities nor is it, like Washington, reminiscent of Italian cities It does not have the genuine American stamp of Chicago or the picturesque fascination of San Francisco On the three separate occasions that I visited New York, I saw it in winter array, in early spring attire, and in the luxuriant glory of the latter part of summer Each time I tried to get a total impression of New York which would distinguish it from other large cities, but in vain In my opinion, New York is just an ordinary large city

It can be distinguished from European cities only by the variety of human faces to be seen in the crowded streets One can see representatives of all European nations here in a very short time and also blue-coated Chinese with impassive faces and wearing thick, white-soled shoes, the Japanese can easily be recognized by his twinkling, intelligent eyes, beside the woolly haired, thick lipped Negro walk nut brown mulattoes, slightly lighter quadroons, and octoroons, the color of whose skin is only slightly tinged with yellow The lively southern effect created by the

various races is increased by the piles of fruit which even at this time of year the venders had heaped up at the street corners: large bunches of yellow bananas, clusters of bluish-green grapes, heaps of fragrant oranges, stiff pineapples. And also the flowers—an abundance of roses, heliotropes, and violets.

In the midst of the fruits and flowers stand sellers of nuts with their baskets. America is the promised land of all kinds of nuts. They have cocoanuts and walnuts, peanuts, butternuts, hazelnuts, and hickory nuts. Peanuts are particularly well liked, and the street urchins in eating them know how to emit the shells from their mouths just as skillfully as the Russians know how to loosen the shells of sunflower seeds by biting them. Everywhere in the New York streets one can hear the crackle of small braziers over which the peanuts are roasted. Popcorn, or roasted corn, is considered just as popular a delicacy as peanuts In the West[2] one frequently sees the following warning at the entrances to parks and public walks: "Bags must not be taken in. Eat your peanuts and your popcorn outside." The stranger patiently tolerates the peanut shells scattered in his path by the Americans. It is more difficult, however, to watch the chewing of tobacco common among the men and to endure the chewing of gum by women and children. Fortunately the temperance societies have recently begun to combat the former evil practice vigorously, and the schools are trying just as energetically to rid their students of the habit of chewing gum

The gay street life makes the traveler feel more sweet-tempered toward the streets themselves, which in the matter of orderliness leave a great deal to be desired I was told that as a rule they are swept only once a week, and they certainly looked it. Rubbish containers, broken china, straw-filled wooden crates, and discarded household goods were scattered around on the sidewalks. The less pretentious houses were prosaically uniform with their yellow or green window shutters. In the "City" section[3] are

[2] The author here introduces into her account some of her observations in the West, which she visited after leaving New York. *Editor.*

[3] City—the part of the city where business and trade are carried on Pertinent footnotes, such as this one, which appeared only in the Finnish translation of 1891 will be indicated hereafter by *Finnish translation*

gigantic nine-, eleven , and thirteen story structures belonging to newspaper corporations Aside from these, the buildings in New York are not so impressive and not so elegant as those in the ' City of Chicago In New York s Wall Street, in the midst of its noise and bustle one begins to get an idea of the giddy and mad pace of American business ventures In those smoky, ugly buildings, which lack both history and poetic quality, one can become a millionaire or a beggar in one day Here one cannot get relief from the drab feeling not even from the sense that—as in the City of London—one believes he can hear history in its hieroglyphic mantle following his footsteps Here everything is new, seething urgent modernity Above the roofs an iron horse pulls businessmen laborers school youngsters, people of all kinds, to their various occupations One climbs to the towerlike station up a steep flight of stairs buys his ticket at a window, and steps out on the station platform—and one speeds away at a moment s notice Over the roofs and chimneys goes the track, now and again making bold arc like turns

Only one human life a week was the answer to my question whether accidents happen frequently

The elevated railroad ruins the perspectives in New York s streets it darkens and disfigures them One feels himself to be constantly walking under a bridge Only on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and in Madison Square, does one get an open view Broadway is a business street and along the latter streets live the aristocracy The buildings along these streets are beautiful, of chocolate brown light green, and gray stone When the trees in Madison Square and Central Park are in full leaf, these streets, with their many beautiful church spires, present many captivating scenes Central Park, the pride of New York, deserves the praises given to it Hyde Park in London is more magnificent and affords more attractive views but in Central Park nature is more smiling and free Early in the spring, when the park is verdant, an early morning ride there is very charming Here stands that famous obelisk which the Khedive of Egypt presented to New York It is sixty nine feet high, and transportation costs rose to about one hundred thousand dollars

New York is built on an island and because of that its future arouses uneasiness. Its population increases steadily every year through the arrival of immigrants and through normal growth, and yet it does not have room for expansion The city now has about 1,300,000 inhabitants, and the necessities of life are very expensive.

But this island situation gives the city marvelous views of the Hudson River and of the sea. One of the most beautiful sights is from Brooklyn Bridge. This gigantic triumph of engineering skill carries on its shoulders double railroad tracks, two roads for carriages, and two sidewalks. As early as the year 1855 Colonel Adams planned its construction, but it was not until 1866 that work was started, and the bridge was opened to traffic in 1883. It is eighty-five feet wide and at its longest part it is 5,460 feet in length.

On a lovely, sunshiny day I stood on the bridge for the first time, looking at the Hudson River,[4] which rolls its waters beneath the stately arches of the bridge. In the distance loomed the Goddess of Liberty, behind her the blue sea. The beauty of this massive statue is enhanced by its classical composure Bartholdi, the sculptor, is said to have drawn his inspiration from an ancient statuette which was a third less than natural size. The present enlarged reproduction is 137 feet high from the feet to the tip of the beacon, and the base of the statue is 83 feet high. It has been calculated that fully grown adults could slip in and out of the nostrils of the gigantic maiden, and that a man six feet tall standing on the nymph's lower lip would reach exactly up to the corners of her eyes.

In New York, as in all larger American cities, there are beautiful shops. One experiences almost esthetic enjoyment in strolling through some of the more outstanding stores. One finds in them something of the fine taste which the French have in the arrangement of different shades of color. Every display window, every salesroom of John Wanamaker's, a great Philadelphia firm, is a study in the modern principles of style. The Americans themselves, however, confess that their sense of beauty has only re-

[4] The East River. *Editor.*

gigantic nine-, eleven, and thirteen story structures belonging to newspaper corporations Aside from these, the buildings in New York are not so impressive and not so elegant as those in the 'City of Chicago In New York's Wall Street, in the midst of its noise and bustle, one begins to get an idea of the giddy and mad pace of American business ventures In those smoky, ugly buildings, which lack both history and poetic quality, one can become a millionaire or a beggar in one day Here one cannot get relief from the drab feeling, not even from the sense that—as in the City of London—one believes he can hear history in its hieroglyphic mantle following his footsteps Here everything is new, seething urgent modernity Above the roofs an iron horse pulls businessmen, laborers school youngsters, people of all kinds, to their various occupations One climbs to the towerlike station up a steep flight of stairs, buys his ticket at a window, and steps out on the station platform—and one speeds away at a moment's notice Over the roofs and chimneys goes the track, now and again making bold arc like turns

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there, and Mrs Blake, as the hostess in the main assembly-room, welcomed them. The handsome rooms of the hotel were packed with several hundred people, friends of woman's rights, and also curious hangers-on, mostly from the ranks of city officials, and educational, literary, and artistic circles. Venerable judges, pale artists, critical-looking professors, light-footed and glib newspapermen; gray-haired old ladies with maternal smiles; and a real flower garden of young ladies with fine, narrow faces—black-haired, black-eyed, glorious flowers

There were seven guests of honor. Scotland, Mrs. Scatcherd,[5] was an able woman of the sturdiest Anglo-Saxon race, a tireless worker in behalf of poverty-stricken women. Beside her stood England, Mrs. Ashton Dilke, in a thick, dark-green silk dress and with the favorite hat of her countrywomen, a princess hat, on her head. She had been sent by the liberal political women's associations of Northern England.[6] Mrs Moore, an Irish woman *par excellence*, a little before her departure had been imprisoned for a short time in her beloved native land for participation in a political demonstration; and yet she did not make any more fuss about the matter than such an event deserved. On her left shoulder shone a green and white rosette of Ireland

Norway, Madame Magelssen-Groth, was a pure Norwegian type, red-cheeked, beautiful, and spirited. Next to her glittered something peculiarly brick red and pea green which turned out to be Mrs Zadel Barnes Gustafson, delegate of the London women's total abstinence temperance society.[7] From beneath the brim of her large, umbrella-sized hat peeped forth such a sweet face with dimpled cheeks that the dreadful dress was forgot. Madame Bogelot of Paris, the warm and active friend of women prisoners in France, could not be considered a typical Parisian. Her black

[5] Mrs Alice Scatcherd was the delegate of the Edinburgh National Society for Women's Suffrage, and the Darlington, Yorkshire, and Southport Women's Liberal Associations *Editor.*

[6] Mrs Ashton Dilke was the delegate of the Newcastle Women's Liberal Association *Editor.*

[7] Mrs Zadel B. Gustafson was the delegate of the National Prohibition Movement of Great Britain. *Editor.*

wool dress was not at all chic, and there was no sign of the coquette in her kind, intelligent face

Six young girls in white dresses, with the yellow ribbon of the American women's associations in their buttonholes, served as hostesses, and they brought to the guests, in small numbers, all the people who were to be introduced A deep bow on both sides, a very happy to see you and a 'how do you like America?'— more bows and the same conversation repeated over and over again Among those present was Mrs Frank Leslie, possessor of several million dollars acquired by herself Her husband founded *Frank Leslie's Paper*, a journal, but he became ill with an incurable disease The wife took over her husband s declining business enlarged it, and put it on an unexpectedly flourishing basis Now she employs reporters, artists, and writers by the hundreds, and she herself directs the large publishing house

When the introductions, which lasted for almost two hours, were over the speeches began Mrs Blake skillfully traced the development of woman s rights in America from 1848, when the first small meeting was held at Seneca Falls Although men such as Garrison, Frederick Douglass, and Robert Purvis supported woman s rights, others ridiculed the women When Elizabeth Cady Stanton dared to demand the right to vote for women, the Quakeress Lucretia Mott, devoted friend of feminism, shook her head and said, Dear friend Elizabeth, thee has gone too far" But in working for the emancipation of the slaves, the women advanced their own cause and the age began to understand their demands Now they stand before the election tables demanding as their right, that they, the mothers of society, should be allowed to formulate those laws which they themselves obey and which they are to teach their children to obey

In conclusion, the speaker addressed warm words of welcome to the guests, who replied one by one, and then the reception gradually drew to a close

On the following day there were three meetings, one in the morning, one at noon, and one in the evening Actually, the New York State Woman Suffrage Association was now celebrating its anniversary and delegates had arrived from numerous cities There

were about six hundred persons, or even more, present. Below the speaker's platform, which was decorated with flowers, sat a long row of newspaper reporters and artists, whose pens kept scratching the whole time. Mrs. Blake, attired in a dark-blue silk dress, sat in a high-backed armchair reserved for the chairman.

The annual report reviewed the society's activities during the past year. Their most important goal had been the achievement of municipal suffrage for women, the same right to a child for the mother as for the father, and also the appointment of police matrons, who would take charge of women who had been arrested. The annual reports of women's associations in various cities of New York state were also read.[8] Since most of the states have different laws affecting women, the activities of the women's societies in various states are quite unlike. Most of them strive to attain the right to vote locally. That right is not possessed by women except in one state and two territories: Kansas, Wyoming,[9] and Washington. In those regions where women already have the above-mentioned right and also the right to take part in the election of school boards, a great effort is being made to encourage, in every way possible, the women's skillful exercise of their duties of citizenship. At the same time incessant and well-organized discussion about increasing the political voting rights of women is carried on. It is natural that the advocates of woman's rights should concentrate on this matter as their most important goal in a land where ignorant laborers have the right to cast their votes. In addition, the large number of immigrants and ignorant Negroes has begun to arouse unrest in the United States, and it

[8] In Albany a delegation had been sent to the state senate, but it had been turned away with the explanation that women already have enough influence if they want to use it. They can influence their husbands, fathers, brothers, and servants. "I went home," related the speaker, "and I thought 'Now I'll try to influence at least William.' William was a Negro and my coachman. 'William,' I said, 'next week, as you know, you should *exercise* your right to vote.' William stared at me, his mouth open, and asked, 'Miss, are you talking about the new horse?'"

[9] In Wyoming women have had both municipal and state franchise. For twenty-one years the women have been able to influence legislation there. Wyoming has been given statehood recently, and as a result, the rights of citizenship of women, as well as of other state residents, have increased, since *states* in the United States of America have more rights than the *territories*, to which Wyoming formerly belonged. *Finnish translation.*

has been pondered whether or not it would be wise to counteract their influence by giving women the right to vote In 1880 there were 21½ million native born women in the United States and 6½ million immigrants Since most of the immigrants are men, it may happen, as it did in Minnesota, that the number of their votes in that year beat the votes of native born Americans in that state by 40 000 While this disproportion threatens the northern states, the superior numbers of Negroes threaten the southern states In Georgia and in other southern states the colored people have as many votes as the whites, if not more, since the white race lost thousands of men in the Civil War

The foreign delegates also related how woman s rights had been advanced in their respective native lands

On the last day in New York the president of the women s association gave a reception for the European delegates Also, Sorosis, a very fine ladies club, invited them to its annual meeting It was held at Delmonico s, a world renowned restaurant in New York, and terminated with a dinner at the same place

Our wonderful New York hostesses did not forsake us even on the following morning when we left the city They accom panied us to Washington, and on the way they showed us every imaginable hospitality Many American delegates joined us on the way, and finally there was a whole carload of us ' ladies of the yellow ribbon as the members of the women's associations are called in America

It was very interesting to watch an American woman on the speaker s platform In Europe we have become accustomed to think of her as the *non plus ultra* of masculinity in her bloomer costume,[10] her mind full of bitter gall against the stronger sex I believe, however, that that is the last impression a European actu ally receives of the American woman whether he sees her per forming in public or in her family circle Of course, in speaking she does like to use telling witticisms, as do her countrymen, and

[10] In the middle of this century an American woman Amelia Bloomer designed for women a peculiar costume which was called after its inventor a bloomer suit It consisted of wide pants such as the women in Persia wear, and a short skirt. This garment was not very popular and soon disappeared from use *Finnish trans lation*

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True, effective eloquence is as rare among her nationality as among others, and, in my opinion, she is not superior in that respect to women of other countries, such as England and France. But, on the other hand, experience in public speaking is very common here and the American woman is not afraid to speak before an audience On such occasions she conducts herself with perfect ease and frequently with charming grace. There is a marked difference, however, between older and younger women. The older women gesticulate more than the younger women do, and they are more restless in their stage presence and manner of delivery. The younger women stand calmly, only occasionally using an appropriate, sure gesture, speak in carefully considered terms, and adhere more closely to the main point Indeed, American women still have a great deal to learn from their men about thoroughness and the comprehensive treatment of a subject Nevertheless, I believe that their weakness in this respect is here less noticeable than elsewhere, for the lively disposition characteristic of Americans causes even the men to mix a great many anecdotes, jokes, and comparisons in their speeches, which therefore often seem superficial and not sufficiently deliberated upon

Most of the speakers for woman's rights are dressed in dark or black clothes, usually of silk, and they wear bonnets, for most of them are women at least thirty years of age. Here, as elsewhere, few ladies of the fashionable world participate in the work for woman's rights; most feminists are youngish, well-educated women, or older ladies who formerly were active in welfare and temperance societies and religious or abolitionist groups. In the women's clubs of different kinds, which one finds everywhere in abundance, the members usually are ladies of the smart set, and therefore splendid luxury prevails in many of them.

has been pondered whether or not it would be wise to counteract their influence by giving women the right to vote In 1880 there were 21½ million native born women in the United States and 6½ million immigrants Since most of the immigrants are men, it may happen, as it did in Minnesota, that the number of their votes in that year beat the votes of native born Americans in that state by 40 000 While this disproportion threatens the northern states, the superior numbers of Negroes threaten the southern states In Georgia and in other southern states the colored people have as many votes as the whites, if not more, since the white race lost thousands of men in the Civil War

The foreign delegates also related how woman s rights had been advanced in their respective native lands

On the last day in New York the president of the women s association gave a reception for the European delegates Also, Sorosis, a very fine ladies club, invited them to its annual meeting It was held at Delmonico s, a world renowned restaurant in New York, and terminated with a dinner at the same place

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Chapter II

A Bird's-Eye View of the Women's Convention in Washington

It is fortunate, indeed, to be alive at a time when a great principle forces itself into the open from underneath a covering of indifference, hatred, and prejudice

That thought doubtless was predominant among us women who convened on the twenty fourth of March, 1888, at three o clock in the afternoon, in the Red Parlor of the magnificent Riggs House in Washington The first International Council of Women had brought together about sixty quiet—almost solemnly awaiting—women, the best women in America Europe's contribution was so small that it was lost in the midst of the group The expenses of travel and stormy March weather were responsible for only seven women coming from Europe That out-of the way Northern European countries had sent three delegates aroused a great deal of amazement, and when Norway and Finland,[1] in response to the roll call, stood up, a wave of curiosity and wonder swept through the group of women assembled there

Every woman present had done greater or smaller service in behalf of mankind

First of all sat Mrs Elizabeth Cady Stanton, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, which was the sponsor of the meeting Mrs Stanton is a lady of seventy four, snow white curls rest, neatly arranged, on both sides of her remarkable face, which resembles a portrait from the past century The vice president of the same organization, Miss Susan B Anthony, presided at the convention These women are old friends from antislavery days when they worked together Mrs Stanton is pure philosophy, Miss Anthony pure organizing ability That is why they have accomplished great deeds together If one asks Mrs

[1] Norway sent one delegate Madame Sophie Magelssen Groth and Finland sent two delegates Baroness Alexandra Gripenberg and Miss Alli Trygg *Editor*

Stanton something about the work of women's organizations, she pats the questioner on the shoulder and says, "Let's ask Susan" If one turns to Miss Anthony in regard to some problem in basic principles, she immediately answers, "My old friend, Mrs Stanton, knows that best" Both are of old Quaker families Miss Anthony is more popular, and she is especially the favorite of the young folks, who call her "Aunt Susan."

Beside her sat the secretary, Miss Rachel Foster.[2] They are inseparable, and it is beautiful to watch Miss Anthony's silver-gray head close to the radiant face of the secretary.

There sat Mrs. Lucy Stone, who is now editing the *Woman's Journal* for the twenty-sixth year, and who is one of the vanguard in the feminist movement With her round face and simple dress, she looks like the wife of a Finnish country pastor. There was Miss Frances Willard, apostle of temperance, who represents the wishes of millions She heads the large National Woman's Christian Temperance Union and also the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union The newspaper of the former organization, *The Union Signal,* had almost 40,000 subscribers in 1888.

There we saw old, aristocratic-looking Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, one of America's oldest and most esteemed women authors Next to her sat Mrs. Mary Livermore, who was an indefatigable nurse and hospital director during the Civil War. Her book *My Story of the War* portrays in a moving way the horrors of war and the heroic deeds of women in the field hospitals and in the midst of the wounded men on the fields of battle She is also an able speaker, especially on religious subjects. The most distinguished of the younger women was Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, headmistress of a classical academy for girls. She is a clear-headed, fast-thinking, and energetic woman; she has an unbelievable amount of organizing ability. She and Miss Foster presumably will become directors of the woman suffrage movement when the aged leaders die off.

Mrs Clara Colby, editor of the *Woman's Tribune,* was to be seen there. When the convention was decided upon, the hope was expressed that one of the many women's papers in the United

[2] Now Mrs [Cyrus Miller] Avery.

States would publish daily reports of the convention Without any hesitation, Mrs Colby moved her newspaper office from Beatrice, Nebraska, to Washington—about a three day railroad trip away Thus it was hoped that reliable and valid accounts of the conference would result And Mrs Colby s twelve to-sixteen page, lively paper fulfilled all just expectations In addition to accounts of proceedings taken down in shorthand, the paper published biographical sketches of the American and of the foreign delegates and also of other eminent women and men, it also printed letters telegrams, and poems from such friends of woman s rights who had not themselves been able to get to the meeting

Miss Anthony bid the guests welcome She addressed particularly the sisters from across the sea as she called the delegates from other countries These included the following the English representatives—Mrs Laura Ormiston Chant (who is known as her country s most eloquent woman, and who next to Mrs Butler at the present time is her country's most able worker in matters concerning morality), Mrs Ashton Dilke and Mrs Zadel Gustafson Scotland—Mrs Alice Scatcherd, France—Madame Isabelle Bogelot Norway—Madame Sophie Magelssen Groth Germany—Mrs Clara Neymann, Ireland—Mrs Margaret Moore Canada—Mrs Bessie Keefer, India—Pundita Ramabai

This interesting young widow [Pundita Ramabai] attracted the most attention and aroused sympathy Her face is round, her skin brownish her cheekbones high her eyes soft and expressive Her laughter is childishly clear and when she laughs she always displays a shining row of white teeth Her broken English is the quaintest that one can hear According to the custom of her native land she wears a widow s white gown when she appears in public Ramabai had come to England and America to collect money to provide a home for so called child widows who are numerous in India She was sympathetically received everywhere and after her return to India she founded her proposed institution She possesses comprehensive and thorough knowledge and in her native land she has attained the rank of a learned Sarasvati ' In England she had been employed as a teacher of Sanskrit in a college

At the first meeting in the Red Parlor we discussed whether or not a permanent International Council of Women would be advisable. The chairman performed her duties well and the discussion was lively and fluent, although perhaps less restricted to the subject than is customary, at least with us Northerners By seven o'clock the power of action had been given to the meeting, the discussions had ended, and the preliminary committee had been appointed

On the following day women ministers preached in five churches, and in the evening the general session was begun with a divine service The meeting place, Albaugh's large opera house, was adorned with flowers, and flags fluttered from the ceiling and from the tiers of boxes More than a thousand people had congregated and a solemn silence prevailed during Pastor Annie Shaw's sermon and also during the prayers offered in turn by each of the five women ministers In accordance with the custom of the land, the conference itself and also *every morning and afternoon session* were begun with an invocation and hymn singing

The interest and excitement which prevailed on Monday the twenty-sixth as the discussion was begun cannot be described in words. When Mrs Stanton, attired in a black satin dress, a white gauze scarf around her neck, rose with the dignity of a septuagenarian to make the opening address, she was greeted with reverberating applause Men and women stood up, waved their handkerchiefs, and wept. Mrs Stanton's speech was not brilliant oratory, but its essence was unshakable conviction, and the fire of genius inspired it Her recollections of those forty years which had elapsed since the first women's meeting at Seneca Falls in 1848 were moving She portrayed especially, with sad playfulness, the contempt and insults formerly suffered by the friends of woman's rights

"Lucy Stone, Miss Anthony, and I," she said in her calm alto voice, "still remember the time when the audience greeted us with rotten eggs and not with flowers and applause as today."

Around her on the platform sat about a dozen of her contemporaries who had labored together in behalf of woman's rights and the abolition of slavery After Mrs. Stanton had finished her

speech, the foreign delegates were introduced to the audience, which welcomed each one in a friendly fashion Immediately after that the audience began to call for several of its favorites to appear One after the other they were led before the people to the accom paniment of cheers and acclamation Frederick Douglass, a former slave later a member of Congress[3] and one of the oldest friends of woman s rights, stepped forward So did Robert Purvis, just as did King Saul of old, standing a head taller than those around him The grand old man shook with excitement when, often in terrupted by the audience s ovations, he talked about former times Then we saw Mary Grew, in gray Quaker garb, with her gentle, childish eyes and her white locks Eighty five years old and shaking, but straight backed and red-cheeked, Amy Post ap peared before the public Her home had formerly been the refuge of innumerable runaway slaves There stood the orator and writer Henry Blackwell, he is also known as the only man in America who has permitted his wife, Lucy Stone, to keep her own name unchanged even after marriage Together with their daugh ter they publish the *Woman's Journal* Henry Blackwell s sister-in law the Reverend Antoinette Blackwell, the first woman minister in the United States was also to be seen there

All of these old people had worked together to free the slaves —they had served that ideal which in America paved the way and prepared minds for another even greater ideal This new ideal no longer affected a single class or race but all mankind Emotion overcame the mind when one looked at those faithful workers those servants of noble ideals as they rose to talk about that which had been their life s work We younger ones cried unashamedly, but we shed tears of pride, hope, and thankfulness, feeling in our hearts new enthusiasm for everything in life that is exalted and great[4]

The Monday sessions began and ended while a pouring rain

[3] Frederick Douglass was never a member of Congress but he did hold many important political positions such as Secretary of the Santo Domingo Commission, Marshal and Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia, and United States Minister to Haiti *Editor*

[4] The following is based on verbal accounts and newspaper reports for the author was prevented by illness from attending in person

washed the streets. On the evening's program there was an important subject: *education*. Mrs. May Wright Sewall presented a valuable report, based on extensive research, on the present state of higher education for women in the United States. Mrs. Sewall herself has received a thorough education and her address, judged on the basis of comprehensive and accurate knowledge of her subject, was absolutely the best at that meeting. Pundita Ramabai told about the position of the Hindu woman and the great advance in female education made in India during the past few years. Professor Rena Michaels' lecture on coeducation was enthusiastic and fluent. It was doubly effective, for the speaker's charming and at the same time vigorous delivery was a lifelike justification of her beliefs. She had acquired her learning in a coeducational school, and she is at present an instructor in a college in which both sexes are being educated together.[5]

Tuesday's subject was *philanthropies*. The discussions were led by Mrs. Harriette Shattuck, a little lady from Massachusetts, so round, pretty, and clever that one would not have expected her ever to profane her femininity by directing public meetings. Since charity has been considered woman's special province from time immemorial, the most stubborn conservative could listen with a good conscience to the speakers narrating all the good things done for the needy members of society, for its stepchildren, its pariahs. The same can be said of the evening meeting at which *temperance work* was discussed. Among the speakers on that day I must mention Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross On her chest glittered badges of knighthood and emblems of honors bestowed upon her by European rulers and Red Cross associations. Mrs Quinton's talk on the women's work in behalf of the Indians was of deep interest. But nothing can be compared to the excited enthusiasm aroused by Frances Willard. There probably is no other woman who is so beloved, so idolized, as she is. But few have accomplished as much as she has, and her face, expressive of the nobility of her soul, affects one as does a sermon. Her secretary and right hand, Miss Anna Gordon, explained feelingly

[5] Rena A. Michaels, Ph.D., was Dean of the Woman's College, Northwestern University. *Editor.*

and well 'how we can reach the children,' how the spirit of temperance must be nourished in them, but without harming their childish outlook Mrs Barney, a member of the Prison, Jail, Police and Almshouse Committee of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, talked with moving eloquence about the need for police matrons

On Wednesday women s activities in various *industries* and *professions* were examined Mrs Laura Johns of Kansas presided To a European the discussions of this day were perhaps the most interesting It was surprising what these women had achieved in agriculture, cattle raising, manufacturing industries, and vine cultivation, and also as doctors, journalists, lawyers, ministers, and teachers of all kinds In comparing what one heard with what one saw with one s own eyes of these sweet, pleasant, and friendly women, one became even more firmly convinced of the truth of the assertion that the chief trait of American women is practicality In spite of her emancipation," every drop of blood in her from head to foot is practical, and she probably despises nothing more deeply than impracticality

The most popular speaker on Wednesday was Mrs Leonora Barry, a woman of working-class origin, who has made her own way in the world and is at present one of the most active members of a large workingmen s organization called the Knights of Labor Her lively, peculiar manner of speaking brought to mind the murmuring of the forest, the melodious gurgling of a brook, or anything fresh and original that exists One old lady, Mrs Esther Warner, also aroused warm sympathy in talking very simply and sweetly about the work of farm women

The alert and attentive executive committee apparently had feared that these two sessions might become monotonous, and therefore had inserted into the program violin selections and vocal solos by young women No one, however, could complain of tediousness during the whole week of meetings New speakers and new subjects for discussion and ever increasing and changing enthusiasm prevented the audience from getting bored Twenty five minute speeches were always arranged as the chief attractions

on the meeting programs. Other reports were not allowed more than ten minutes each.

Thursday was sunny and clear, a real spring day with a gentle wind and with leaves newly burst out Now, with the sun shining, the audience sat in the hot, crowded meeting hall just as eager as on the rainy days. The day's subjects were *organization* and *legal conditions*. Frances Willard again spoke splendidly Her recommendation that women unite was majestically effective, for everyone knew how great an organization the adviser herself had created through her executive ability.

Mrs. Louise Thomas, president of Sorosis, the New York women's club mentioned earlier, told about the charitable, art, literary, and other similar activities of her club Most noteworthy, however, was Mrs. [Lillie] Devereux Blake's description of the legal disabilities of American women. She treated particularly the unnatural situation that a *married* mother is powerless before the law in matters relating to her own children but that an *unmarried* mother has a complete right to her children. In two separate lectures we heard many new and amusing facts about the position of [American] Indian and Mormon women

On Friday morning we entered into a discussion of *social purity*, and serious, moving words were uttered by many women who had investigated the matter from numerous points of view. Dr Caroline Winslow, one of America's oldest women doctors, spoke very seriously and with a woman's fine tact about the necessity for a nobler, purer conception of marriage. It is the duty of a Christian not only to live morally outside of marriage but also to live abstemiously in marriage. Frances Willard, Mrs. [Elizabeth Lisle] Saxon, America's best, and Mrs. Ormiston Chant, England's best woman speaker on this delicate subject, each moved the audience deeply. The meeting was conducted with dignity by Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert of Chicago [6]

[6] An episode which took place at a party to which the delegates were invited on the following evening may be mentioned here A young lady who had been brought up in Washington's best society, dressed in a décolleté Parisian gown without sleeves, approached Mrs Ormiston Chant, exclaiming "Oh, dear lady, allow me to kiss you for your beautiful speech yesterday." Mrs Chant placed her small hand on the young lady's snow-white shoulder and, as she gave her a meaningful look, said quietly, "No, my young friend, *not in this gown*"

Friday evening turned out lively because the subject for discussion was *political conditions*, and politics has the faculty of making the warm hot and the hot boiling. The subject was discussed *con amore*. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe, spoke powerfully and to the point on the constitutional rights of the women of the United States in demanding the vote for themselves.

The Saturday meeting was the highlight of the week, for it was Pioneer Day. The stage was a veritable flower garden in the midst of which sat approximately forty old ladies and gentlemen, forty of the dearest silver haired, vigorous old men and women one could ever see. The audience stood up *en masse*, handkerchiefs were waved, and cheers rang out as a delegation of six young women led by the Reverend Annie Shaw carried beautiful baskets of flowers to them. Mrs. Sewall's speech to the old folks was a masterpiece. It was respectful, affectionate, delightful, and overflowed with the spontaneous, heartfelt gratitude of the young generation toward the generation passing away. The replies of the old people were, of course, movingly solemn, for the work, experience, joys and sorrows of forty years added special emphasis to every word.

In the evening we continued our discussion of women's political rights. Miss Helen Gardener's address, "Sex in Brain," based on scientific research, aroused the greatest interest. She displayed both learning and originality in her proof that the assertion concerning the inferiority of women's brains was for the present, at least, merely a hypothesis which had not been confirmed by the latest researches. This lecture was accompanied by a whole group of endorsements from well known American scientists who had read her manuscript.

At the Sunday session we Europeans were surprised to hear how extensively, thoroughly, and conscientiously American women have studied religious matters. On the program were hymn singing, prayer, discussion, and three addresses: "Science and Religious Truth" by the Reverend Antoinette Blackwell, "Woman in the

Early Christian Church" by Mrs. Beecher Hooker, and "God Is Love" by Mrs. Matilda Gage.[7]

In the evening, at the concluding ceremonies of the council, Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, the mother of Lew Wallace, a favorite author in the United States, made a terse speech on "The Moral Power of the Ballot" As soon as she appeared on the speaker's platform, the audience, in a rapture, began to shout, "The mother of Ben Hur! The mother of Ben Hur!" (*Ben Hur* is Wallace's most popular work.) Mrs Wallace had for a long time been uncertain whether or not the right to vote should be extended to women, but she had arrived at a decisive opinion in the following manner. The women of Indiana sent to the state legislature a petition concerning temperance, which began with the words, "*We, the undersigned, do not demand the right to vote. . . .*" Mrs Wallace herself delivered the petition to the legislature, but this body treated the petition and its bearer so scornfully that she exclaimed, "Well, if men consider such a serious matter [as temperance] of no moment, women will have to help make laws." Since then she has been an indefatigable worker in the "army of the yellow ribbon"

Mrs Stanton closed the meeting with a long, solemn farewell address, and then this highly memorable, never-to-be-forgotten week, the first of its kind, was past.

On the whole, this first International Council of Women had succeeded very well. To be sure, Europe had not sent any of its most talented women, but the reports on the work done in various lands for the liberation of women, which were read at the meeting, were, in my opinion, carefully prepared. The American women had brilliant delegates, and not one of the most eminent women citizens had stayed away. So-called idolizing of themselves by women could be perceived only in exceptional cases, and it had little opportunity to appear since most women spoke of the activities of the whole movement or association and not of their own individual works And mediocre accomplishments were not

[7] The author has confused the speakers and their subjects Although Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker made an address, it was Mrs Elizabeth Boynton Harbert who spoke on "God Is Love," and Mrs Gage who spoke on "Woman in the Early Christian Church" *Editor.*

praised more than they deserved, for the works of many of the women at the convention would be considered good even among men Of course, many statements sounded to Finnish ears like empty bombast, but that praise originated in national custom and was not the fault of the women We like to say nice things to each other,' the Americans declare, both men and women And we do not have to go far beyond the borders of Finland if we want to meet nations with the same weakness for high sounding phrases and superfluous compliments Everything proceeded calmly, according to strict order, and there were no signs of extravagance A Washington newspaper said, 'There is a group of about one hundred elderly and youngish women, all are attractively dressed, but without coquetry, they are dignified and calm, with faces which reveal intelligence, profound culture, and warm sympathy for one s neighbor s afflictions' The regulation of the program was, upon the whole, excellent after the first day when the delegates arrived from many different directions Miss Anthony, the vice-president, Miss Foster, the secretary, and Mrs Sewall, the chairman of the executive committee, had done preliminary work for a whole year They had sent out 10,000 calls, 10,000 appeals, 10,000 circulars, and 4,000 letters, they had had 37,000 programs printed, they had procured one hundred portraits and had drawn up the same number of biographical sketches The expenses, which amounted to ten thousand dollars, were paid through admission fees and voluntary contributions of money Nine different committees took care of the music, decorations, railroad tickets, the reception of guests and their accommodation, restaurants, and so forth A woman stenographer with assistants recorded the proceedings, and Mrs Clara Colby, with a white embroidered apron on, directed her small army of reporters in her improvised editorial office in the Riggs House During the previous week prepared résumés of the most important speeches had been sent to the country's leading newspapers so that they could publish them for their readers on the morning following the delivery of the speeches in Washington

Unanimity, good will, and enthusiasm reigned The delegates congregated in the parlor of their hotel during every interval in

the meetings. There, acquaintances were sought out, and friendships were made, there one saw fine women from the East and the West shake each other's hand. And then there were visits to one another's rooms. The married women almost all had pictures of their husband and children with them and others naturally had to look at them. One could frequently hear a conversation such as the following·

"I am Mrs. X. from Y "

"I am Mrs. Y. from X "

"Well now, are you married? I thought that you were single "

"You thought I was single? I who have the nicest husband in the world." And then, of course, the friends had to look at each other's family pictures and weep a little in remembering the baby's last little cleverness. The jealousy of women, which has become proverbial, was practically unseen Of course, those who deserved it received heartfelt admiration and unaffected gratitude. Miss Anthony received the most, for her modest, untiring work creates love just as naturally as the sunshine conjures up flowers into the air. She had a kind word for everyone In the midst of the most lively conversation, however, she frequently would place her hand on the shoulder of the person she was talking to and ask in a friendly way, "My dear, what is your name?" Scores, often hundreds, of women were introduced to her in a single day; remembering each one individually was no easy matter.

Among those present were some very peculiar people A certain Doctor W ,[8] a middle-aged woman, was dressed in men's clothing, and Mrs. L.[9] was well known because she had tried to become a candidate for the presidency of the United States Yet these aspirants to the extreme did not in the least disturb the prevailing mood. All kinds of women's associations had sent delegates. The convention had such a broad basis that every political and religious faction could unite amicably on the same platform. In addition, during the whole time of the convention

[8] Probably Miss Mary E Walker of Oswego, New York, physician, army surgeon, lecturer, and dress-reformer *Editor.*

[9] Mrs Belva Ann Lockwood, of Washington, D C., was nominated for the presidency of the United States by the Equal Rights Party in San Francisco in 1884, and in 1888 was renominated by the same party in Des Moines, Iowa. *Editor*

there came from far and near floods of visitors, mostly women, who were either interested or active in woman's rights, temperance, educational, missionary, nursing, or welfare work.

The committee elected at the first meeting had been diligently occupied all week.[10] A permanent woman's organization which would bind together and give unity to all kinds of women's associations had been proposed. The committee had drawn up regulations and a platform, and had suggested Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett of London for president. "Such an association," said the committee in its report, "would help women to avoid the danger of admiring their own work too much, for thus they would get opportunities for comparison, and they would see what women in other lands have accomplished and would always find some new field to be learned."

The newspapers were, for the most part, in a friendly mood. At times, however, a burning desire to satirize seized the newspapermen. Thus, for instance, one newspaper pictured the skirt rule which prevailed at the Riggs House with mournful pathos. All men supposedly sneaked around corners. The shoeshine boy had departed, the wine seller had hanged himself, and the hotel's elevator boy was contemplating the easiest and pleasantest means of getting away from this vale of tears. This martyr was reported as saying that "among these women, even though they may be the wisest in the world, there is not a single one who can find the way to her own room."

The White House, the residence of the President, opened its doors to the delegates, that is a sign of the times, for Grover Cleveland and woman's rights otherwise probably have very little in common. Two exceedingly rich senators, Palmer and Stanford,[11] each gave a soirée for the delegates. Even the [ineffectual] Senate Committee on Woman Suffrage received them and a selected number of other women at the convention. Excellent speeches were made on this occasion by Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Scatcherd, Mrs. Blake, and Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the last mentioned speaker

[10] Baroness Gripenberg was a member of the Committee on a Permanent International Council of Women. *Editor.*

[11] Senator T. W. Palmer, of Michigan, and Senator Leland Stanford, of California. *Editor.*

moved the serious senators to tears. Her brilliance as a speaker won over young and old, learned and unlearned.

Mr. and Mrs. Spofford, owners of the Riggs House, were especially friendly to the organizers of the meeting. They turned over their whole establishment to the use of the women's council, and also gave them a substantial cut in prices. For two weeks the dining room was decorated with the flags of all nations A holiday spirit prevailed everywhere. Certainly no one regretted coming, no matter how long the trip had been. The meeting itself as such was like an invigorating drink, adding to one's faith in the firm justice and truth of woman's rights. With a sense of regret, the European delegates parted from their newly found friends, and the holiday spirit, and left Washington, now bright in its spring dress, in order that each one could continue, in her own quarter, her observations in the New World

Chapter III

From the Days of Slavery

AT THE conclusion of the war between the northern and southern states of America, the Abolitionists[1] as a party ceased to exist. But even today there are among the older people, men and women who recall with delight the days when escaped slaves were fed and clothed in their homes and the epithet 'abolitionist' was added to their names with scorn and derision.

It was with slavery in America as with many other things in life: custom prevented Americans from noticing its cruelty and unnaturalness. Many whom injustice and oppression elsewhere would have enraged beheld slavery in their own country with indifference and resignation. The pious stood on the authority of the Bible: The Bible sanctions slavery. The practical always explained that industry and agriculture in the southern states would lose their importance altogether if slavery were prohibited. The climate supposedly was too oppressive for whites, and if the blacks, who partly because of the heat and partly because of their deep-rooted laziness worked very slowly, were to be paid on the same basis as the white employees, the landowners would be ruined.

The Negroes were hardly considered human beings. They were provided with separate pews in church, and they received communion at another altar or on a day when others were not in attendance. On the railroads they had to ride in the stock cars. Even in the year 1844 any free Negro in the state of North Carolina who gave a book or a pamphlet to a slave, or taught him to read, could, according to the law, be punished by thirty-nine lashes. If the culprit was white, he could escape by paying a two hundred dollar fine. The cited law says that 'he who teaches slaves to read and write tends to excite dissatisfaction in their minds and to produce insurrection and rebellion.' Highly re-

[1] Adversaries of slavery

spected ministers and bishops published sermons "for homes in which slaves were kept," and in their sermons, based upon the authority of the Bible, they advised the slaves to be submissive and humbly patient. "No Christian," one such sermon states, "dares claim that slavery is not an acceptable institution to God." In another sermon the slave is addressed somewhat as follows: "You suffer your punishment either as a guilty person or as an innocent one If you are guilty, even the severest penalty is just. If you are innocent, either you have committed some other sin for which God now punishes you, or the Lord considers your sufferings on this earth necessary for you. And ought you not to be grateful to Him, since He allows you to suffer your punishment here below, so that you may enter his Kingdom after your death?"[2]

The concealment and aiding of runaway slaves was prohibited at the risk of such a large fine that occasionally some people lost all of their possessions in so doing Many a wealthy family was reduced to beggary because pity would not suffer them to expose some poor fleeing slave who had sought protection from them. Even George Washington himself was so completely overwhelmed by the point of view of his time that with ruthless *severity he pursued one of his runaway slave women and her* child from Virginia to Canada.[3]

In short, the concept of slavery as inevitable was popular, whereas opposition to slavery was very unpopular At first the abolitionists were scoffed at; later they were persecuted. Their aspiration was considered folly, impractical zeal, madness, and—perhaps chiefly—inappropriate for a cultured person. The Negroes were so despised and they belonged to a race which supposedly was so far inferior to the white race that their defenders were the object of part of the contempt directed at the poor black people. If some talented man joined the abolitionists, people, shaking their heads, would say, "It's a pity that another gifted

[2] Parker Pillsbury, *Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles* (Concord, N. H., 1883).

[3] *Ibid*, p 72 "General Washington himself, while President of the United States, hunted a slave woman and her child all the way into that then remote state [New Hampshire]." *Editor.*

man has been led astray by the mad abolitionists" At present such an opinion undoubtedly seems very peculiar But all of us are children of our age Presumably many a good man who was considered enlightened in his own day calmly watched the execution of decrees issued by witch and inquisitional courts

In America this matter of general humanity was linked with the peculiar political predicament in which the question of ending slavery was inevitably to entangle the northern and southern states The problem involved states' rights as compared with Union rights How far did the authority of the states extend? How much could the Union intervene in the affairs of the various states? Even now it frequently happens that in conversing with a Southerner one hears such statements as the following 'Slavery *was* a curse, but what did it have to do with the northern states? And without realizing it, the speaker clenches his fist as fiery hatred flashes from his eyes The Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States guaranteed the freedom of all, even of the Negroes, according to the Northerners The southern states were of another opinion—and war was inevitable Even now the heart of the disagreement between the political parties, the Democrats and the Republicans, is the same difference of opinion, even though the present day Republicans have changed considerably from what they were in the time of Abraham Lincoln—and even more from the time of George Washington[4]

At the present time the old abolitionists are only remnants of the past They are completely worn out tools, but the name which they formerly received as a term of scorn has changed into a title of honor for them He [or she] belongs to one of our oldest abolitionist families can often be heard said with respect and admiration about men, and also about women Of course, many prejudices against Negroes still exist, especially in former slave states For example, at a large meeting two years ago, the newspaper writers wanted the chairman informed that not one of them would attend unless a Negro girl who had been seated at their table because of crowded conditions was asked to leave Quite recently it turned out that an organization had to choose

[4] A broad interpretation of history *Editor*

between admitting a colored member or losing its president, an old abolitionist. The association preferred to give up its president. But even though many white people are biased against the colored people, the *institution of slavery* as such has long since become offensive to the nation. A mother whose childhood had been spent during the first years of abolition gave her twelve-year-old son *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to read. The boy said, "Mother, the book is entertaining, but it can't possibly be true. How could such acts of cruelty have been committed in our free America? We would not have become truly free until after the end of slavery."

There are some in America who shrug their shoulders and are of the opinion that the abolitionists, by their agitation, stirred up a truly just but entirely unnecessary war. Before long the keeping of slaves would supposedly have become impossible for practical reasons. The slave owners themselves would have begun to notice that slave labor was not economically profitable. It only appeared profitable, just as old-fashioned agricultural tools seem to be less expensive than modern tools but in time become more expensive since in using them one does not save as much time as one does with new machinery. "For that matter," say these wise people with their hindsight, "it is much better to wait patiently for the dictates of popular opinion than to urge changes with powerful words." Sooner or later slavery would supposedly have become ethically impossible because the demands of popular opinion would have affected slave owners so greatly.

Such opinions sound uncommonly wise and moderate, but would this serene wisdom have been uttered if slavery had involved the speakers' own mothers, wives, and sisters?

In Philadelphia I was invited to meet some old abolitionists at the home of Mr. Robert Purvis, in his day one of the outstanding leaders of the antislavery movement but now a respected, gray-haired old man living peacefully with his memories Not very many people gathered at his beautiful, comfortable home that evening; there were among others a Unitarian minister, to whose congregation our host belonged, and two old ladies, contemporaries and associates of Robert Purvis, Miss Mary Grew and Miss Adeline Thompson. The former had gentle, childish

blue eyes and snow white hair, parted in the middle and combed smoothly back over her ears In an old fashioned gray Quaker dress she looked more like a peaceful grandmother than a former speaker and lecturer Her friend, Miss Thompson, on the other hand was as straight backed as a soldier, her movements were very confident, and every so often she threw back her head vigor ously She reflected in a fascinating way the times of fifty years ago Large clusters of dark curls flowed on both sides of her wrinkled but still pleasant face, and her black silk dress decorated with flowers was of the most curious style with its wide collar and puff sleeves Otherwise she was both an odd and a sweet old maid and she talked captivatingly about former times

But the lion of the evening was our host himself Although he was of mixed blood, in his youth Robert Purvis had been the ideal picture of masculine beauty and chivalry In spite of his seventy four years, he is still a person who positively attracts everyone s attention to himself There is southern fire in his brown eyes and there is southern liveliness in his witty conversa tion In looking at his large, arched nose, his clear-cut, noble features, his snow white, curly hair and his slightly olive-colored skin, one would not suspect that he is descended from the de spised black race In his youth he spent much time in England and there he moved in the upper circles of society From England he inherited his polished, refined manners, to which America has added a delightful sense of humor

Tell me, asked a young lady who was present, how old you really are Mr Purvis

In talking with you, I am twenty five years old,' he replied a bit roguishly as he bowed

His wife and daughter performed the hostesses duties in a dignified and charming way The daughter is the only child of the aged man s previous marriage with a mulatto woman and she has her father s peculiar color of skin She is highly trusted not only for her father s sake but also for her own sake, and she has been given many responsible positions in the numerous women s organizations which in Philadelphia, as well as in many other American cities, are so abundant Robert Purvis s family life has

always been praised as exemplary. Soon after his marriage he became so angry because his wife was not allowed to go with him to the polls that since that day he has not used his own right to vote—just as impractical a way to handle the matter as it is chivalrous. "Either both of us have the right to vote or neither one," he still says, and lightning flashes quickly from his eyes, "and I do not want to drop my ballot into the ballot-box before my wife and daughter can go to the polls with me."

The conversation soon turned to an earlier time and our host was asked to tell us something about it. Robert Purvis smiled, but at first he made excuses He was not a good speaker and it would be better if his old friends Miss Grew and Miss Thompson would talk. But when his excuses were not accepted, he straightened up in a dignified way and began:

"That was the time when the underground railroad was put into operation in the northern states By that we abolitionists meant a secret system to transport runaway slaves from one state into another. We had trusted representatives in the South to whom the luckless outlaws could first turn. They then sent them northward, first to Philadelphia, where Mary Grew, Adeline Thompson, Lucretia Mott, her husband, James Mott, and other noble men and women were ready to receive them, hide them, and then send them farther on In Rochester we had Amy Post, now in her eighties, in whose house one could always be sure to find one or more fugitives hidden in the cellar or in the attic It was still quite far to Canada from there, but on the way were helpful friends who were willing to break customs and laws in order to obey a higher law which reigned in their hearts.

"At that time a young, intelligent mulatto escaped from Virginia. Having helped him and hidden him in Philadelphia, James and Lucretia Mott sent him northward on the railroad. In the beginning everything went well and Amy Post welcomed him with open arms. Unfortunately, this slave was a skilled worker and his master had earned large sums by hiring him out to others for pay For this reason the search for this slave was particularly vigorous, and the last 'agent,' who had to despatch the man on the railroad to Canada, in his distress did not know any other

way but sent him on in a barrel with small holes in it The barrel or cask was sent along to Canada with a couple of dozen others filled with nails But the pursuers had already come so close to the fugitive that they arrived at his last hiding place a little while after the barrels had been shipped The agent was assailed a railroad man revealed the secret and in the same instant an order was sent by wire that the nail barrels should be intercepted and inspected before they reached the Canadian border And so it was done But as luck would have it through some unexplainable error the barrel in which the mulatto was hidden had not been kept but had been sent to Canada Since there was no address on the barrel it was placed in a warehouse One day passed after another and no one came to claim the barrel for the agent had hastily notified his friends in Canada that the attempt had miscarried and that he and they had nothing else to do except to look out for their own skins Finally after three days had passed the friends found out about the pursuers disappointment They began to suspect how matters really stood, hastened to the railroad station to inquire for the barrels and finally found the poor man half suffocated faint from hunger and thirst but still alive in his crowded prison cell His few provisions had run out on the morning of the second day he could barely move from his sitting position and he was tortured by the terrible uncertainty of his fate but in spite of it all, it never occurred to him to make known his hiding place So greatly did these fugitives hate slavery and their masters that they preferred death to going back.

Well what happened to the mulatto then?

Oh he gradually recovered under the care of his Canadian friends and he brought us great honor The story of his journey in a nail barrel spread around the country and became useful to us in our work against slave owners It was presumed that slaves must be treated more cruelly than we could imagine since runaway slaves were ready to die a painful death rather than return to their masters

Tell us about young P requested Miss Grew

Robert Purvis seemed to be embarrassed He coughed and then began anew

"A man in Georgia was notorious for his cruelty to his slaves. One of them finally decided to flee and he came to us in Philadelphia. I don't know whether we were slower than usual in our actions at that time, or whether the minions of the law were faster than usual. The chief point was that they caught the poor slave and took him away. At that time I was"—Mr. Purvis smiled—"young and hot-blooded. I swore that I would rescue that man even if I had to do it right under the noses of the police. There were aggravating circumstances attached to the man's escape and so his case went to court. Of course, I was summoned to court since I was seriously mixed up in the case. I went from one lawyer to another to get assistance. They merely shrugged their shoulders. My case, or rather the case of the Negro, was hopeless and they did not wish to take it. When I noticed that there was no hope in law, being young and brave, I decided to take the law into my own hands. I confided my secret plan to my black driver, to James Mott, and to a few other friends, and began my preparations. On the day of the trial the fugitive and I met each other for the twinkling of an eye in the lobby of the courthouse as he was being led before the judge by guards.

"I had the opportunity to whisper to him, 'Are you ready to choose between life and death?'

" 'I am, massa,' answered the man, gnashing his teeth.

"In the courtroom I witnessed a touching scene, for the fugitive's young and beautiful wife, their only child, a year-old son, with her, had followed her husband and had now been brought from arrest with her child, along with her husband. The judge, a respected and fine old man, almost relented every time he happened to look at the despondent mother worn out with weeping, but his many years of service in the courtroom had hardened his heart and the sentence was not commuted. The session ended after the sentenced man had been reprimanded and warned that he should humbly submit to his deserved punishment.

" 'He will never suffer his punishment,' I shouted. Suddenly I had rushed to the condemned man, and my friend had gone to his wife. In a twinkling of an eye we pulled them away from the hands of the surprised and unprepared guards and immedi-

ately tossed them into a carriage which, according to my secret orders, was standing outside the door with two of my fastest horses hitched to it In another twinkling of an eye the horses were galloping northward with the speed of an arrow Of course we were pursued, but luck was in our favor Friends helped us along the way and the family was saved '

The minister shook his head when Robert Purvis, almost out of breath his eyes sparkling, his hands gesturing, had finished his story Well, well, he continued more calmly as he noticed the minister s disapproving look, 'it was a desperate measure, I don t call it anything else But you, ladies and gentlemen, cannot understand to what extremes injustice and savage laws can force us

What happened to the fugitives? '

The man became a skilled and popular mechanic Later, after the emancipation of the slaves, he thrived and became rich. Many years later a young man, a mulatto, came to visit me, he was well dressed and every inch a gentleman

You do not know me, he said, embarrassed, ' but I dared to come to you because

Welcome, I said Your face seems familiar to me, but I believe that we have not met each other before

We met, answered he in the Philadelphia courthouse twenty five years ago I am the son of P , the slave who ran away from Georgia, and whom you helped at the risk of your own life

You should tell these young ladies about the Grimké sisters,' observed old Miss Thompson

Robert Purvis s high forehead darkened He began again

Many years ago there lived near New Orleans a rich plantation owner Grimke with his two daughters [5] Although they had been educated in the South, where slavery surrounded them on every side, the sisters, Sarah and Angelina Grimké, became ardent abolitionists After their father s death they liberated all of their slaves, sold their estate, and began to travel about the country lecturing against slavery They were still young quite pretty, and

[5] *John Faucheraud Grimké and his family lived in Charleston, South Carolina Editor*

unusually well educated for that time. With great eloquence and fiery enthusiasm, they defended freedom, and everywhere people crowded to hear them. Finally they came to Philadelphia. Rumor had preceded them and the city was in a state of excitement when they arrived. Some defended them; others opposed them. The ability of the two sisters as speakers had acquired them many supporters, and the slave owners and their friends were furious because of the sisters' success Before the sisters had had time to hold their meeting, the advocates of slavery called together a large mass meeting, where, by all means possible, they incited the people—or rather the rabble of the city—against these two women. A disturbance resulted. Most employers were easily aroused, for the preservation of slavery was advantageous to them since they believed that through slavery they could keep wages low. But the agitators succeeded in winning over the blacks themselves and also the ignorant, poor whites They made the Negroes believe that the majority of liberated slaves would die of hunger and poverty since only a few of them had been raised to support themselves by some occupation To the white workers, on the other hand, they complained that wages would drop unbelievably if freed slaves, who would be willing to perform even the heaviest tasks for insignificant wages, were allowed to enter trades. We abolitionists found out about this meeting, and we met at James Mott's home to discuss what we should do Several suggested that the lecture should not be held at all, but the sisters themselves were against that proposal. They pursued their course with fiery zeal and trusted that they would now as before win their audience over to their side for the very reason that they defended a just cause With heavy hearts we agreed and decided to hold the meeting on the following day. Enormous masses of people crowded the aisles, and the hall was full long before the lecture was to begin. Everything went well at first, but the sisters had not got very far in their discourse before a howling, turbulent, and stone-throwing mob surrounded the building In vain did the audience within defend the sisters. The noise increased and windows were broken. Suddenly a howl of joy rang outside, a sharp smell of fire spread into the hall, and fire and smoke began

to penetrate within through the closed doors The wild rabble had set fire to the building The Grimké sisters and their friends were saved with great difficulty Many were badly crushed in the jam which resulted when the fire was detected' [6]

Robert Purvis sat silent, his lips pressed tightly together

The sisters," he continued after a short pause, 'left the city during the night and in the very next state they again took up their missionary work They lived and were influential for many more years One of them died quite young The other married and saw the dream of her youth, the abolition of slavery, come true Philadelphia s treatment of these noble, self sacrificing enthusiasts, who were so far ahead of their time, so unmindful of themselves, so fearless, so faithful to their ideals, was a stain on Christian civilization Anyway, the Grimké sisters were so much above barbarity that it could not harm them They were endowed with the stuff of which martyrs were formerly made And they were not the only ones at that time who sacrificed everything to advance the cause that they considered just In the year 1837, near the city of St Louis, a slave was burned alive over a slow fire The Reverend Elijah Lovejoy, famous abolitionist, at that time edited a newspaper in Alton He read a short account of the event in the St Louis newspapers, traveled to the place himself, looked up every detail concerning the happening, and published in his own newspaper an exhaustive, truthful story of the crime His wife wept and pleaded with him to be careful, for they were poor and Lovejoy had had to buy a new printing press for the fourth time, his other presses had been destroyed by the mob infuriated by the newspaper s friendly attitude toward slaves Soon he found out that he could not appease hatred with even that sacrifice this time His life was in danger, he stayed at home and asked the city authorities for protection He might just as well have put his trust in the murderers of the slave The authorities were blind and deaf when abolitionists needed help His friends advised

[6] This apparently is a version of the antislavery convention held in Philadelphia in 1838 when Pennsylvania Hall was burned down by an angry mob The Grimké sisters were by no means the only speakers at the convention but it so happened that Angelina Grimké was speaking at the time the violence reached its peak. *Editor*

him to flee, but he replied, 'No, the decisive moment of my life has arrived and I cannot escape from it. I fear God and therefore I do not fear the results of my conduct.'

"One day he was working in his printing-office with a few of his good friends, for the printers had deserted him. Suddenly a mob surrounded his office and set it on fire. When Lovejoy stepped out of the burning building, a crowd attacked him Five bullets struck the unfortunate man and he fell to the ground, dead, at the age of only thirty-two When his mother heard of her son's death, she said, 'It is well. It is better to die for one's principles than to betray them.'"[7]

Then, bringing to life one picture after another, Robert Purvis told us of the life of the old abolitionists. All his interests, his best memories were in the past One could see that even in his home. On the walls of the room hung pictures of Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, Toussaint L'Ouverture and other famous abolitionist speakers and leaders. He particularly defended the Cuban[8] slave, general, orator, and rebel, L'Ouverture very enthusiastically. About Frederick Douglass he told the following humorous anecdote.

"Douglass was a mulatto and had run away from his master, who was also his father. At that time Douglass was a handsome, tall man and somewhat fond of elegant clothes One day he was walking down the best street in Boston, dressed in a splendid fur coat with a beaver collar. This irritated one of the city's society ladies very much. 'What impudence!' she said 'Many poor white men are in prison for stealing, for example, a cheap melon, and that creature shows off before people in his beaver collar, even though he has stolen much more than melons He has stolen himself!'"

Robert Purvis and Douglass are the only ones left alive of a numerous and powerful circle of friends, which in its day formed the core of abolitionism. Now their time is past; they are no

[7] In visiting Lovejoy's widow and daughters in Illinois, the writer was again told the same story. The victim's family lived a retired life in a small prairie city. Their means were obviously very limited

[8] Haitian *Editor.*

longer needed But through their memories ripples the joy of victory They have not only reached the goal of their efforts, but they also have, through their work, sowed noble seeds from which new ideals comparable to the freeing of the slaves, and fighting for liberty and justice, will again grow For a human life that is sufficient

Chapter IV

Spiritualists and Mysticism in Philadelphia

LIKE all Anglo-Saxons, the Americans are keenly interested in religious questions This circumstance, together with the freedom which the country's laws grant to different creeds, has resulted in such a great number of different religious denominations that a stranger is simply amazed. Even spiritualism has found here a favorable environment. Contrary to the situation in Germany, where spiritualism usually is considered from a so-called scientific point of view, in America it probably has its greatest and almost only significance as a religion.

Next to Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia are considered hotbeds of spiritualism. Therefore I was especially pleased to receive an invitation to call on wealthy Mrs J, who was well known in the spiritualist circles of Philadelphia.

Her home was on Diamond Street in the northern part of the city, a new light-green stone house in a charming spot. Within, luxurious splendor prevailed: art treasures, expensive Chinese and Japanese china and also furniture, every piece of which was in itself a work of art.

To a native-born Philadelphian, however, this expensive and elegant house had very little value, for it was not in the aristocratic section of the city, in the south, where all the bluebloods lived and reigned supreme. One is mistaken if he believes that in the free republic of the United States they make light of titles, family, and blood And the indulgence of this nonsense culminates in Philadelphia, the Quaker city founded by the honest Quaker brother William Penn. Woe to those who cannot add after their address that important designation "South."

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. B, both ardent spiritualists, Mrs. M., a famous medium, and also several young ladies and gentlemen Mrs. J. herself was a lady of about forty, serious and dignified in her demeanor, sometimes formal almost to the point

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refined, elderly, courtier-like gentleman. 'Will you help me, Mrs J.?' he asked eagerly. 'I need your help greatly.' 'No,' I said 'But your friend said . . .' 'My friend could not know what I know. Your hands are stained with blood.' He was startled and he grew pale but he smiled with trembling lips 'My hands are stained with blood? Mrs. J., do you know with whom you are talking?' 'I am talking with a murderer,' I said. 'Behind you stands an Indian. He says that you murdered him and seduced his wife He also says that his wife has not forgotten her defilement, but contemplates revenge, and one day when you will least expect it, she will kill you.' He staggered and groaned as if I had stabbed him with a knife. 'For God's sake, do not say a word about it in Washington,' he stammered; 'if you do, I am lost.' "

"What did you do? Did you say anything about it?"

"No! I never tell what I see at such moments. The said man still holds his high office and no one suspects what I know about him. On another occasion—it happened long ago—one evening I was standing in front of my mirror putting away a sum of money amounting to two hundred dollars, which my husband had given me for a certain trip. Then suddenly a young girl about eighteen years of age stood beside me and said, 'Send this money to Mr. X [she mentioned the name of one of the richest men in Philadelphia]; thus you will do a good deed' I didn't obey her, for it seemed to me absurd to send two hundred dollars to a man who had millions. But evening after evening my vision recurred, and finally I could no longer resist. I wrote a letter to Mr. X, told him what I had seen, and asked him to pardon me for my forwardness. He replied that no sum of money had ever come more opportunely. Circumstances which he had to keep hidden had caused him financial embarrassment of such magnitude that no one would have believed him, a millionaire, if he had disclosed the facts. The sum which I had sent was *exactly what he needed* to be relieved of his temporary straits. The girl was his daughter who had died at the age of six and who now, if she had been alive, would have been eighteen years old."

"What do they look like, these spirits?"

"I remember," Mrs. B. broke into the conversation, "when

Mr B and I were going to get married Mr B wanted to get congratulations from his first wife, who had died two years before, and I wanted to see my father and sisters We went to Boston to a famous medium, Mrs K She moved about the whole time and occupied herself in the large reception room in which we and several others sat She was not still one moment, but restlessly walked back and forth without end Her son sat in a small, dark chamber next to the reception room '

Why didn t he sit where there was light?

I don t know Finally Mrs K said, There is someone for you, Miss, in that room with my son ' I went there and hardly had I opened the door when my little brother, who had died many years before, literally fell down or rather rose up from the floor in his own living self before my eyes I cried out, 'Willie, Willie, Willie! Is it you? How is it possible? He laughed patted me with both hands, hugged me, and whispered, Sister, sister! I am so happy I wanted to come to greet you ' In the same instant he was gone, and a tall, elderly gentleman whom I did not know stood in his place He was for some other visitor How could the medium have called forth my brother if Willie himself had not wanted to come? How could she have known how old my brother was what he looked like, what kind of clothes he was accustomed to wear ? It was a remarkable morning An unusual number of friends came At times the whole room was full of them They were in the corners, on the tables and chairs, on the ceiling, every where

That same woman, Mrs K, as she calls herself, said a young girl in an undertone, is a charlatan My mother also be lieved her She and her son came to Philadelphia and my mother asked them to live with us On the first evening Mrs K said to my mother in a friendly way, Good Mrs P, you must have long since noticed that our occupation is a means of earning a living, as are all other occupations We comply with the general law of demand and supply, and I hope that you will not ruin our repu tation with useless revelations

They are deceivers said Mrs J monotonously, and I know what means they use in conjuring up spirits But I do not want to

spoil their reputation. They earn well, and many believe them."

Someone asked what benefit the spiritualists receive from their visions.

"Oh, we derive a wonderful benefit from all matters, both large and small," Mrs. B. assured us. "Once I lost a gold chain, a keepsake from my mother, and I could not find it even though I looked for it everywhere. Then I went to a certain medium in whom, when she is in a trance, there is the spirit of an Indian woman, a squaw."

"How do you know that?"

"From her talk," replied Mrs. B. naïvely. "At times she uses a very peculiar mode of expression when she has to describe matters or objects which she, since she is an Indian woman, has never seen. Well, I went to her, and although I did not say anything about the chain, she immediately said, 'You have lost something very dear, but you have not looked for it in the right place In your tent hangs one of your *shiny skins* [she meant one of my silk dresses]. Feel around carefully, thus [she moved her hand along the hem of her dress] ' Then she added, 'But you do not know that a thief will break into the house in which you live Lock up your things and beware of a dark-hued man ' Well, I went home, inspected all of my silk dresses and behold, in the hem of one of them, between the lining and the silk, was the chain. It had fallen there through a ripped seam. At that time I was single and lived in a boarding house. Eight weeks after my conversation with the Indian spirit, a dark-complexioned, refined gentleman came and asked to be allowed to live in the boarding house Not only the landlady but also we others were so delighted with him that he was accepted that same day without recommendations But on the following morning we discovered that he had left forever and with him had gone all of Mrs S's silver, most of the women's jewelry and silk dresses, and two hundred dollars . . . Wasn't it amazing that the Indian spirit could predict what happened?"

Mr. B and a young lady had a dispute about Shakespeare.

"Do you think, my young friend," exclaimed Mr B, "that Shakespeare would have become what he was if some spirit had not been in him? The wisdom which is in his works obviously is

greater than any *one* person could have produced His wisdom is more than six hundred years old

It seems to me low and unnatural,' answered his opponent, to try to invalidate everything high and great that human genius has created If we can produce works of genius invisibly, why can t we produce them visibly? You always preach, Mr B, that our friends on the other side are *completely the same kind* as here, that no change occurs in them, that they have the same faults and virtues, the same faculty for bad and good Your arguments are inconsistent

Inconsistent to ignorance, began Mr B enthusiastically, but his wife quietly placed her hand on his knee, and courteously invited us to call on the following evening

Mrs J did not promise to come Her husband was in England she had received news from him several nights in a row, and she was ready to cross the sea, perhaps very soon

Has Colonel J sent a telegram? Is he sick?

Scornful glances from the spiritualists

Mrs J has *seen*, explained Mrs B kindly, "and a voice has told her, Prepare to travel soon

On the following evening I sat in the parlor of the B family s pleasant cottage Most of those present the evening before were now absent There were only six of us Farmer C was an elderly, good natured man, to whom clothes, hands, and feet seemed to produce a great deal of trouble and bother One could clearly see from his face that the man was not troubled by too much intelligence His nine year old daughter, a medium, was a pale, dark hued, slender girl In her large black eyes there was an intense impression of fear, she looked like a sick animal that wants to run away and hide in a lonely place Her dress was showy and careless Her black curls flowed unarranged over her fiery red jacket, which was trimmed with light fur, and her black velvet skirt was tinged with a dirty brown color She sat quietly in a corner, staring into space, and answered all questions monotonously

In addition to Mr and Mrs B, Mr B s son by his first mar

riage was present; he was a tall, handsome youth with blue eyes from which roguishness peered forth.

We sat down around a small round table, the diameter of which was about two feet, and Mrs. B. made a few preparations

"Why do you draw down the window shades and put out the lamp?"

"The spirits never come when it is light "

"Why not?"

"Well, it would take too long to explain that. In short, for the same reason that some liquids can be preserved only in a dark room, but evaporate in the sunshine."

It was a sultry evening. The windows were open but hardly a breath of air came into the room. Through the pale yellow door-curtains of India silk, a faint light streamed in from the next room, but so little that one could barely distinguish the contours of the people.

"The girls have gone to bed, so that there will be six of us," said Mr. B. and his body twitched nervously He was pale and tense. "Three men and three women. That is good Alternately a woman and a man."

"Why so?"

"Well, it would take too long to explain Briefly, so that more electricity will be created "

They told me that the friends liked music and the music box was wound up to play. From it rang out "Home, Sweet Home," "God Save the Queen," "Hail, Columbia," and so forth, but if the spirits were music lovers that performance probably did more to drive them away than to attract them to the spot.

"Don't you see anything?" Mr. B. asked the medium

"No, sir."

"Has she seen anything recently?"

"Yes, ma'am. Last night we had a blessed séance; it ended at two o'clock in the morning A few gentlemen from the city came to visit us; they wanted to find out about their business matters. My daughter saw amazing things, and the men returned to the city reassured. We had rappings and several spirits came to talk with us. Sometimes my daughter has séances every day in the week.

She does not, however, see as much now as she used to; she is a bit weak at this time. I took her out of school and she rests almost all day. She also eats very little."

"Don't you see anything?" asked Mr. B. His hands moved up and down on the table like drumsticks.

"I am always like this when we have a séance," he explained, "but I have not found out yet what spirit comes to me in this way. My friend (to the girl), do you see anything?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, of course you see something," urged her father. "Go ahead and talk. What do you see?"

"Nothing, sir."

"If we wait a little while, you will see something," consoled her father.

"A rap!" cried out Mrs. B.

"Another!" shouted her husband.

"I knew it all the time," said the farmer, calmly rejoicing. "When this child is with us, friends always approach."

"Friends," said Mrs. B. tenderly, bowing over the table, "we are very glad that you have come. We earnestly wish that our dear friend who has come from Finland may see something."

"Are you contented in this room?" asked Mrs. B.

"*One* rap means no," said Mr. B.

"Do you want to sit in the eastern room?"

"That was nothing except my hand which slipped on the table," I observed. "Our hands are moist from the heat and we are all nervous from sitting motionless so long."

A murmur of dissatisfaction arose.

"Wait, we'll ask once more," said Mrs. B. "Friends, please pardon me for asking once more. Our friend does not know anything about you and you will have to excuse her therefore because she does not believe us. Will you answer if I ask where you want to sit? Here?"

No answer.

"Do you want to sit in the eastern room?"

Silence.

"Friends, don't you want to answer? For our sake so that we can convince our friend of your existence."

No answer. The table was offended. Mrs. B. talked humbly, begging their pardon, but the spirits were like spoiled children They did not answer.

"They must not be treated with antagonism," said Mr. B. vehemently. "Then they will not come. They demand trust"

"There is nothing to be feared," said Mrs. B. conciliatingly. "Come, let us go into the eastern room. I truly believe that our friends intend that we should go there."

We now went into a room on the eastern side of the house. It was even darker and hotter than the other room, for old chestnut trees stood close to the windows and obstructed the night wind.

Hardly had we sat down there when the table tipped.

"They are coming! They are coming!" cried Mrs. B. "Friends, I am so glad of your coming, glad that you have forgiven us."

The table tilted again.

"Who are here?" asked Mr. B., our host "Is Annie here?"

The table rapped three times on the floor.

"Yes, she is. Oh, I am so happy."

"Who is Annie?"

"My wife," answered Mr. B.

"You see, papa is a Mormon," explained young Mister George.

"Hm . . . by no means . . . well . . in a way," laughed the father. Then he bent over the table and asked gently, "Annie, do you have all the children with you?"

The table rapped three times

" [illegible] " Mr B. informed us.

" [illegible] " asked Mrs B.

The table rapped, "Yes."

"Is there anyone here for our friend?"

Hesitation. Then came the answer cautiously, "Yes."

"Will you write out the name of some friend of hers if Mr. B. calls out the letters?"

Again hesitation. Then a slow agreement.

"Well, now we shall hear," cried Mrs. B triumphantly.

Mr B began to recite the alphabet The table stopped him when he reached G

The next letter was R Then came I Then V

You recite them too fast my dear protested Mrs B Her husband began from the beginning now we got G R I V X

That is a mistake said Mrs B, embarrassed You recite the letters much too rapidly my friend

Again we began from the beginning Now the table was completely confused It spelled G R E W V X Y Z

Perhaps the spirit could have spelled better if it had not left school so young

Let s leave this and ask something else suggested Mrs B Friends do you want to declare our guest welcome?

The table said that it wanted to do so

Show it by pressing up against her

The table plunged toward me and pressed hard against my left leg I had been vaccinated there the previous day for small pox was abroad in Philadelphia and only with difficulty could I restrain a cry of pain The spirits could have shown their polite ness in some other way

Behold! rejoiced Mrs B Friends will you answer if our guest asks you a question? Is there any friend of hers here who will agree to answer?

Yes replied the table

Ask ask therefore urged Mrs B eagerly

But *I* didn t want to ask and a short perhaps displeased silence resulted

Do you have anything to tell us this evening? asked Mr B humbly from the table

Yes rapped the table

To Mrs B ?

No

George?

No

Our guest?

No

Ask if I should leave I requested

The table courteously asked me not to leave.

"To me?" asked Mr. B.

The table tapped, "No."

"You'll find out that Patterson is again playing his tricks," observed the farmer.

At the very same moment the table tipped in the air and thumped on our toes.

"Who is Patterson?"

"A young hired man of Mr. C.'s who died of typhoid fever the other year."

"Patterson," asked the former employer, bending over the table, "are you here?"

"I am," rapped the table.

"I guessed it," muttered the farmer. "Say, Patterson, are there other friends here tonight?"

"We should like to talk with them. Are they willing to answer if Mr. B. questions them?"

"No."

The table shook and spun, rose from the floor, and danced around merrily.

"That's the kind he is, that Patterson," said the farmer, half annoyed, half pleased. "He is exactly the same as he was when alive. Impetuous, ambitious, capricious, always has his own way You'll see that he won't let anyone else answer He often comes to our sessions and then no one else gets a chance to say a word"

"Patterson," said Mrs. B. sweetly, just as though she were trying to calm an impetuous child, "dear Patterson, think of our friend who has come all the way from Finland. We should like to have her see some proof so that she can tell about it in her native land. Patterson, don't you want to let others answer?"

"No," answered the table stubbornly.

"Will you consent to answer?"

"No."

"That's the kind he is," nodded the farmer.

"Such he is," agreed Mr. B. "Precisely the same as he was here."

The table whirled on its heels and cut capers as does a young

colt Secretly I lowered my hands on Mr George's hands to find out if they were both on the table He understood my purpose, bowed toward me, and shook his head reproachfully.

"My friend, Patterson," said Mrs B, "will you lift the table from the floor if you are here?"

The table rose about a foot off the floor.

Mr B cried out with triumph. The table rose again

"Now I am going to try to push it down," announced Mr B At the same moment Mrs B stole to the door and pushed aside the door curtains The dim light streaming into the room showed up the medium, who was standing, as were the rest of us—we had all risen when the table began to rise—and one could see her soulless, frightened eyes, her lips pressed tightly together.

Mr B was pale; his glance strayed wildly and his whole body trembled Gritting his teeth, he attacked the table. They wrestled and the table finally sank to the floor, but Mr B said that it happened only after he had stopped his exertions A little while later he wanted to try the same thing again, but Mrs B discouraged him

"Dear Patterson," pleaded our hostess again, turning toward the table, "won't you let one of my friends answer me?"

"No," replied the table firmly

"Are they here?"

"No"

"But they were a moment ago Have they gone away?"

"Yes"

"Now I am unhappy," said Mrs B "You are wicked, Patterson, when you act thus Goodbye, now I don't want you any more Goodbye, Patterson"

"Let's break the chain," suggested Mr B

We sat for a moment hand in hand We sang a few songs, and the music box was made to tinkle its tunes, but as soon as we put our hands down on the table again, the hired man was immediately plaguing us Again we asked questions, talked kindly, and criticized him gently In vain The hired man wanted only to jump and leap around We took our hands off the table many times, sang, and sat in the dark but couldn't get any help Patter

son immediately slipped in when we started again, and Mrs. B, sighing, assured us that the hired man certainly intended to continue his tricks all evening. We made the room even darker, and Mr. B. asked the girl over and over again, "Don't you see anything?" But the girl did not see anything, even though her father muttered that she certainly saw something though she refused to say so.

Midnight was approaching The farmer, sighing, said that he was very sorry but they had to leave.

"Goodbye, miss," he said in departing "I'm very sorry that you didn't have a chance to see anything but sometimes even a defeat is a victory. If we had wanted to deceive you, we could have done it."

"See here," said Mrs B kindly to the daughter, "take this music box with you. It is yours."

A six-tune music box for a nine-year-old girl There was not the least sign of joy in that small and shriveled caricature of a child's face; she did not even glance at the expensive gift. Her staring gaze was directed constantly out the window into the darkness of night.

Mr. George, *after he returned from the station to which he* had taken the farmer and his daughter, told us that the girl had almost frightened him to death on the way by suddenly saying, "Someone is sitting there between us" She had repeated that time and again.

The sun shone brightly the next morning when we drove to the station. On the side of the road blossomed wild cherry trees with black, knotty trunks and white and pink flowers. The fields and meadows exhaled spring moisture; the sun warmed the brown, opening leaf-buds of the trees and the light-green veil of the hawthorn hedges. After the night's mysterious conversations and visions, it seemed wonderful to get into this wholesome, fresh spring air teeming with the reality of life.

My escort was a peculiar mixture: one half of him was spiritualism, the other half, real estate. On the previous evening spiritualism had been predominant; today the other side burst

forth into view and his loquacious tongue evaluated unbelievably fast every farm that we drove by

Suddenly he broke off the arc which he was drawing in the air with a whip in his hand as he explained the region to me, and said in an undertone, Well, there goes Miss G You will have to meet her She is a psychological enigma '

In a still quieter voice, There is something wrong with her She believes that she is Christ s spiritual mother as the Virgin Mary was His physical mother Look at her as much as you have time to, I ll let the horse go slower Good morning, Miss G You are going to your atelier, are you not? '

A middle aged woman in a somberly elegant dress nodded her head Like many older women in America, she, too, had snow white hair, her facial features were regular, the shape of her eyebrows revealed melancholy Even though she was tall and thin her movements were graceful and her behavior was marked by calmness, clearness and certainty It did not take her long to invite us to visit her studio in Philadelphia

A complete psychological enigma, proclaimed Mr B again in an undertone Believes she is Christ s mother She has had some very peculiar visions and now she says that she is God s witness on earth

The studio was in the fourth story of a large brick building The windows were covered by thick Persian drapes

Miss G pushed aside one set of curtains and began to show her paintings They were medium sized copies of paintings by European masters and filled two large walls of the great room A third wall also was full of pictures, but they were covered with large curtains, and the artist did not seem to want to show them She spoke fluently, like one accustomed to social conversa tion, about her three year stay in Europe No greater or lesser profoundness or peculiarity was noticeable in her travel observa tions than generally in travel accounts The visionary was nowhere in evidence, unless possibly in a certain automatic, absent minded way of expression as though her speech and thought moved on different planes But fanaticism and agitation could not be per

ceived. She apparently was used to society life and was a well-traveled lady, both calm and dignified.

Gradually her glances began to stray more frequently to the dark curtains at the rear. After pondering a bit longer, she seemed to have reached a definite decision, and now promised to show us some original paintings.

At the same moment she drew aside the curtains.

In a picture about two square ells in size one could see on a dark background ten roundish objects, of which some were white, some blood red, and some with both colors. Miss G. began to explain her painting, calmly and properly as before.

"I have long meditated the power of sin and the devil over us. Only now has the problem become clear to me. Do you see that snow-white ball? It is the soul of a newly born child. Satan has no power over it, it is wholly innocent. Look at this other ball and at its narrow red streak. It is a child several years of age whom Satan has already seized This, one-third of which is red, is an unconverted but by nature noble soul. You understand, of course, what I mean? Red is sin, white is righteousness See how sin gradually creeps into the soul. Don't you think that I have succeeded in making it clear? And here are the extremes at their peak; behold this red ball and its white edge which is hardly noticeable. It is a sin-stained soul condemned to eternal perdition, surrounded by the hope of God's grace. And here is its opposite, a snow-white ball: a redeemed soul washed clean of sin through faith. It took me a long time before I succeeded in making this theory of salvation perceptible I don't have to tell you that it will have epoch-making influence It will be a firebrand to theologians, but ministers are already my enemies of old, especially since I published my last brochure. You must read it I got the subject, like all of my other information of this kind, through revelation."

She said this in as gentle a voice as she had used all the time.

"Do you have revelations often?"

"Yes, indeed, although it does depend upon the time. I have been quite blessed in that respect of late and forced to be quite industrious. Here, for example, is the tree of good and bad knowl-

edge —she drew forth a painting in which appeared a peculiar tree, some kind of connecting link between an elm and a chestnut tree— here is the flower and here is the fruit You look surprised Perhaps you, like me, thought that the fruit was more like an apple I was just as surprised when in a revelation I saw that it looked more like a peach I have been industrious, for my visions come anew until I have drawn them My most trying painting was the picture of the devil Here it is '

She uncovered a painting from which grinned a hideous, fiery red human face in natural size The frizzly hair was red as fire, small red horns protruded from his temples, and long fiery red snakes whose heads loathsomely resembled the devil s red face grew out of his ears, nostrils, chin, neck, and nape of the neck. The most horrible of all were the eyes They were crossed, red dish brown, the pupils large and black, and such a devilish evil gleamed from them that only the imagination of a mad person could have created them

Miss G introduced the evil spirit without embarrassment and in a friendly way, just as a well known person is usually introduced

Well, this is what he looks like It is strange, isn t it, that he can breathe through the heads of the serpents? I was surprised too, for I didn t think him to look like this at all It was a difficult time when I painted him, it seemed as though God had forsaken me and had left me in possession of the soul s archenemy On the other hand, I have had other pleasanter visions It is strange that I should live in my way here on earth as God s selected wit ness Perhaps you have already been told that my name is written in the so-called Queen s Room in Cheops s pyramid, therefore I am the witness about whom the prophet Isaiah speaks God informed me of it on December 15, 1872, and since then has proved it to be true many times and in many ways He has or dered me to make known his warning to mankind People have scorned my warnings and thus made my life in the world one of bitterness But I don t worry about it any more Exhausted I only wonder that the human race would rather choose its suffer ings than receive the glad tidings that I bring to it

In a monotonous, half-sorrowful voice she continued her story about her mission in the world For seventeen years had God, through visions, revealed to her His wishes Humble and wondering, she had received the news that she was Christ's spiritual Mother, of the same rank and as eternal as the Holy Ghost, which begot her. People called it madness, but God's wisdom is always an abomination to the fleshly mind. Although she had been elevated above other women, including the Virgin Mary, she was not proud, for she had been elevated in God through no merit of her own.

"But, of course, you understand," she continued, smiling earnestly, "that my high rank demands many sacrifices of me. I have to stay almost completely away from human society I do not do it out of pride but out of honor to that Lord whose messenger I am. You understand me, don't you?"

In parting, Miss G. gave me her brochure "A Warning to the Ministry," and another pamphlet which she had named "God's Secret Revealed, a Warning to the World, by Elizabeth Margaret G., Witness of God, Father Almighty"

The whole time she behaved in as friendly a manner, as evenly as before, thanked us affably for our visit and asked us to come again. As she stood at the open door of her studio, so calm and *comme il faut,* one would not have thought of her as a religious fanatic if her horrible painting with its red head of Satan had not mocked one from over her head.

With a strange inconsistency, the spiritualists regarded her as weak-minded, but greatly honored a certain woman who believed in the transmigration of souls and considered herself to be Aspasia. The same woman's husband believed himself to be an incarnation of Cato The disclosures of the grossest frauds did not disturb the faith of the spiritualists In Philadelphia a high official sat in prison because he had embezzled city funds at the behest of a certain medium, the aforementioned Mrs K. In New York a lawsuit was going on at the same time, the principal persons involved being a millionaire and a woman medium. These two argued that they were married to each other although each of them had a legal mate still alive. In many cities there were spir-

itualist doctors with enormous practices, they cured patients by the laying on of hands and by invoking spirits for help In Boston and in Chicago there were many spiritualist congregations which had their own handsome churches, their preachers, and their own schools One could be sure of finding among them a true love of the poor and the suffering The spiritualists usually follow the development of the questions of the day with an open mind And even though their mysterious rites seem repulsive to an outsider, the spiritualists usually win warm sympathy by the purity of their character and of their daily life

Chapter V

Niagara

IF ONE leaves New York on the railroad which, following the Hudson River, takes one westward, he will at first see around him cheerful and fertile regions. The track runs right along the shore of the broad river. Between its steep banks the wide stream rolls its waters, at times winding pleasantly in the sunshine, and then again stretching out in a straight steel-gray line across fertile fields. Small, pretty river scenes, which are just like miniatures on ladies' fans, alternate with beautiful, stern mountain scenery.

In the autumn a fascinating brilliancy of colors prevails in the forests. The fall in America is famous for that, particularly in the vicinity of the Hudson River and in New England. Over the flashing black surface of the water hang the bright-yellow leaves of the aspen and dark-red leafy branches of the wild cherry trees; and through the intervening spaces peep the mottled brown leaves of the sinuous grape vines and also the fiery-red and light colors of the rhododendron shrubs. Behind those glowing colors stand the gray mountains and the forests of pine and fir trees. Fall, during its reign, apparently does nothing but paint day after day. Every different color beautifies Nature while autumn holds sway. She hates the uniform dress of winter and hastens with powerful strokes of the brush to make Nature colorfully picturesque, even though she occasionally does not have time to do more than sprinkle red and yellow on the trees and shrubs in passing.

These regions are beautiful even in the early spring. The river then has a rich abundance of water which the melting snow and innumerable mountain brooks send it. In the powerfully impellent spring air stand trees but recently bathed by spring rain and swathed in light-green fog; corn lifts its ears from the soil; every place is green; at the stations there are gay crowds of people; there is life and movement everywhere.

And so one proceeds westward.

Although the names of the stations Ithaca, Rome, Syracuse and Utica lead one to expect the beauty of southern lands, the region becomes more and more monotonous The forests, rivers, and lakes disappear and the eye sees only level stretches of land, large plains which at this time of year are black or grayish brown with only here and there a green tinge predicting spring On a dark, cool, windy May night the train rushes across the plain The region becomes more and more desolate and lonely Near the city of Buffalo the door of the coach is jerked open and a booming voice thunders out, Passengers for Niagara must change trains! Sleepy and bewildered after the long night journey, the passengers follow the conductor, whose lantern guides them through the crowds on the station platform

Still bleaker become the plains In the faint light which ushers in the dawn, the region, in flashing by, looks like a brownish sea without waves The sun rises The glow of the rosy dawn streams over the plain in long streaks of light A beautiful, overflowing brilliancy makes the desolate fields golden and red, and a light, rosy mist floats above them But when the sun reaches the vault of heaven the glow disappears and the land slumbers just as desolate and bare as before

Nature does not have heart for anything, she forgets rivers trees, greenness She does not have any strength, any colors, any changes to waste With a careless hand she makes miles long plains in order to be at rest She waits, rests, gathers her strength, draws her breath [1]

The train stops at a little town with a handful of houses, sandy streets, shouting drivers—where is the Falls? No roar can be heard But below the town one can see white vapor

Mighty, violent, majestic Niagara

The waters of the world have gathered to honor their queen This is a world of streams, rapids, falls islands carved by water, spits, and shattered rocks

Between the dark spruces, tugged and pulled by the wind one could see the arch plunging straight downward, the greenish surface of the water, three quarters of an English mile long and

[1] This ellipsis and later ones in the text appear in the original version *Editor*

one hundred and seventy-five feet high. There 1,500,000,000 cubic feet of water per minute rushes down at a rate of 20 to 27 English miles per hour. Bright-green water, which is surrounded below by a foamy, boiling, hissing bank of froth climbing high. The sun shines white and green. It glistens and gleams there as though one were looking at gems on crystal. Sometimes the diamonds are veiled by a fairy-like covering of mist; at other times wide, dark-blue streaks flash on the wall of water; sometimes the whole Falls is a light blue-green, like a field of oats; sometimes darkly gloomy like a stormy sea; sometimes it is covered by a thick white vapor and then one can hear a rumble like thunder.

In the middle stands Goat Island, with its graying, wildly entangled pines, with tree roots exposed to the air, trembling as the queen of waters rages. Niagara cannot forgive Goat Island for placing itself in her way, and therefore she allows all of her beasts to gnaw furiously at its roots Year by year the once high, wooded, rocky island diminishes; it has to pay dearly for its famous position, for the spirits of the water demand it. On one side of the island is the American part of the Falls and on the other the Canadian part, or Horseshoe Falls, and the streams both meet below the island.

Above Goat Island the rapids cut channels pitilessly in raging forward. Between the tall spruces of the "Three Sisters Islands" plunges a white-foamed waterfall down the rocks. It is as big as Ämmänkoski in Finland, but it is hardly noticed here. It boils, froths, whirls at every step. One can see only water as far as the eye can reach Here it rushes past calmly, glittering, soundless, just like black, flat snakes There it gurgles snow-white, disintegrating into a cloud of mist There spring deep waves which at the next moment are tossed up and around, and yet around wildly, in swiftly whirling circles with a small hole in the center, to rush finally in a rage against black, shiny rocks.

The surrounding nature is mournfully beautiful, barren, and sternly attractive. Pine trees, dark verdure, steep banks of light-brown rock. Water is predominant here. The air smells of water; one hears only water, sees only water. Nothing but water.

The gigantic column of water itself plunges into the depths with majestic calmness, without capricious whirlpools Niagara does not care to announce its whereabouts to those far away by roaring, but if one approaches within several hundred feet of it, one can hear its heavy groan It booms like majestic cannon shots Or, as if heavy boulders rolled in the water crashed together with a boom or as if lightning crashed down with a crackling din, or as if the thousands of animals of the forests and prairies were well nigh exhausted and were howling in their death agony with roars of lions, with the hissing of boa constrictors, the bellowing of buffalo, the howling of wolves

It began to drizzle Over the Falls rose light gray mists which danced on the surface of the water, twisting into innumerable fantastic shapes Sometimes they resembled gigantic elves with outstretched arms, sometimes trolls with threatening gestures, sometimes witches with large, shapeless heads The roar of cannons seemed to rumble twice as loudly Just as wildly did the invisible spirits continue to roar

Majestic Niagara, queen of waters, how do you feel when winter binds you with a strong hand and shuts up your waves in an icy vault? Or when the moonbeams on a quiet summer night silently dance on your diadem of mists? Or when the evening sun gently kisses your white foot—or the morning glow clasps you to its rosy bosom?

Fettered queen, what are the words to your wild song? What does your gloomy agony signify—your majestic sorrow? Do you grieve because you cannot extend your power without fetters over the desolate land? Aren t you proud of your might? Doesn t the admiration of the world satisfy you?

Or are you merely the groan of agony of the chained land? Nature s wild moaning, wordless lament?

Chapter VI

The Homes of Ole Bull and Longfellow

It is a beautiful May day. Humming and twittering resound from every branch A cheerful group babbles in Mrs. Ole Bull's shady garden, the Cambridge[1] temperance society has gathered there to celebrate its spring festival

When I entered through the garden gate, the tea drinking and chattering had stopped for a moment. Old, esteemed Frederick Douglass stood on a green mound under a walnut tree making a speech. He is immensely popular and now as usual he was being listened to very attentively. After him a young mulatto lawyer spoke; he was a handsome, bright-eyed man, whose voice was particularly soft and melodious Then the visitor from the "land of the midnight sun" was called upon to say a few words, after which the official part of the celebration came to an end, and the tea and cakes and the chattering began anew

Young girls tripped back and forth busily, serving refreshments on the lawn and under the lilacs They were assisted by some young gentlemen who handled the tea cups and cake platters with the manful practicality which characterizes young American men when they are involved in women's activities. In that respect there is a strong contrast between them and our young gentlemen in Scandinavia and in Finland, who usually have a shameful fear of such matters.

I had got a good place, plenty of refreshments, and an audience around me. Abroad, a Finn is just as remarkable a creature as a dancing bear, especially if the company into which one gets is, as it was here, for the most part made up of members of the so-called lower social classes. I myself was most eager to see my famous hostess and I looked around me anxiously trying to find her.

[1] A small university city near Boston

There she stood arm in arm with two other women Each one of those three was famous in her own way The youngest, a woman with ash blond hair and with thick silver bracelets, was young Mrs Thorp, Longfellow s daughter and Mrs Ole Bull s sister in law The second one, she with the indifferent looking face, was Frederick Douglass's second wife Douglass's enemies say that he married a second time out of vanity, because his Negro temperament supposedly wanted to make a show of his white wife The third was Mrs Sara C Bull, the illustrious artist s widow This marriage caused a sensation in its day Ole Bull had spent the winter of 1868 in Wisconsin and there, in the city of Madison, he had met Miss Thorp, who in 1870 became his second wife The great difference in their ages—Ole Bull was then sixty years old and his fiancée thirty five years younger—made each one s friends uneasy about the results of this alliance The union seemed, at any rate, to have turned out very happily, and one didn t even wonder at it as one looked at Mrs Bull s gentle, kindly face and observed the self-effacing attention with which she took care of her guests

The afternoon passed pleasantly, partly in Mrs Bull s cool shady garden and partly inside her home The house was already famous before she moved into it, because it belonged to the poet Lowell and was taken over by Mrs Bull in unchanged condition [2] In the halls and corridors hung portraits of the Lowell family s ancestors and in the library stood the poet s books in the order in which he himself had arranged them

Soon music resounded from a room within A fat and jolly German woman had sat down at the piano and she played with dexterity and with pedal pressure a bit of Schubert It really was a pleasure after she had stopped, to hear Mrs Bull play a few of her husband s compositions well and feelingly

As the company was departing, our amiable hostess invited me to call on her the following day

I have two reasons for it,' she explained smiling 'You will have to see Longfellow s home, which is quite near us, and you

[2] Elmwood of course was still Lowell s home although temporarily occupied by Mrs Ole Bull *Editor*

will have to hear 'Saeterjaentens Söndag'[3] I'll play it for you. We are almost like fellow countrywomen"

I parted on friendly terms with the assembled temperance advocates. They sent their regards through me to the midnight sun, fastened a white ribbon (the insignia of the American Temperance Society) on me, embraced and patted me. The closer one is to the lower end of the social scale, the easier it is in social life to get rid of ceremony. And in America the temperance people are, as with us, mostly of the so-called simpler folk I will leave unsaid whether it is to the shame or honor of the educated people.

The midday sun was scorching hot the next day as I sat in the horsecar which slowly crept along the streets of the old, quiet university city. Mrs. Ole Bull met me at the appointed place. In her black, Quaker-like straw hat and dark-gray dress she was exactly like a country lady at home in Finland But the dress was not the only thing that made her seem Finnish. Her talk and point of view, her interests and opinions (for she had opinions) were—in the best sense—surprisingly similar to those of women in the Northern Countries.

Soon we sat at a luncheon table decorated with flowers. There were no other guests except Mrs Bull's mother and a lady friend The only daughter of the house, sixteen-year-old Olea, was at a school for girls. A marble bust of her was in the dim, cool drawing room of the house, right next to her father's grand piano and violins. A beautiful girl's head—the father's artistic face spiritualized, fresh, more vivacious.

At the table we conversed mainly about the most recent Scandinavian literature, with which Mrs Bull was amazingly well acquainted In her library the works of Ibsen, Björnson, Kristoffer Janson, and Mrs Edgren were well represented, and she had not only read them but she had also weighed their contents. It was really refreshing to listen to her pertinent remarks after the sublime Anglo-Saxon ignorance of everything Scandinavian which one meets everywhere else in England and America. Mrs. Bull reads, writes, and speaks the Norwegian tongue fluently, although

[3] "The Shepherd Girl's Sunday"—a composition by Ole Bull. *Finnish translation.*

she laughingly refused to speak it with me, for, as she said, her Norwegian was always worse in the spring and did not improve until the fall, when her daughter having been home on vacation, or having herself visited Norway, she had had the opportunity to speak it again

In the afternoon I heard 'The Shepherd Girl's Sunday" performed on the piano constructed by Ole Bull himself During the years 1867 1869 the artist was busy with an invention the purpose of which was to improve the sounding board in pianos He sacrificed time, money, and ideas for his ideal, but he did not succeed until his friend John Ericsson heard about the invention, asked to hear the plan and carried it into effect so that Ole Bull was completely satisfied Only two musical instruments were made according to the new invention The artist's ardent desire had been to make it popular, but death cut short his intentions

In the afternoon we walked in the warm sunshine all around the garden, the grounds, and the stables, where three delightful cream-colored Norwegian horses greeted us with neighs Ole Bull had brought their dam and sire from Norway on his last trip to America, and Mrs Bull, greatly moved, and while she patted them gently, told how her artist husband had rejoiced over them, how he had tamed them, and how attached they were to him In the house and around it reigned order and silence Viburnum and lilac bushes, sumac and azalea clusters stood here and there on the lawn just like large and small parasols Old, approximately a century old, trees shaded the windows The house, which had plenty of wide windows, corridors, glass doors looking out on the quiet lawns, a great many books, paintings, and rare objects, was an old country house and artist's studio combined Laurel wreaths, portraits, vases crowns, gold and silver drinking horns all spoke of triumphs celebrated long ago But they did not seem to be out on display or for boasting It seemed rather as though they had been left in their former places because loving hearts could not bear to give up the pleasure of looking at them Mrs Bull did not avoid talking about her deceased husband, but she did not herself bring him up as a subject of conversation Generally she did not seem to have a bit of the self satisfaction with which the

relatives of great men, especially female relatives, usually regard a father's or a husband's triumphs.

At four o'clock yellow horses hitched to a light carriage stood waiting and we drove down a few tree-shaded streets to Longfellow's home. After the poet's death it had been occupied by an unmarried daughter, who very kindly allows the public to come in It was a large, light-yellow, two-storied house with an old-fashioned exterior. We were welcomed on the stairs by Miss Longfellow and her sister, Mrs Thorp, who had been informed of our visit. It was not an elegant or luxurious house into which we now stepped, but arranged for comfort and with a harmony of colors and shapes such as is found in all cultured English and American homes. One found here the same serene mood rich in memories as in Ole Bull's home. The same faithful, overshadowing trees. The same green country views from the windows At a distance glittered a ribbon of silver, the Charles River, which inspired many of Longfellow's poems It is said that in a clump of willows on the bank of the Charles, Emerson composed his lovely yet profound poem "Rhodora." In the poet's study everything was as he had left it shortly before his death. A half-finished manuscript page, a pen, a writing set and a pen-wiper, all were in place, as was a large chair made of chestnut which the children of the town had presented to Longfellow. In the library I recognized an old friend· an admirably executed marble bust of the poet, which I had first seen in London, in the solemn dimness of Westminster Abbey I was very kindly shown all the rooms on the first floor of this large, quiet house. A breathless hush prevailed everywhere. The window shades had been drawn because of the heat. The sound of our footsteps, which broke the silence, seemed like a violation of sanctity. A great spirit had in these rooms cast off his earthly mantle . . .

Ole Bull and Longfellow were frequently together during the former's last year in America. Two joyful celebrations both families had had together: Ole Bull's seventieth birthday and Longfellow's seventy-third birthday, which did not come very far apart. Then the poets' homes were decorated with Norwegian and American flags, friends thronged in from far and near, and Ole

Bull s trembling hand coaxed sweet tunes from his beloved violin

The small Norwegian horses trotted gaily to the station from which the train was to take me back to Boston In parting, Mrs Bull gave me a photograph of her husband, which had been taken years earlier while he was on a triumphant concert tour of California, and an account of his life which she herself had written When one looks through this book, which one reviewer has called the most admirable memoir written in English,' and enjoys the pure, sweet spirit which prevails in the book, even though the author is nowhere visible, then one does not wonder that Ole Bull in planning to marry again, announced it to a friend in the following words Other than human powers have decided my fate The sunbeams I shut out, but the sun itself I could not annihilate

Chapter VII

Mark Twain

THE small city of Hartford in Connecticut has the honor of being at the present time the home of three of America's most famous authors: Charles Warner, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and S. L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain

Hartford is a charming, green oasis in the state of Connecticut, which is otherwise enveloped in factory smoke Even though it has a population of 50,000, and is the state capital, Hartford, with its beautiful suburbs, green, shady avenues, and well-kept lawns, is a most delightful refuge during the heat of summer. All the aforementioned famous people live on Forest Street at the outer edge of the city.

One beautiful June evening, hatless and without parasols, we walked down Forest Street in the twilight, enjoying all the privileges of a country life. As we approached a large, handsome house, on the open veranda of which a colored servant was working, my American companion said, "Oh, I just remembered something! Mark Twain has sent word that his daughter is ill, so that he cannot entertain guests at home, but he and his wife are coming to the W[arners'] tomorrow to meet you"

Of course, I stopped to look at the house more closely when I learned that it belonged to Mark Twain It was a spacious, gray brick house built in the modern style so very popular in America, with projections, horseshoe-shaped windows, and a broad veranda. Tall oak, chestnut, and hickory trees shaded the neat, grassy yard. Lamplight streamed through the yellow silk curtains of some of the bedroom windows and the windows of the owner's study.

We heard cheerful voices coming from the other side of the veranda, and my companion, who was an old friend of Mark Twain, went there. Two girls attired in light muslin dresses stood

leaning over a beautiful birthday table adorned with flowers and gifts of all kinds

'Well, here is Miss Clemens,' said my friend, patting one of the girls on the shoulder She was about sixteen years old, an unusually pretty, dark eyed girl, with a fine aristocratic face and with gestures which were almost too formal—the last one in the whole world anyone would have taken for Mark Twain's daughter Nevertheless, she answered my questions about her sister's health in a very friendly manner and assured me that her father had reserved the following evening for me Her younger sister was already so much better that she had been able to sit up that day and had opened her birthday presents herself

At eight o clock on the following evening we went to Mr and Mrs W[arners]

Mark Twain had already arrived

What did he look like?

He was tanned and weather beaten almost beyond belief, and around him there was always a dense cloud of tobacco smoke His facial features were fine, sharp, the face of a real prospector for gold, and creased with innumerable small and large wrinkles and furrows, he even had a furrow of genius on his brow His hair was thick, curly, grayish, his penetrating eyes were deep-set, his gestures were abrupt but at the same time slow His clothes fitted him indifferently as though they had known that their wearer did not care how they looked on him, and a brilliant red silk kerchief dangled round his neck in a peculiar manner

He shook my hand heartily but in a somewhat clumsy way, and answered very briefly the customary compliments which, as befits a famous person, I paid him in the process of the introduction Then I turned from him to Mrs Clemens—she must always be called Mrs Clemens, as it is absolutely necessary *not* to call him Mr Clemens but Mark Twain Any woman at all in the whole world could better be taken for Mark Twain's wife than Mrs Clemens, that is if one is dull enough to forget for a minute the old saying that *les extrêmes se touchent*

From her mother, then, had the daughter got her rather haughty manners, fine, beautiful, dark features and slightly aristo-

cratic air. Mrs. Clemens is a very nice, refined woman and perhaps even intelligent, but one is so surprised to find her as she is that one probably may not do her full justice. She and her husband treated each other kindly and respectfully. Mrs. Clemens seemed to listen contentedly to even the slightest sacrificial praise placed on the altar of her husband's fame. Their home life is praised as exemplary and it is said that Mrs. Clemens's colder outlook on life counterbalances the sometimes imprudent deeds of kindness which her husband's warm heart is always ready to lead him to.

My attention, forgivably enough, was soon focused entirely on the husband.

Fortunately he was in an unusually good and approachable mood, and the company seemed to inspire him. With the exception of one, all present were intimate friends He sat in a big armchair in a peculiar shriveled up and twisted position and puffed briskly and persistently at his pipe Smoking is not usually permitted in America if ladies are present in the room, but of course Mark Twain can be an exception At first he sat in silence until the conversation had become livelier, and then he began to talk, slowly in the beginning, mumbling with his pipe between his teeth, but gradually becoming more animated until finally his pipe disappeared into his gesticulating hand.

We talked about Negroes and about *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and it was mentioned that Frederick Douglass about twelve or fifteen years back had had to travel in stock cars on the railroad because of the color of his skin.

"Well," said Mrs. Stowe's sister, who was present, "Harriet was so hated because of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that many pastors warned their parishioners to avoid her sinister influence, for she wanted to overthrow God's order in the world "

"Ha-ha," interrupted Mark Twain, "I guess that by now they have seen how much she changed our Lord's order in the world Well, Copernicus and Galileo . . . It's the same story over again. But if her sowing sprouted hatred, its harvest has been love. One day I stood on a street corner as Mrs. Stowe was boarding a streetcar. Next to me stood a young man in shabby clothing—

obviously he was a tramp, a vagrant For amusement I asked him, 'Do you know who that lady was?'

" 'No,' he answered, surprised

" 'Well, that was Uncle Tom's Cabin '

' 'Do you mean that she was Mrs Stowe?'

" 'Exactly, Mrs Stowe herself '

"The man glanced at me a bit suspiciously and then ran after the car and shouted for the driver to stop it I saw him climb aboard, and, smiling to myself, I went on my way. A few days later I met the same man by chance He recognized me immediately, tipped his hat, and, eyes gleaming, said, 'Didn't you point out Mrs Stowe to me, sir? I am very much obliged to you, sir I had the honor to sit next to her and to help her off the car.' "

Mark Twain talked with a kind of slow eloquence, not unlike that of the Finnish peasant His face at the beginning of a story was very reserved, but by the end of his tale humor and goodheartedness shone from every wrinkle

The conversation led from Negroes to Negro songs and anecdotes Mark Twain told the following story, in an authentic Virginia dialect, with incomparable humor·

'A colored cook was just about to send the roast into the dining room when his sweetheart came to see him The roast was a rare, juicy goose, and the girl cast longing glances at it Temptation overcame the poor cook He cut off one of the legs and gave it to his ladylove

' When the master began to carve the roast at the table, he immediately discovered the fraud His brow clouded over, but he did not say anything After dinner he went out into the kitchen and inquired for the chef The cook approached, shivering with fear

" 'Sam, how dare you pilfer the legs from my geese before you send them to the table?'

" 'I don t understand what you mean, massa '

" 'I'll teach you to understand How did you dare cut off the leg of the goose which we had for dinner today?'

" 'I didn't cut it off, massa '

" 'Is that so? So you didn't cut it off? How come the goose had only one leg?'

" 'How—well—presumably it was created that way.'

" 'Like that? You believe, then, that there are one-legged geese?'

" 'I believe so, massa.'

" 'Well, good. Come with me.'

"The master and the cook stepped into the poultry yard, where the geese, turkeys, and hens vied with each other in gabbling. In a sunny corner several dozing geese stood on one leg and the cook immediately hastened to point them out to his master

" 'So,' said the master, 'you think that they are created with only one leg. Well, we'll see.'

"He clapped his hands together and shouted, 'Shoo!'

"Immediately the legs came down and the geese waddled off, cackling, on their two feet

" 'Well?' said the master triumphantly.

" 'Well, but—I guess massa didn't shout "shoo" to the roast.' "

Having told the story this far, Mark Twain stopped, peered at us roguishly and became silent. His whole face, with all its innumerable small wrinkles, was covered with a smile.

Now the ladies whispered something to Mrs. Clemens, who said, "My dear, won't you sing us a few Negro songs tonight?"

Mark Twain mumbled something about hoarseness and a nasty cold, but he sat down at the piano anyway At first he improvised with his pipe in his mouth, then he began to hum, and finally, putting his pipe aside, he sang in a worn-out but still clear tenor voice several Negro songs

Most of the songs were spiritual and told about Moses and Pharoah, Saul and David, David and Goliath, and so forth. One song about Joseph as the interpreter of Pharoah's dreams was rather playful. There were many references in it to seven fat cows and seven lean cows Otherwise, even though they were monotonous and sad, they were endowed with emotional, wild poetry, which Mark Twain interpreted very well.

"Moses! Moses! Sing about Moses!" many voices demanded.

Mark Twain struck a few merry chords on the piano and be-

gan a comical song about a certain Negro called Moses 'who wanted to have golden slippers but couldn t get them' That was the refrain and was sung with real American, Mark Twain humor

Later we happened to talk about Finland, and someone wanted to know whether Mark Twain was a popular author with us In corroboration of his popularity, I told how a young man in Hel sinki was so delighted with Twain s 'Story of the Old Ram [1] that his wife wished she could slaughter the ram herself in order to stop hearing about it That amused the writer so much that he, as he said himself, inhaled too much tobacco smoke and had to leave the room to cough it out

On his return Mark Twain again crouched in his low arm chair and took part in the conversation He talked on until a late hour humorously, modestly, pleasantly, and brilliantly The whole while it seemed as though one could hear under his words the beating of his great, warm heart, just as his large, warm hand seemed always ready secretly to put money into the hand of the whole world

It was late when we parted, each one walking home in the dim spring night along the fragrant, tree shaded streets

Mark Twain lived only a few houses from us That very same night his servant came to me with a small, thin package from Mark Twain In it was Mark Twain s photograph, on which he had written in his own peculiar hand, In memory of the old ram Your friend, Mark Twain, i e S L Clemens

[1] Chapter XII Volume II of *Roughing It* originally printed in 1872 contains the story of Jim Blaine and His Grandfather s Ram See Mark Twain *Roughing It* (Author s National Edition, The Writings of Mark Twain VIII [New York, 1913] 120 27) *Editor*

Chapter VIII

Harriet Beecher Stowe

NOT far from Mark Twain's large, splendid villa is a small, light-gray wooden house, also a villa like all the rest of the homes along Forest Street.

The house is embedded in vegetation On both sides of a narrow walk paved with slate, which leads from the street to the house, stand gently sighing birch trees. The lawn is smooth and mowed level and adorned by rows of bright gillyflowers, asters, and blue lobelia, a small espalier with sweet peas, and azalea shrubs with their pink and white flowers A wild grape vine climbs up the pillars of the veranda.

Everything is quiet and still It seems as though all voices have been hushed to the point of silence The stillness brings to mind the silence of a sick room. This attractive, silent house is indeed a sick room. Here Harriet Beecher Stowe is spending her last days far away from the world's commotion.

With a sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe I stepped into this house early one spring morning. Harriet Beecher Stowe has been a widow for a few years and lives with her unmarried twin daughters; her son is the minister of a Congregationalist church in the same city.

The sister left me alone in the reception hall while she went to inquire if I could be received Although the dwelling gave the impression of a sick room from the outside, inside it was just like an art gallery in miniature. In furnishing the room, blue and white colors had been used, and the woodwork was light. Even the piano was of light wood and the needlework on the piano stool was in blue and white. The rugs, couch covers, pillows, hassocks, chairs, and wall hangings were of the same color. In the lovely morning sunlight the room with its colors looked sweet and childishly peaceful.

In two corner cupboards decorated with beautiful carvings were all of Mrs Stowe's works, in one were the fine and national editions, in the other, all the rest of the editions from the first little, inconspicuous *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to the most recent editions with a vignette at the beginning of each chapter Above the fire place hung a full length painting of the author s deceased brother, the famous minister, Henry Ward Beecher, with a face revealing his joy in life and with a thinker's forehead and eyes Just opposite hung another picture Professor Stowe A fine, sharp, almost sly looking face gazed from the picture, around the mouth and eyes were furrows indicative of melancholy and suspicion Photographs of the son appeared to be in many places, here he was as a small baby in a fluttering muslin dress, there as a school boy, and from over there he looked forth as a newly ordained minister Then came the grandchildren, alone or in groups, smiling, dimpled, mischievously glancing little faces, chubby hands

In many places hung photographs, oil paintings, and crayon drawings of the same woman's face It was Lady Byron for whose sake Mrs Stowe won herself so many enemies in Europe Many other high born ladies pictures graced the walls, and there were even some among them of royal blood They were gifts to Mrs Stowe from the various persons respectively and all of them were from the time when the author was at the peak of her fame, i e from the period of the abolitionist movement In addition to them, there were on the walls oil paintings of greater or lesser value, gifts from the artists themselves On the tables were gold and silver trinkets, and small articles made of ivory, genuine china, tortoise shell, and mother of pearl, from different quarters of the world Letters of greeting from abolitionist societies, letters from and photographs of the leaders, elegantly bound presentation copies of authors works, egg, mineral, and shell collections, travel souvenirs from different parts of Europe and America—all this filled two or three rooms completely Many full bookcases added to the amount of material Everything was old and from former times, and Europe was comparatively better represented than America

Harriet Beecher Stowe began her literary career with *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Until that time she was comparatively little known, even in America. The publisher to whom she took her work shrugged his shoulders and glanced through the manuscript indifferently. Negroes? That was a barren subject and distasteful to the people. And the manuscript was thick. The book would cost a great deal But she was the sister of the famous Henry Ward Beecher? At least that was something. But even so the experiment was risky. He decided to send the manuscript back, but happened to talk about the matter to his wife, who asked to see the novel. After reading it, she said to her husband, "Do you know that there is money in this book?" The man thought about the matter, followed his wife's advice, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published serially in the literary section of his weekly newspaper. Immediately after that it appeared in book form and attracted such violent attention that Thackeray's *Vanity Fair,* which emerged from the press at the same time, was almost left behind. When a friend of his deplored this matter, the famous English novelist replied, "Well, it was stupid of me to forget to put a Negro into my book."

Mrs. Stowe, then, from the very beginning tied in her literary activities with abolitionism, which was a very unpopular movement. Many ministers preached against her and against the emancipation of the slaves, since it supposedly "attempted to overthrow God's universal order." Newspapers and critics said that her book was a shameful lie and its characters the productions of the author's maudlin imagination Hatred, malice, and slander finally became so overwhelming that her friends advised her to write the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,* in which she published all the true events, newspaper stories about slave markets, and the torture of slaves as witnessed by known persons, which had been the basis for *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

Of course, it was not sufficient to calm down tempers. The agitation had already become too violent and it ended in the war between the northern and southern states; a woman's voice was not able to check it. But the book and its author remained as the

center of the movement Mrs Stowe earned a great deal of money and her publisher even more Her name was on everyone's lips, even though it was not always pronounced sympathetically So far as her earnings as an author are concerned, at that time a New England wife did not have the right to control her earnings herself Mrs Stowe s royalties went into the large, rapidly increasing family s household expenses Her husband was, as Americans say, very clever, but he lacked worthier qualities When his wife wanted to make a testament in favor of the children, he forbade it When this prohibition became known, it aroused general indignation in the state of Massachusetts, where the couple then lived Soon after that the state legislature gave the married woman the right to her inherited and earned wealth, and the incident in the Stowe family was considered an important influence on this legal decision

Everyone who knew Harriet Beecher Stowe personally and saw her in her family circle became fond of her She was sweet, cheerful patient with her husband and children, energetic and active in her housekeeping It was known in America as an open secret that her husband was unusually tyrannical and narrow minded and ruled his family with an iron hand In spite of that, his wife was such a loving mate that she said she had been rewarded for the rest of her life when her husband, on his death bed, admitted having wronged her and said that during his last illness he had begun to love his wife tenderly

Even after Mrs Stowe began to lend her pen to causes other than antislavery work, she remained comparatively unpopular The visitor is puzzled by the fact that of all American authors just those two, Bret Harte and Harriet Beecher Stowe, who perhaps have done most to make their country known in Europe, are so little understood in their own land America is still too young, it dislikes to find itself portrayed as a wilderness and a haunt of gold prospectors But so truly and faithfully, depending on real facts, although at the same time poetically, has Bret Harte depicted California that at every step there one seems to recognize familiar places Likewise the stranger notices that he is familiar

with New England[1] through Mrs Stowe's descriptions. Reflecting the puritanical life of old, New England's regular, churchgoing, homespun, practical, active, solemn life has found in Mrs. Stowe an ingenious and faithful portrayer. One has only to visit in a home there for a short time to recognize it all· an early breakfast of freshly baked corn bread and hot dishes, a daily routine proceeding like the wheel of a clock, men and women with outdoor and indoor practicality who can just as well "nail a rug to the floor with an iron ladle" (Harriet B Stowe) as draw up a petition to Congress, a complete interest in corner politics, zealots for religious sects, the fever to increase one's income . . all of these one will find here in actuality after having read about them first in *Oldtown Folks* or in *Sam Lawson's Oldtown Fireside Stories*. But New England does not see them itself, these portrayals still come too close to it. Perhaps it will see sometime when *The Minister's Wooing* and many other works of Mrs Stowe have become rich and valuable accounts of civilization, perhaps it will then learn to appreciate its warm-hearted, talented daughter's worth. It has been said that the mentioned work has already begun to attain its rightful place. Gladstone, the poet Lowell, Tennyson and others are its enthusiastic admirers. Lowell is reported to have said to his wife, "My dear, I wonder what we Americans were thinking about when we first read this book? This is the best psychological description of Puritanism's struggle against the newer religious point of view that has been written in America or will be written"

Quietly I moved about among the relics of Harriet Beecher Stowe's period of greatness until her sister returned. She looked sad, and with tears in her eyes she told me that I could not meet her sister just then because she had had one of her attacks of illness during the night and did not even recognize any of those around her.

"But," she added comfortingly, "tomorrow is Sunday and no matter how sick she is, she never neglects or forgets to go to church to hear Charlie preach. We will meet her there."

[1] Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut are designated by the single name New England

With heavy hearts we left the author s sunny but nevertheless melancholy home

The next morning when we arrived at church, it was already full to overflowing for even though the Reverend Charles Stowe is young, he has a great reputation In addition, the Congregationalists had a so called children s day, when small children are baptized and the church is decorated with flowers

We came early but in the pew ahead of us Harriet Beecher Stowe already sat She had her two daughters with her, one on each side and an older unmarried sister and her daughter in law with her children The daughters were beautiful, stern looking women, black eyes flashed from beneath their white hats

I had come with another of the author's sisters, who now leaned forward and in a soft voice informed Mrs Stowe and her companions of our arrival These turned and greeted us politely, but Mrs Stowe herself did not stir at all She sat as though hewn out of stone, hands crossed staring at the altar As soon as her son took his place, the mother began to look at him In singing the morning hymn, she was the first one to stand up and at the same moment she turned toward me so that I could see her face clearly

So pale and withered! She did not look aged, hardly older than fifty, but her facial features were flabby and the lines about the corners of her mouth indicated dullness Her look was blank and aimless its gleam had been snuffed by long sickness, the disease had taken away the color from her skin Although she was sickly herself, Mrs Stowe took care of her husband so faithfully and eagerly, when he was suffering his lengthy last illness, that she neglected regular eating hours, sleep, and moving about in the open air This irregularity and also the severe emotional strain after her husband s death resulted in a dangerous brain disease which causes dullness of the reasoning faculties and disturbance of the memory

Hymn singing appeared to have a soothing effect on her She stood up and kneeled according to the demands of the service, she found the prayers and hymns in her book herself, and appeared to be very devout But as soon as the sermon began she became

restless Absent-mindedly, sometimes with painful bewilderment, she looked around, she turned and moved, opened her Bible, closed it again, whispered to her daughters, who frequently gave her warning glances, and finally began to play with her oldest grandson, a small, black-haired five-year-old boy. She played with him quietly and secretly, not as an older person with a child but as two of the same age play together. In the middle of her play she once turned toward me, appeared surprised to find a total stranger near her and looked at me sharply Gradually her searching glance changed into an expression of affectionate kindness. She extended her hand over the back of the pew and pressed my hand, smiling in a friendly way and with the look in her eyes of a person in her right mind

Then she again turned away and her former restiveness began anew. A number of times she rose up impatiently, frightened-looking, and wanted to leave the church, but her relatives stopped her.

Her son did not look at all like her He had the same kind of fine face, dark hair and eyes as his sisters did, but he looked more ingenuous He spoke simply and enthusiastically and performed the baptismal ceremony in a charming and beautiful manner According to the custom of the Congregationalists,[2] he took each of the five little children dressed in white who was to be baptized—some of them could already walk—in his arms and baptized him then with the water from a baptismal font Fatherly concern shone from his face as he gave the infants the names which they were to carry in fighting life's battles.

Mrs Stowe looked earnestly at every movement of her son, but immediately after the baptismal service ended, her restlessness returned It was agonizing to watch that mind, once so clear and sharp, now dull—to look at that forehead under which so many great and humane thoughts originated now darkened by pain and suffering. With a sigh of sorrow and sadness but also of relief, I watched the tired cross-bearer climb into her carriage after the church service.

[2] The Congregationalists belong to the reformed church, but they have done away with most of the high church rites.

The rest of the day I spent in the minister's pleasant, cheerful home, where the young wife and attractive children added delight to home life My host himself was pleasant and gentle, he was well acquainted with the literature of his own land and of Europe and talked feelingly and respectfully about his mother He related many interesting small episodes from her life But everything seemed to be only pale reflections of the author's true, warm, sacrificing life Her existence already seemed to be in the past, only its shadow remained

Chapter IX

In Indianapolis

AFTER leaving New England, I traveled southward to Indiana. Its name is misleading. Judging by the name, one inevitably expects the whole state to be a wilderness inhabited only by Indians and peculiar half-breeds. Just as confusing to a stranger is the designation of the inhabitants as "the Indianians," until one learns that the Americans usually form the name for the residents of a state by adding the ending "an" or "ian" to the name of the state (Kansan, Missourian, Californian, etc)

Indiana, the Hoosier state,[1] is a fertile plain and it has a population of about two million In traveling across the state, one gets a general impression of rich, gigantic fields and meadows, and occasionally the glittering surface of a river or lake flashes from behind small groves of trees. During the war of slavery the state was divided into two factions, one of which joined the North, the other the South. Thus it could happen that kinsmen, occasionally even members of the very same family, fought in the Confederate as well as the Union armies The wounds of war have healed amazingly fast, but in Indiana one still frequently hears good-natured jests concerning its "northern" and "southern" factions. Here they are so close to the former plantation and slave-owning states that contempt for the colored people still exists. Even though the laws no longer prohibit Negroes from entering schools or holding public offices, they experience race hatred and scorn in a thousand ways. I often heard it said, "And because of these animals (uttered in an incomparably scornful tone) thousands of our best men shed their blood." It is strange that the race hatred extends to mulattoes and quadroons whose color of skin by no means is darker than that of Mexicans and who seem to retain from the Negro only his melodious voice and agile movements.

[1] A pun originating from the similarity of the words *husher* and *hosier* In the West *husher* is a name for a rowdy; *hosier* means stocking knitter

The capital city, Indianapolis, has 75,000 inhabitants and a mean temperature of 11 degrees Celsius [about 52° F] There fore, here, as in the West generally, one sees not only vigorous working class women but also young, healthy girls with colorless, rough skin and white hair

I arrived in the city at the beginning of the warm time of the year and experienced there a severe and continuing hot spell which lasted for two weeks without any abatement The ther mometer fluctuated between 38 and 40 degrees Celsius [from about 100° to 104° F] The hot bedrooms did not have time to cool off during the short cooler period which followed sunset, and sleeping was hardly to be thought of Although I took a cold bath at six o clock in the morning the heat had drained all my strength by half past seven when I went down to breakfast

The only time of day worth living was from half past eight until eleven o clock in the evening Then every family sought its porch, with its children and its flowers. Then men sat on the top step of the stairs in their shirt sleeves and watered their lawns with a long hose Occasionally they sent a gay watery greeting over to their neighbor s side and received in answer laughter and screams from the women, who at this time of day were in white muslin or embroidered piqué dresses Sometimes the spray was directed at the heads of the good natured mules which drew the railway cars on the streets Many who had an abundant supply of water used to water the whole yard at eight o clock and also used to wash the veranda, stairs, and outside walls of the house, especially if the house was of brick It cooled the air so that immediately after sunset one could sit outside

All day long one could hear, between the street noises a quiet gurgling as of running water It came from the soda fountains which were in every drug store Without them the people of Indianapolis could hardly live Old and young, dirty workmen fine ladies, coachmen, and street urchins slipped in and out con tinually and everyone placed his coin on the counter and had his glass filled with fizzing water mixed with different kinds of fruit juices and often with ice cream added Moxie also is a favorite drink, it is very foamy and malty in taste but it is not intoxicating

In few countries are there so many different kinds of soft drinks as there are in the great republic across the sea. One gets confused when he has to order a drink from among all those which are named on long lists hanging above the sales counter.

In the evenings a real migration of people to the soda shops took place. Then they strolled in the dusk along the streets, which, more accurately, are avenues of maples and catalpa trees. The white flowers of the latter emit an almost intoxicating fragrance. As soon as it became dark, a majestic flame resembling a bath-whisk lighted up the city It was so-called natural gas, which had recently been discovered near the city in enormous quantities. The city's flame of light burned in front of the office of the newly founded Natural Gas Company.

The heat, however, did not noticeably hinder the activities of the citizens of Indianapolis The streets were indeed sleepy and empty-looking during dinner or lunch time at noon, but at other times there was the same hurried, active life in them as elsewhere in that land. The city is wealthy and already is proud of its great stores and its upperclass residential district, where Negro servants, a span of horses and silver-mounted carriages are considered as necessities of life. Pleasant, well-dressed ladies entertain their friends there in fine rooms Silks rustle, jewels glitter, and every imaginable luxury is displayed. In simpler circles, in the families of university and school teachers, life is more natural [2] Neighbors drop in to see each other at any time during the day, and come after each other in small buggies drawn by one horse to go out into the country. Cookies and lemonade are the only refreshments served on such occasions.

Indianapolis has a well-furnished new city and state house built in 1882. There are in the state house beautiful pillars of pink granite, fine paintings on the ceilings, and a large library. In one room hang, in heavy frames, the portraits of every governor of the state. Every state in the United States has this kind of state house in its capital. The state senate convenes there, and representatives elected to Congress in Washington often join in con-

[2] In Indianapolis Baroness Gripenberg was the guest of Mr and Mrs Theodore L. Sewall (Mrs. May Wright Sewall) *Editor*

sultation there This building is usually the pride of the state and large sums are squandered on furnishing it Of course, it is open to everyone and its library may be used by all In its halls one can meet people of all kinds small boys with crackers in their hands, men who squirt tobacco juice on the stairs, schoolgirls, tourists, college students and women dressed in silk

I was in the city a little before the Republican Convention in Chicago Since these two cities are not far from each other, and Harrison, one of the ablest of the candidates at that time, lived in Indianapolis, the city was excited Every evening there were political meetings and parades, printed exhortations to the public and portraits hung in the windows of the shops and business places One evening the boys club of the city had a procession in honor of its candidate From the brooches of women stared the pictures of some candidate One evening a newspaper reporter came to the family with which I was staying and asked to talk with the husband A Chicago newspaper had sent him to get from my host, who was the secretary of the city's literary club, the minutes of this club for meetings held four years earlier Harrison s enemies had got an inkling that Harrison had at that time spoken on the Chinese question before the literary club and that he had explained then that he was against all compulsory measures to check immigration They now wanted to get positive proof of the matter, so that Harrison could be made an unacceptable candidate in California and in other states suffering from the influx of the Chinese Unfortunately for the Chicago newspaper, my host was a gentleman in the full sense of the word, and according to the club s rules he refused to show the records of the club

All the attention that the election excitement had not had time to consume was otherwise devoted to school commencements, which took place at this time These ceremonies are everywhere really national festivities In Indianapolis I attended the commencements of two schools Several hundred people had gathered together in the large auditorium of one of the schools On the stage, which was covered with a red cloth and decorated with flowers, sat the graduating students The girls were dressed

in white, the boys in black and some wore frock coats. They were between sixteen and twenty years of age Most of the boys and girls had palm-leaf fans with which they fanned themselves for coolness, for the heat in the auditorium was stifling. All through the ceremonies the light rustle of the audience's fans could be heard. First on the stage sat members of the school board, the principal of the school, and the state superintendent of schools. On the right side could be seen a piano and an organ in the midst of foliage.

The school principal was the chairman of the evening. After he had made a brief introductory speech, he asked the student whose name appeared first on the program to step forth. On the program were no less than eight orations to be given by different graduating students but each one had been allotted only ten to fifteen minutes; recitations and piano selections in the intervals were promised.

In spite of the length of the program and the suffocating heat, the whole thing proceeded briskly The chairman giving the signal, each boy or girl stepped to the center of the platform, bowed deeply to the audience, and began his presentation All of their voices had been well trained and they could be heard clearly in every nook and cranny of the room. The girls' voices were, indeed, a little shrill as American women's voices generally are, in contrast to those of English women, whose voices are soft and melodious. The young speakers' outward behavior was, of course, very different; some succeeded very well, others less well; the same criticism can be applied to the form and content of the speeches. Several of the speakers were red in the face, made awkward bows or curtsied abruptly, and then hurried rapidly through their talks. A few conducted themselves agreeably and modestly, although vigorously, and talked naturally. Some of the boys obviously imitated a favorite orator in Congress or at some mass meeting. They bowed in a dignified manner, stood with one hand inside their vests, played with a rose in their buttonholes, or talked freely with their chins raised slightly up in the air.

The difference between the sexes was evident in the choice of subjects. The boys' speeches generally had titles such as the fol-

lowing 'George Washington's Religious Views, "Is America a Land of Freedom?' "A Republican or a Democrat?" Exemption from Customs Duties,' and so forth

The girls' subjects were more literary or ethical philosophical, such as the following, for example Thackeray's Life,' 'Long fellow as a Prose Writer,' 'What Should Woman s Place in Society Be?' A Clear Conscience," 'The Relationship Between Crime and Punishment,' and so forth

Generally speaking, there was very little difference between the boys and girls speeches Perhaps a severe critic would have considered the boys' talks dry, but more thorough, perhaps he would have admitted that the girls said better what they had to say even though their speeches were perhaps a bit superficial But even that criticism would not be appropriate as a general rule

The musical selections were only passable, but some of the speeches were extraordinary for such young people In addition, if we remember that these schools with their high degree of culture which they bring to their students are open to the upper and lower classes without cost, that they are the *people's schools* in the best sense, we can envy America When children have become so closely acquainted with their native tongue, their country s literature, history, and social conditions, as these stu dents, in their speeches, proved to be, they have received a founda tion from which will develop a fruitful interest in the mentioned subjects

Many of the graduating students had received either school, city, or state of Indiana, or privately bestowed prizes The names of such students were indicated on the program by an asterisk All the performers received impartial and friendly applause as a reward, one of the girls, however, received a basket full of flowers for her musical selection almost without deserving it The exer cises began and ended with prayer

I had attended a number of school commencements in other states and all of them were similar One of the elementary schools in Chicago, whose pupils were almost exclusively from the work ing class, was essentially the same as other schools which I visited, and its pupils were by no means worse than more prosperous

students in conduct, behavior, and also in the quality of their speeches. In the same school a number of prizes were given, three of which were presented by the rich newspaper corporation, The Chicago Daily News, for the best essays on patriotism. It was surprising to hear how well the subjects written by those twelve-to-fourteen-year-old students were put together and what a knowledge of their native land's history they showed

Not far from Indianapolis was little Irvington University[3] It was really only a college and it did not have much value even as such. It was a typical American rural college in the West with its few boarding and many commuting students. Its building was new, and around it grew old shade trees. Groups of men and women students were strolling outside; some students were reading over their speeches; others were talking and fanning themselves.

A "lady professor" in a white muslin dress with a violet belt welcomed me very kindly, showed me everything there was to see, and finally took me to the auditorium She had studied in Europe and smilingly refused to permit the use of the title of professor, which my companion, according to American custom, used in addressing her as well as the other instructors in the college. "We Yankees have the bad habit," she admitted in a sweetly frank way, "of addressing each other with undeserved titles. In Europe I would be merely a Master of Arts or an instructor."

The whole college, including instructors, students, furnishings, and commencement arrangements, was as simple and countrified as were the people present On a platform sat the victims, nineteen men and nine or ten women students, squeezed into their best clothes. The girls had flowers in their hair, the men in their buttonholes. The order of the ceremonies was the same as in the other schools *The only difference was that the content of the* speeches was more mature. These young speakers were not very old either; on the contrary, one noted from their awkward manners and their rough, unreliable voices that few of them had completed the second decade of their life's span. Only one woman student spoke. She talked about "Psychology in Dickens's Novels"

[3] Presumably Butler University. *Editor*

and her speech provided excellent proof of the accuracy of her literary studies Many of the men spoke, and several of them had selected subjects hard to digest, which they explained with the pedantry of youth

The commencement lasted three hours, with only one short pause between speeches Here, as in the other schools, the usual order of the program was followed The chairman opened and closed the ceremonies with prayer and a speech, and one of the students thanked the chairman This custom is followed closely in England and America, even at the Bible meetings of little children, where some adult urges the small listeners to show their gratitude to the chairman by clapping their hands and cheering (the equivalent of our hurrahs) In the same way the severest parliamentary procedure is adhered to in the smallest reading clubs, children s clubs, and sewing groups To a stranger this sometimes seems ridiculous, but the value of becoming accustomed to this kind of organization early can be understood when one sees the great works which have been achieved in both of these countries

Indianapolis is a rapidly developing city It boasts, among other things, of its three year old art association, which already has bought several expensive paintings, and it also has a society of industrial arts, which exhibits beautiful rugs, draperies, and screens The city is rich and modern, even though its name reminds us of Indians

Chapter X

The Nominating Convention in Chicago

THE iron horse harnessed to the elegant Pullman sleepers sped howling across the former prairie, which is now settled and cultivated. When one has left Indiana and its fertile uniformity and has arrived in its neighboring state, Illinois, one waits in vain for a change in nature. The same yellow prairie grass waves here, and the same clusters of small, gray and white wooden houses with green shutters flash by. Not until one comes nearer Chicago does a change occur. But it comes suddenly. In the twinkling of an eye Lake Michigan opens up in front of one in its charming and majestic morning rest, and the locomotive snorts right along its shore.

Just as sudden is the change from the sleepy heat of the grassy plains, which seems to foster indolence, to the fiery, exciting street life and the air cooled by the fresh lake winds in which the gigantic child, Chicago, grows and expands Chicago is the flower of American civilization. Chicago is the image of restless, swiftly advancing, concentrated but at the same time superficial modern American life.

Today there were about a quarter of a million people more in Chicago than usual[1]; it was excited and cross, and parades, garlands, and flags added to its diversity of colors. The Democratic party had had its nominating convention a few weeks earlier in St. Louis, where it had joyfully renamed Cleveland as its presidential candidate. The Republican party was now meeting in Chicago, where delegates had come from all the states. Since the proposed candidates were not far from ten in number and opinion seemed extremely divided, a very stormy week was anticipated.

It may be well to mention in passing that these names [Republican and Democrat], as is well known, have in America a very different, narrower meaning than usual. The Republicans

[1] Perhaps the number of people cited here is exaggerated *Editor.*

strive for the solidarity of the Union and defend the supremacy of a unified government elected by the various states The Democrats demand greater rights of self government for the different states, thus they try to increase the states rights at the expense of the Union From this difference of opinion, for example, began the Civil War between the North and the South in 1861 The Republicans (the North) wanted to do away with slavery and argued that the common legislature of the Union had the power to enjoin the individual states to put an end to it The Democrats (the South) denied the Union this right—and war was declared In 1776, when the republic was founded, these parties were already in existence,[2] even though their differences have at times been less evident than now Today the tariff is actually the focal point of disagreement The Republicans are the friends of protective tariffs and the Democrats are advocates of free trade So it is stated in the public platforms—but actually there is no great difference between the two parties It [this pretended difference] is often enough only a nice name for the old hatred smouldering between the North and the South

Even my first walk along Chicago s main streets on this July day in 1888 impressed me very much Everywhere there were garlands, standards, and the pictures of the four leading rivals Walter Gresham, John Sherman, Benjamin Harrison, and William Alger A certain large store, whose owner apparently was from Indiana, had filled its windows with gigantic pictures of the two candidates from Indiana, Gresham and Harrison Under them appeared the following lines

We could be happy with either,
Were the other dear charmer away'

Arriving at the Sherman House hotel, I found it filled to capacity with delegations and people who were trying to get into the meetings At every other door were large placards with the inscription Maryland Delegation, Louisiana Delegation, and so forth If one peeped into a room, one saw several pairs of men s legs stretched out comfortably on the table as their owners leaned

[2] A broad interpretation of history *Editor*

back in their beloved rocking chairs, chewing tobacco and enjoying a moment of rest in their shirt sleeves. The sons of the great American republic are, as a rule, paragons of neatness in the presence of ladies, but as soon as they are alone all that changes. That is proved, for example, by the spittoons carefully placed on every step and also by the light-brown spots which in the United States spoil the looks of the beautiful marble floors in public buildings; the same holds true from the governor's private sanctuary down to the lowliest secretary's crowded cubbyhole.

Sherman House had the dubious honor of having all the less influential factions settle there, that is, the delegations of the southern states (the Southerners are, as previously mentioned, *mostly Democrats and not Republicans*), *prohibitionists* (advocates of temperance), and friends of woman suffrage. In the Pacific Hotel reigned the Gresham faction led by Robert Ingersoll. Robert Ingersoll had as his assistants his energetic, cheerful wife and his two attractive daughters with their dangerous female, that is, subtle, influence. Every faction had its own hotel.

A pleasant haste prevailed in the women's headquarters Women came and went, newspaper articles were read and commented upon and letters, petitions, and recommendations were prepared to be sent to the executive committee of the convention. Everything progressed in a friendly, cheerful way and with an apparent calmness which is typical of the activities of American women. The hostesses were Miss Susan B. Anthony, in whose gray head lives the leading ideal of woman suffrage in the United States, and Mrs Wallace, a little, beautiful, sad-looking, dark-eyed lady, whose face would readily lead one to believe her to be a French woman.

Finally we were ready to go to get admission tickets for the convention. Easier said than done. Every entrance into the auditorium was guarded by policemen with Argus eyes, whose positive politeness looked ominous Most of us women had tickets bought earlier, but a few had only recently arrived and they either had to pay from twelve to twenty-five dollars to ticket sellers or stir the hearts of those in power by flattery and glib words Of course, the latter expedient was tried, for as long as women do not have

the right to vote, they may be deceitful But even that didn t help Finally a stout, light complexioned gentleman with a white vest of enormous dimensions worked his way toward us

Oh, there comes Bob," sighed Miss Anthony "Now we don t have to worry He will let us in '

Bob was no other than Robert Ingersoll himself He was escorting a sweet young girl clinging to his arm, and he bowed, beckoned, and called to us from afar in the crowd, 'Very glad to see you, Miss Anthony How are your plans going? Well, well, well, I ll do what I can for you So you don't have tickets? Well, we'll see, we'll see '

Reaching us, he introduced his daughters

Good day, Bob How are you? said Miss Anthony 'I am very glad to see your daughters '

The daughters bowed, smiling

Children,' said the father, don t you know that you are now talking with Susan B ?"

Oh, Aunt Susan," exclaimed the girls, for Miss Anthony is a great favorite of young people even though they may never have seen her

They exchanged a few words on the political situation of the day America s great freethinker, orator, and author was very hot and every now and then he wiped his homely but bold and rugged face

How beautiful and cool you must have it in Finland" he said I will have to move over there Here everything is so wretched, every bit of it All mankind is a mistake It's best to start from the beginning Go back to tails and coconuts

He winked slyly, kissed his wife (who had arrived in the meantime) farewell, kissed his daughters and two or three of his daughters girl friends—he never neglected that habit of his—and said assuringly, Miss Anthony, you'll get in, I promise that Of course you know, Miss Anthony, that I am a friend of woman suffrage Did you say that you should have a deliberative voice in the meeting? Well, well, of course you should It s a shame that you don t have it But as I said, the existence of all mankind is a mistake, a stupid, wretched mistake "

He stared at us humorously and departed. Immediately afterwards a man wearing the red badge of an usher came and escorted us in.

At first glance I saw only a surging sea of human heads, fans, and handkerchiefs. Eight thousand people were squeezed into this gigantic room, which actually was a future theater, although now only temporarily finished In the center was a speaker's platform adorned with flowers, and on it already stood the chairman of the convention, Mr. Estee, from California. Around him were rows of desks with reporters and between them slipped telegram and copy boys. The hall was decorated with the flags and coats-of-arms of the various states. Almost everyone in the audience had in addition small "Union flags," which were waved on the least provocation.

The meeting began, as all meetings in America do, with a prayer. As we were singing "Nearer My God to Thee," my neighbor, pointing to the faces around us flushed with political ardor, said compassionately, "Poor things, they do indeed need this song. If only they would come nearer to Him!"

The preliminary speeches in behalf of the various candidates had been given during the previous three days. Now the roll call was to take place; each state was to report its election results The secretary, a man with a stentorian voice, called out the name of each state and the number of votes. The chairman of the state's delegation then shouted back how many of those votes had been cast for each of the candidates But it was not easy to control this large group of people, eight thousand strong

The crowd boiled and seethed with factional fury. As soon as some candidate's name was mentioned a cheer burst forth. The chairman's gavel hit the table time and again Frequently he shouted for order very sternly. From the rows of delegations in the hall, they shouted at frequent intervals: "Mr. Chairman, empty the upper galleries! Out with the people there! We can't hear anything as long as this din continues." These recommendations were answered from the galleries: "Throw him out! Hurrah for Blaine!" Blaine was the favorite of the galleries on the first day. When it was made known that California had given him

all of its sixteen votes, an uproar lasting a full six minutes arose in the auditorium The chairman warned the audience severely, threatening to have the galleries cleared at once, and gradually the masses quieted down But if the member of some delegation was so careless that he called out the name of some candidate with provoking distinctness, whee' the dam was broken and the former din began anew

Heeejjj' Hi i i i' Hurrah for Blaine' Hurrah for California' Huhhuuuh' Hi i i i was screeched and howled around us Men, women, and even children wore medals and rosettes of red, blue, or violet with the picture of some candidate on them Flags, hand kerchiefs, and fans were waved

See said Miss Anthony, how we create a President of the United States

The results of the balloting were read through twice In vain. Not one of the candidates had the required majority, five hundred votes (out of approximately eight hundred) Perspiring and hungry, everyone returned home, the delegations to hold com promise meetings and to try to achieve unanimity In the hotel elevator Miss Anthony asked a downy lipped delegate, a Negro from the South, Whom do you think you will elect?'

Blaine, without any doubt, replied the young man haughtily Blaine is a man of the people and the people will elect Blaine

It seemed strange to look at Miss Anthony, distinguished, brilliant, a very refined woman, next to that ignorant and pompous Negro The former did not have the right to vote, the latter arrogantly made a show of his right to cast a ballot America gives such lessons at every step Here where freedom is in the air, where every man has the possibility of becoming president, here it seems madness that women are compelled to be silent in social and political matters

No decision was reached at the evening session either Sher man had the most votes, and then Harrison and Gresham re spectively The others with the exception of Alger, had only a few votes On the other hand, Governor MacGilney and Abraham Lincoln Junior the son of the President had begun to rise as possible candidates on whom every faction could agree Most in

the audience had memorandum-books with them in order to keep track of the election results. The same kind of racket, cheers, crowds, heat. When no decision was reached, the audience began to call for its favorites, Governor Foraker and "Bob."

Losing his patience, the chairman finally asked what the convention wanted.

"Ingersoll," howled the crowds.

And Ingersoll came Large and powerful, he stood above the multitude. Also powerful and classically calm was his oratory at the beginning, and like alleviating balm it soothed angry tempers, making them calmer. But he was himself too excited about the election and he had his own hopes concerning the results. He acted imprudently. After describing the political situation at the present time, he described the kind of man needed to head the government. Then he paused dramatically, extended his arm, looked along the galleries, and asked bombastically:

"Who is such a man?"

"Gresham!" roared the galleries.

And now sense and order were gone. For eleven minutes Ingersoll tried to restore order again. Impossible. He had lost the floor through his own carelessness and he could not regain it. Pale with anger and gnashing his teeth, he sat down in his place. The usual quieting methods were tried, but for some time they were of no use. The meeting broke up gradually.

Saturday, the fifth day of the convention, dawned, but both sessions were in vain The factions locked horns but since no horns broke off, the fight was continued

Externally Sunday passed quietly, but internally passions raged. The leaders held private meetings of conciliation

Finally Monday arrived. Most of the people were impatient with the dispute and wanted to get home. On the first roll call the results were the same as at the Saturday session; because of Ingersoll's speech, Gresham had lost all hope [among the delegates] and Alger had won many votes.

Right after the first roll call, the leader of the Allison faction, whose candidate had won many votes on Saturday, rose up and

announced that he had received instructions to take his candidate out of the race The audience revealed its gratitude for this step toward reaching a decision with friendly and prolonged howling And now the suspense became intense Who would become President? Alger whom all could join if they wanted to? Sherman, who undoubtedly would have been the right man for the office, but who was opposed by a few states because of an old argument over a certain tax? Harrison, that popular, good natured Presbyterian grandson of a President who bore the same name?

On the second roll call Alger went up, Sherman went down, and Harrison led On the third roll call Alger was left lower, Sherman continued dropping and Harrison won first place

Now the audience had become so irritable and impatient that it grew into a tyrant Constant cries echoed 'Quiet there! Take your hat off your head! Etc Before the fourth roll call, several states asked time for meditation

No, screamed the galleries

The irresolute were given five minutes to settle down and then the fourth roll call started At the very beginning it could be seen that the scales were tipped in Harrison s favor California and Maine had up to this point faithfully backed Blaine although he had received only scattered votes from other states Now they gave all their votes to Harrison New York and Indiana had up to this point been unreasonable at all compromise meetings Now they voted for Harrison Pennsylvania with its seventy two votes abandoned Sherman and joined Harrison Then the small states and territories with their two or four votes began to go over to Harrison s side and the audience howled with appreciation for every new addition Finally, at two o clock the roll call was over and Harrison s victory was certain The audience stood up *en masse* The winner s picture was waved on the platform and flags, banners, fans, handkerchiefs and hats were in violent motion The auditorium was a stormy sea of ovations The same audience that three days earlier had risen up with delight at the least hint to Blaine now raved with enthusiasm over Harrison s victory Many speakers praised his virtues and thanked the people

for their wise choice. A rain of telegrams spread the news of the decision around the country. Cannon shots boomed. Parades marched along the streets.

The Republican candidate for President of the United States had been born.

Chapter XI

Christian Science

In one of the previous chapters I have pointed out that the absolute freedom of religious belief in America has given birth to a whole group of different religious creeds Although a stranger has to respect the lively enthusiasm with which Americans enter into religious questions, he nevertheless sees, at the same time, the dark side of American freedom of thought the people love this freedom so passionately that they are often ready to accept the new and the untried instead of attempting to preserve and develop what has already been proved to be the truth

The same is true of scientific questions, and perhaps one does not exaggerate if one says that Americans are more prone to hastily and gladly consider a hypothesis as an axiom than to do research diligently in the quiet laboratories of science For that reason scientific half truths fly about in America like shining fireflies attracting many and assuming undeserved respect and trust They may have significance as links in mankind s development, but the high scientific position which they have attained they do not merit

Such a half truth dressed in the robes of science is the so-called Christian Science, which has in a short time won an unbelievably large number of devotees in America Since it is a peculiar phenomenon of its kind and it already has a powerful influence in many circles, I will give a short description of it I shall do so at this place because Chicago is one of the hotbeds of Christian Science and I became acquainted with some of its adherents there

It happened that one evening I complained about weariness and illness To my surprise I noticed that these everyday words caused a certain embarrassment in the amiable family with which I was staying, it seemed as though everyone was taken aback because I admitted such a humiliating thing Later when I inquired

about the matter, I was informed that the family were devotees of Christian Science.

But what connection does that have with my indisposition?

Only that Christian Science teaches that *diseases are a part of sin*, and therefore we must control them.

This explanation, however, is incomplete since it treats only one aspect of Christian Science. According to what I have learned about Christian Science from books[1] or from conversations with Christian Scientists, as its devotees call themselves, its substance, in brief, is mainly as follows: By Christian Science is meant the science of Christ, or that knowledge which Christ had It includes time-honored truths, which have been hidden in each person's soul so long as mankind has been in existence. It is not a modern discovery, but it brings to life truths taught by Christ, which they [Christian Scientists] only develop and explain in terms of mankind's modern progress and point of view He who wants to study Christian Science should give up all of his former principles and opinions. All fundamental scientific and religious principles must be renounced: Darwin's theory of evolution, Herbert Spencer's social wisdom, Buddhism, state religion, socialism and humanism. One must give himself over to Christian Science completely; a resisting spirit is not accepted Later one may return to his former opinions and investigate them in the light of one's new learning. Christian Science teaches everyone its principles, which are so simple that the rudiments of all learning are hidden in them, but the learner must listen to them with open ears and mind, and without antagonism.

God is the absolute being. The learned says that God is a principle; the ignorant calls God a person. Both assertions are true, for God is the origin, the Source of all being. God is, therefore, *himself a being and every one of the numberless forms of* being is a part of the whole. God is. Either He is not or He is the whole Universe, since the Universe is either all or nothing Therefore God is either all or He is nothing We prefer to say that He is All. We do not claim that we can *prove* it, but we

[1] Mrs. M B Eddy, *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures;* Warren Felt Evans, *The Primitive Mind-Cure;* Frances Lord, *Christian Science Healing.*

believe that He is All He *is the Source* from which all things are born Therefore, *He must be absolute Good* which *gives everyone* life and maintains everything He *is Spirit, since He influences everyone and is in all invisibly* Therefore, God is All, God is Good, God is Spirit *Everything, therefore, is good,* everything is spirit *All* that is not spirit does *not exist,* and should be *treated* accordingly *All* that is not good does not exist and should be *treated accordingly* That which *we* call evil would be in existence if God was not *everything,* if He were *not* good *Evil cannot touch* us, *for it* does not exist Matter does not govern us, for it *does not* exist (*Some say,* '*For evil and* matter have no *reality*') God *is good* and God *is all,* God *is spirit* Therefore *everything is spirit* and everything is *good* No matter, no evil exists Sin is *an error,* i e, *wrong roads by* which we *seek comfort for* our selves Sorrow *is the people's belief that there* is another *power* existing as well as God Disease *depends upon people's belief that Matter can feel and that Spirit* can err and suffer Death *is a* belief in the existence *of matter* If we believed that our *bodies were* only shadows and that *everything* is spirit, we would not suffer and *we* would *not die* through the process we *now call* death A change would *occur, but in a* different *way Sin, sorrow, and death* have originated in the belief in matter and in evil There exists *only* one Universal *Spirit* and that is *good But every* individual *part of it* has *an individual life Every soul is a different* thought *of* God Likewise, it is our greatest fortune that we, as well as it is *possible,* recognize *our* union with *the Universe,* that is, with God, and our *greatest* misfortune is to *feel separated* from *Him We are* a part of the Universe The Universe is *good, the* Universe is *Spirit Therefore,* we are Spirit, we are *good*

People sin, are sad, *are ill* and die, because they believe *in* the existence of *evil* and therefore fear it Christian Science *teaches* them that if they *want* to *become* contented and happy *they must fight* against this fear, it also teaches them how they are to *fight it* People think that they do *not* have power over *evil and that gives* rise to their fear Christian Science *teaches them* (1) that the *object* of *their fear is* a chimera, and (2) that they have the power to expel that fear

What is this power?

Good is a quiet principle, and it has to be called upon for help, so that it can operate. If we call upon good for help, we conjure it up into view. We do not create it; we merely pray it to appear and to operate What all people in their innermost souls desire to attain are the following: (1) physical health, (2) peace of mind, (3) knowledge of truth. We can achieve all of them if only we let good, i e., God, influence us. Good can take effect only when we pray to it and give it a chance to show its power. The word, thought or expressed, is the medium through which we call good to our assistance. Christian Science teaches us two different forms of expression, or formulas, for that purpose, one of which is negative, the other affirmative. The negative formula reads: "Evil does not exist. Matter does not exist They have no power over me." The affirmative reads: "God is everything, God is good, and God is Spirit Everything is good; everything is spirit God is love, life, being, power, knowledge, understanding, omnipresence. I am an idea originating in God, the special thought of All-Goodness. I live and move and have my existence in good. Like God and goodness, I am a spirit, I have power, saintliness, and wisdom. I obey God's laws, which give me love and wisdom, so that I know what I have to do and I am happy in knowing that I do it. I am free of all fear of error and its results, which are illness and death. I am spirit. The spirit does not fear. God influences me so that I want good and know what I have to do."

Christ's mission was to naturalize truth, that is, to spread it to as many as possible. His learning was for all, for the learned and the unlearned. Christian Science also is for everyone. No one is so ignorant that he cannot understand it. For everyone who is not feeble-minded can accept for himself these blessing-producing truths: God is Good, God is All, God is Spirit, everything is good, everything is spirit; therefore there is nothing evil and there is no matter.

He who wants to benefit from the teachings of Christian Science has to begin training himself with the two aforementioned formulas (the denial and the affirmation). The negative formula

is to be used by those on whom life smiles, with whom everything succeeds, who are rated above their worth, and also by all hard hearted, intolerant, bigoted, hypocritical deniers of God The affirmative statement is to be used by all the weak, all the doubt ful, the oversensitive, those overburdened with responsibility, those living under uncertain conditions or in inferior positions, the generous and the exclusive, the shy and the frightened, out casts of fortune, children and youths If you want to use either one of these formulas, it is best to start in the evening after going to bed, when all is quiet around If your head is full of other thoughts, if you are unusually excited, tired or disappointed, do not begin them then Do not force and do not excite yourself, be calm and natural Try to be a moment without thinking about anything, empty your heart Then read through each formula slowly, either aloud or in your thoughts You cannot learn this from another, you have to learn it for yourself Gradually you can develop your mind to such a degree that even in the midst of crowds you can isolate yourself and repeat the formulas But to achieve this, you must not torture yourself, you must try to re main calm If you read through the negative statement several times, you will usually find more peace of mind

These formulas expel all kinds of errors, such as sickness and sorrow, for example, but you have to add to them what the occasion demands For example, if you have a cold and cough[2] you are to say to yourself I deny that anything is wrong with me I am afraid of nothing Sitting in a draft cannot give a cold My head is not heavy, my eyes do not smart, my nose is not red, I am not listless nor irritable My head is not aching, no one has irri tated me, my work has not been piling up, I can very easily finish the work now on hand My cold is not contagious, I am not afraid of my family s catching it from me I deny that I caught it from someone else Nothing has the power to chill me and give me a cold Colds do not exist Matter does not exist Everything is spirit I am a part of the Whole, and therefore of the spirit I am calm and happy I am a part of Infinite-Goodness I rest in Infinite

[2] Frances Lord *Christian Science Healing*

Goodness, that is, in God. Infinite-Goodness comes to me from Him. No harm can be done to me."

Then keep these thoughts in your mind, let them frequently enter your soul during the course of the day, but do not torture yourself by trying to adhere to them constantly.

If you are poor and in need, add the following words. "God is my life. There is no other life God is not poor. I cannot become poor. God is my understanding I see clearly and distinctly all matters relating to myself. God is my wisdom and my will: I know what I have to do, I want to do it, and I'll do only that. God is love and my road is joyous I deny that any of my deeds have made me poor. Our deeds do not have such power. We are all subject only to one single law and that is the law of Infinite-Goodness."

During the course of the day you must constantly and everywhere bear in mind the thought that God is good, God is all, God is spirit. All is good; all is spirit All that is not spirit and is not good does not exist. You are part of the whole; you are spirit. Countless times during the day you will have to say quietly to yourself, "No, it is not true," and then always deny the existence of sin and sickness

Imagine, for example, that some mother tells you a long story about her child's illness, which was brought about by the milkman mistakenly giving her a can of milk not from the same cow as formerly. (You deny quietly to yourself that anything is wrong with the child and also that such a matter as a different cow's milk could make the child sick.) The mother continues, saying that the child almost died (you deny to yourself that death has any power over us), but that a few drops of the family doctor's medicine saved him (you assert to yourself that external matters, such as medicines, cannot affect us) etc.

Christian Science has overthrown many concepts. Christian Scientists, for example, must never talk about sickness, death, sorrow, want, fires, misfortunes If they hear others talking about them, they have to maintain quietly the whole while that matter and evil have no power. As to bringing up children, the parents have to adapt them to Christian Science from the very first mo-

ment of their lives If a child is sick, the mother has to think of the two foregoing formulas the whole time If the child hurts himself, the mother must repeat either aloud or silently, 'Mary, you have not hurt yourself Nothing has the power to harm you, for all is good, and you are a part of the Infinite Goodness" Already early in life the children can be of help in the home if sickness and small and great misfortunes come, for a child's mind understands very well this simple lesson 'Evil does not exist, for God reigns everywhere and God is love" When father's head aches, let Johnnie, Mary, Alice, and Peter help to cure it For them it is the most natural thing in the world to think 'Papa's head aches because he has forgot that he cannot have a headache, for God is love They are to sit quietly as mice around you and help you conjure forth good If children are disobedient, cross saucy, and liars, maintain that they are not such and say that they cannot be anything but good since they are a part of Infinite-Goodness, it will help you a great deal in handling them Teach your children early to cure themselves and others of surliness, faults, illness, and external bruises A little ten year old boy cured his playmate who was accustomed to swearing, by convincing himself every time his friend swore that his friend could not remain in the power of that bad habit Another little boy fell often and hurt himself, but cured himself gradually in the above mentioned way

We can cure others of sickness directly by sitting down beside them and talking with them, either aloud or (even better) to ourselves, much in the following manner Dear P, hear me Then be silent for a moment, and after that say the same words a few times sweetly but firmly Then continue 'Dear P, God affects me so that I know good and want good Through God, our father and our mother, and through Christ, who overcame error, I assure you that I have the power to tell you the truth (It is best to address women by their Christian names, men by their surnames, since they are more used to that) Dear P, hear me, no fear of sin, sorrow, sickness and death, which your nation, parents, relatives, you yourself, or I may have, can put you into the condition which you call rheumatism (or some other sickness)

I deny that anything has the power to harm you. You are a part of Infinite-Goodness. Evil has no power over you, for it does not exist. Everything is good. You are good You cannot be sick, for sickness is a part of evil and therefore it cannot be You need not fear death. I deny that it has power over you, . . ." etc.

But we do not always have to be present even in curing others. For example, if our neighbor is sick, we can repeat both formulas for her sake night and day We say, "Polly Jones, you have not done anything wrong. Nothing bad can happen to you. You obey the laws of Infinite-Goodness. Infinite-Goodness is God and God is love. You are not sick or in want. You are happy and good"

If we want to watch over our absent children, we must agree with them on a time when they will listen to us in their thoughts. We will sit down at that time and say, "Henry, my son, you do not fear anything From God comes all power You are part of Him. You are not empty-headed and you are not susceptible to temptations You are not stubborn, lying, frivolous Your health is good. You are good. You are happy. God looks after you, and God is love. You are one with the divine will" In the same way sisters, friends, and relatives who are apart can take care of their beloved ones, no matter how far away they may be Even if they cannot arrange for a definitely determined time, the matter can still be carried out. If they are sick, tell them as follows· "The divine side in you is everything that there is of you actually existing. God is spirit, and therefore you, too, are a spirit Show yourself as you are, show that you are whole and good Don't let disease get power over you, for disease is a part of evil, of matter, and evil does not exist, nor does matter" [3]

Always remember that *sickness is an error* If someone is ill, he has succumbed to error, that is, the power of evil Treat him or her just as you would an ignorant person who does not know that he is spirit and therefore independent of time and place. Deny

[3] In a few texts, the curing "doctor" is severely admonished not to touch the patient. We have, nevertheless, heard from a reliable source that Christian Scientists do use the touch in curing the sick and crippled Some only grasp the patient's hand Others place their bare backs against the patient's back in order that their will power may be imparted to the patient (through the backbone and nerves).

quietly to yourself that he is ignorant, conjure power into him so that he will believe himself to be a spirit and full of divine strength

* * *

From this brief excerpt one can get only a partial understanding of the nature and substance of Christian Science Christian Science is based on certain points in the Bible, it recognizes completely the divine origin of the Bible and considers it as its absolute guide One of its fundamental principles taken from the New Testament, we may mention, is Mark 11 24 "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" It has also taken into its doctrine certain points from the teachings of Lao-tze, Buddha, mesmerism, and spiritualism In addition, Christian Scientists lean on many old sayings and phrases which prove that Christian Science has always even without the people's knowledge been influencing them" Such sayings, for instance, are the following Count to twenty when you get angry" (which proves that people recognize that they can control evil), "I feel myself get well as soon as the doctor arrives' (proves our power over diseases), One has only to see him to have one's mind refreshed' (proves our power to influence each other even without saying anything), etc

As can be seen from what was said above, the Christian Scientists have borrowed a good deal from mysticism One of them writes In my opinion mysticism has always been the most real of all existences The doctrine of mysticism is a religion which through the ages can be detected in the world from the Unknown God to Christ, the great Mystic, who moved about here in the human form But people do not want to recognize the doctrine of mysticism Today Christian Science is to mankind what mysticism was to it formerly But always only a very few have understood the principles of mysticism Of course, large groups of people followed Christ, but they did it for the sake of bread and fish In the same way people now become advocates of Christian Science because it cures their diseases"

The success of this new doctrine depends upon the fact that it deals with two things with which it has always been easiest to lure a person, even though the lurers have been ignorant, self-deceivers, or outright scoundrels. Those two things are religion and the art of curing sickness. Whether Christian Science deserves the title of science we are not going to judge Yet it sounds peculiar in light of the usual idea about scientific studies to hear about many respected "doctors" and "teachers" of Christian Science who got all their erudition in *six weeks or three months,* so that immediately afterward they have been able to publish respectable periodicals dealing with Christian Science.

Many claim to have reintroduced Christ's teachings to mankind. The majority, however, grant that honor to Mrs. Mary Eddy, who is also considered among the best teachers Her unnaturally high rates (two to three hundred dollars for six to twelve lessons) arouse dissatisfaction, as well as do her angry attacks on people who think otherwise than she does, and her complete disregard of historical conditions arouses distrust on the part of thinking people.

It is almost impossible to talk with Christian Scientists about their doctrines They are so busy denying quietly to themselves all the opponent's arguments which are contrary to their doctrine that they do not have time or they do not want to give their own objections aloud, or give reasons and proofs. In addition, it is very difficult to discuss any subject with a person who constantly says, "I do not prove, I believe." The compassionate submissiveness with which they treat a sick or tired person seems to one who does not belong to their sect more provoking than a direct accusation of pretense. It is often annoying, too, that they listen so suspiciously and absent-mindedly if one happens to tell them about misfortunes or attacks of sickness. If they are sick themselves, they deny it assiduously. I sympathized with a lady whose eyes were blood red and swollen from inflammation. "Oh, they are not swollen," she assured me, smiling, "and they are not red or sick. I am absolutely well" Although large tears which the pain caused by the bright sunlight brought to them fell from her eyes continually, she still maintained obstinately that there was

nothing the matter with her I also met a dentist who had given up his former way of practicing his profession and now made people well by means of Christian Science He limped badly, but when I remarked on it, his friends denied fervently that he had any defect

The faces of the advocates of this doctrine bear a peculiar expression, common to them all, which bespeaks stifled agony It is concentrated in their look, which usually is gentle and good, but behind it hides quiet sorrow Many of them maintain that believers in Christian Science cannot die 'Our science,' they say, is still very new, and none of us have yet had the opportunity to age and no one has died I intend to live many hundreds of years, said one old lady calmly "How can I die since I am a spirit and the spirit is eternal? A change will take place in me in some other way'

Christian Scientists can be found in all religious denominations or at least in many Most of those I met were Unitarians (they recognize one God but deny the Trinity) and Quakers Although there is a great deal which is humbug in this new religion and much mysticism that is distasteful to me, it has had a good influence in at least *one* circle among the hypochondriacs, nervous and hysterical people, whose favorite occupation has been to indulge their own complaints Christian Science has affected them like an iron binding on a crooked tree, for their doctrine prohibits them from *thinking* of their pains and requires them to consider themselves well And when it has had that much influence, its mission has not been entirely worthless And, moreover, it must be admitted that there are concealed in it truths, some in new, some in old forms Its greatest fault, in my opinion, is that it completely denies the existence of evil and does not admit that it cures the sick through *will power* I, for my part, think that man s *will power* is the cornerstone of Christian Science

However, the old nursery saying, "Mamma will blow on your sore finger contains a good deal of Christian Science, and—who knows—that may almost be a reason to try it in a little wider sense To that extent we can all be Christian Scientists

Chapter XII

Across the Rocky Mountains

TOWARD evening on July 5 we sped on the train from Chicago westward toward California. Our train was a so-called excursion-train with one hundred and thirty passengers aboard, all members of the Chicago teachers' association on their way to a convention of the National Educational Association in San Francisco. Many of them were young people full of life and therefore looked forward to their fourteen-day long trip across the prairies and the Rockies to the shore of the Pacific with impatient longing.

When we had ceased waving goodbyes to our friends and acquaintances, we began to arrange our lunch baskets and our traveling bags. Two travelers together got for their share a small compartment with its two sofas which could be changed into beds —an upper and a lower—a drape that could be lowered to cover the door opening if one wanted to be out of sight of the others, one window, two cushions, and one-eighteenth part of a Negro attendant. You see, there were eighteen of us in one car and Sam had to take care of us all, for which, grinning with satisfaction, he collected one dollar in advance from each person.

The women immediately took off their best hats and dresses, and the men put off their frock coats and derbies, and everyone put on a dustproof suit made of light cloth, and caps We did not have to be afraid of buffaloes, grizzly bears, and Indians, that we knew—no, heat and dust would be our worst enemies on the western prairies, "the plains" as they are called.

We were in the prairie state of Illinois. Green and ever more green on all sides—oak groves on the shores of blue lakes, innumerable vineyards and corn fields, and then miles of prairie with its gently undulating grass. Chicago is the child of the prairies, its flower and queen The grassy prairie surrounds it on all sides, and in the outskirts of the city the prairie grass lifts its head between the railroad tracks and in the less traveled streets.

Chicago is an Indian word and means 'good for nothing In a few dialects it also means go your way' The Indians formerly spurned the place because of its lack of game Now it is growing ever more and more into the commercial center not only of its own fertile state but of the whole United States

After a cool afternoon trip came a hot, sultry night, in the morning we had a two hours rest in Kansas City on the shore of the majestic Missouri River In a cable drawn street car we were pulled up an apparently perpendicular rock to the city, which is exactly like all other big western cities Dust, new houses, beautiful cottages and lawns strewn with flower beds, the business and commercial section with its gray wooden houses, trolley tracks, handsome churches, schools, city hall, and theaters Boston, Philadelphia, and the other eastern cities give the impression of being completely built They look like neat ladies always prepared to welcome visitors, even though, wearing a silken apron, they sometimes sit peeling apples as they talk with the guests The western cities on the other hand, are bustling housewives dressed in working clothes, who churn butter themselves and do the field work, when a guest comes, they barely have time to wipe the dust off the chair as they offer it to be sat on

The railroad trip lasts more than a day and a night from Chicago before the real, wild prairie begins About twelve hours beyond Kansas City, one begins to see fewer houses, fields, and trees, and the train rushes into a wilderness of grass

A peculiar, sharp smell of hay, dust, and cattle strikes one Some pleasant smells are interfused with it, too, just like the fragrance of dried spices That whole endless sea of grass with its gentle wave like contours has a monotonous, grayish gleam of color, gray buffalo grass sways there and also whitish yellow prairie grass, white and mottled cattle stand motionless in the heat, here and there the light felt hats worn low over the head by bold eyed cowboys on horseback flash by, far apart from each other stand white prairie houses with green, closed shutters, vineyards, and corn fields The sun shines blood red, rayless, sleepy but yet red hot, from the bright blue sky Nothing blurs the dazzling white, shimmering light of the prairie, nothing disturbs

the solitary silence. All noises seem to bound back from that silent, soft sea of grass over which rests an unexplainable, passive sadness.

Gradually the sun begins to become more intensely glaring red, and then brimming with gold Small puffs of air are wafted here and there on the prairie, and the slopes of the mounds of grass shimmer a deep brownish yellow As the train plows forward, the sun's red disk seems to whirl between the rises in the ground as though it were on the waves The blue of the sky is shattered into innumerable, freakish rays of color, of orange and turquoise, pale yellow and violet, rose red and whitish green. The sun dives behind a mound, appears again; a refreshing coolness begins to be felt; the cattle come to life. Suddenly the wheel of day disappears, leaving a fiery glow on the western horizon. Almost at the same instant a deep, cool, fragrant dusk descends on the wide prairie. There is nothing that could be compared to those fresh, sweet odors which now caress the traveler, as the stars twinkle, a new side of the prairie's wild, melancholy poetry charms one.

In Colorado brown shades begin to appear in the gray Colorado is far enough south so that it can boast of a rainy season and a dry time of year, and the latter has just recently begun; every place looks brown, scorched, and withered. Far off on the horizon loom dark, heavy clouds There for the first time we see the majestic peaks of the Rocky Mountains We are approaching New Mexico; we no longer see white prairie houses; now small, gray Mexican adobe houses flash by us Sometimes dirty gray waves seem to roll down sunburnt hillsides, where flocks of broad-tailed, woolly sheep climbed down to the cooler grazing grounds on the plains. Still more buffalo grass, and yelling, armed shepherds riding on donkeys; the people begin to look more handsome, the tattered clothes are more picturesque. The clouds have disappeared. We are near the mountains and we can discern their brown contours. The prairie gradually begins to rise—and we are at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

In Raton, a little mountain town, we had a two-hour stopover for lunch. Bare-legged, tanned, wild-looking men, from whose

embroidered belts peeped forth numerous knife handles, offered donkeys for mountain trips We climbed ever higher, even though a bit slower than before, until we reached the tunnel which links Colorado with New Mexico At its other end lies La Junta, four thousand feet above sea level [1] Here was to begin the actual rise to Las Vegas which is seven thousand feet above sea level On that trip accidents have occurred before and still do happen frequently, both because the road rises very sharply and because only one track carries traffic.

We felt peculiarly uneasy The railroad employees, looking very serious, made their preparations speedily and carefully The train was divided into two parts and each section got its own locomotive Two new conductors came on board and a railway official inspected the cars Even we passengers got instructions we were not to lean out of the windows but instead we were allowed to sit (not stand) on the car platforms

Now our conductor shouted his all on board,' and we took our places It was two o'clock The locomotive puffed upward, making long corkscrew like turns, all around there were only mountain peaks covered with clusters of low oaks and grass burnt brown Progress was slow, at every switch speed was cut down and a shrill signal whistled through the deserted region, from the mountain the echo then answered it many times over About a half mile distance from us, the other locomotive panted, pulling its string of cars, from which greetings were waved to us every time that we could see each other on the turns In places the railroad ran along uplands, where the air was light and clear, and cactus trees, white poppies, and another beautiful, prickly plant called the sacred thorn covered the ground

For the most part, however, the track wound up the mountain side, going ever upward The view was somber, almost melancholy, with its monotonous brown tones and lack of contrasting colors The Rocky Mountains here are really gigantic hills and not mountains, for they are overgrown to the top with grass, brush, and shrubs Seldom does one see a bare, desolate, rocky

[1] La Junta and Raton seem to have been transposed in the text *Editor*

peak. The contours are massive, round, gently undulating—the mounds of the prairies enlarged into colossal form. And below these solemn, gloomy mountains can be dimly seen at a distance the desolate prairie. Only in the setting sunlight, as the red glow makes the mountains golden, does the landscape become more alive and colorful. Then one sees the shepherds driving their sheep to those tiny adobe huts which are the only human dwellings one observes here.

At one moment, as we were on the trip, the sky suddenly clouded over, thunder began to boom and its rumble rolled angrily between the mountains Below our feet gusts of wind tore at the clouds; we waited for the storm to break loose at any minute. After an hour of lightning alternating with rainy squalls, the sky cleared and our train, which had stopped at a switch, continued on its way.

At nine o'clock in the evening we arrived in Las Vegas, a small health resort in the heart of the mountains, which has a handsome inn, the Hotel Phoenix, hot springs, bluish-green cypresses, and small, shaggy Mexican donkeys. Las Vegas was founded by Spanish missionaries in their day. It is small and desolate, with crooked streets and adobe houses In a dilapidated Catholic church lay faded bunches of paper flowers before the picture of Saint Francis, the patron saint of Mexico. The view from Las Vegas at sunrise is as beautiful as a dream. A majestic alpine scene is visible, it seems to live, breathe, tremble with joy and beauty as the dawn kisses it From a new settler's house resounds the noise of an axe, the tinkle of sheep bells, the cheerful calls of the donkey-drivers—all the voices of mountain life again awake, and in the air is the indescribable coolness of morning.

Here our train left the Chicago-Alton Company's district; now we had to change to the tracks of The Santa Fe Route. The agent of the Santa Fe in Las Vegas welcomed us at the Hotel Phoenix, where we were served a fine dinner made up of French foods and seasoned with American speeches. Courteous Negro waiters in frock coats, who had been instructed not to accept tips, sang in our honor during the dinner, and every guest was allowed

to take with him a menu decorated with a fine lithographic print Next to the restaurant are several curiosity shops, where one can buy bear and antelope hides, Indian ornaments, rugs, clay and bone vessels, Mexican filigree ornaments, and chinaware There they also display a plow which they say is three hundred years old, and also an old carriage of the same antiquity used by Spanish monks The body of the carriage is a hollowed out tree and the plowshare is a tree root

After a day in Las Vegas, resting and taking tours, we left on a twelve hours trip, proceeding slowly upward to Santa Fe Santa Fe was probably founded by the Aztecs, at any rate, it was in existence even before Columbus, and it is now considered, after St Augustine, Florida, the oldest city in America

This gem of New Mexico is a very small gray town, which crouches beneath the wings of the Rockies like a ruffled chicken As far as the eye can reach, one sees mountains, nothing but mountains—the most distant as though sketched on the horizon with a lead pencil Within the city there is an abundance of hollyhocks, pomegranate flowers, dust, and goats. In the narrow dirt streets walk women with flashing eyes, wearing black mantillas, men with embroidered hats on their heads, begging Indians dressed in gaudy rags, donkeys carrying wood, fruit, or grass loads, Texan hunters with bewitching eyes and with spurred riding boots There are no other kinds of buildings except gray adobe houses, all of which are built in a kind of Moorish style with a square courtyard in the middle enclosed on all sides In them play sharp featured, dark blooded, agilely moving children, white kids, and small Mexican hairless dogs in the midst of pigs, ducks, and goats In the courtyard there usually is a baking oven made out of clay, and behind the house there are a few peach trees Venders of curiosities have hung their signs at every street corner and Santa Fe's famous goldsmiths work on their filigree ornaments at open windows in order to attract customers

After having eaten my lunch in an old Mexican house transformed into a restaurant, I went to look at the town's three hundred years old church I crossed the bishop s garden along quiet grass-covered walks under the branches of peach and apricot

trees laden with fruit, on both sides of the path, in long rows, grew currant bushes with large red and black berries. The neighboring convent looked dead in the hot, silent afternoon. In the chapel a motionless, kneeling nun prayed with downcast eyes. From the convent rang alternately practiced scales and then the clear voices of girls joined in cheerful song. The walls of the church were full of old, fantastic pictures, scenes from Mexican history woven in silk, and all kinds and sizes of pictures of Saint Francis.

In Santa Fe there is an Indian quarter, and one meets "redskins" constantly on the streets, selling fruit, fabrics, clay dishes, mountain crystal, pieces of malachite, and agates Usually they squat on their heels in a row along house walls, and they are wrapped in felt blankets as though they were cold. A few are tall and handsome. The men with their straight legs and regular features move with a slow, incomparable dignity. The women are small but well-formed, with musical voices and friendly and humble gestures. Some are disgustingly dirty. All of them have stiff black hair, shining eyes; round their necks they all have shells, corals, and pieces of malachite, and on their shoulders red and yellow felt blankets

I bought some black clay pots from a young Indian called Sian Ton (= San Antonio). He was a splendid, handsome man with blood-red tufts of thread at each ear, and on his feet he had light-yellow deerskin moccasins. The sign language necessary for both of us in order to do business seemed to amuse him very much and every so often he joyfully bared his row of white teeth. A small, bowlegged Indian woman, Frances, provided me with some souvenirs. She had on a kind of embroidered shirt, a bit like the ones worn by Russian women, a kerchief over her head, and a gaudy striped skirt under her felt blanket. The eyes of these wild savages were beautiful and shiny brown, but they were exactly like animals' eyes; one sought in vain for a conscious, human look.

We left Santa Fe with regret after resting there for one day. In going ahead, we met Indians at every stopping place. Those who live around Santa Fe are mostly Zuñi Indians, who are thought to be descendants of the old Aztecs; they have a com-

paratively high level of civilization Around their neat adobe houses are corn fields and splendid orchards The majority of them have been Christians for several generations, for the Spanish Jesuits worked among them Actually, so far as civilization is concerned, they are not inferior to the poorest Mexican people The other Indians belong to tribes on a lower level, live in tents, are pagans, and are as brutal as animals In groups of fifteen to twenty persons they would come rushing down to the station men, women, and children, begging, yelling, and muttering mangled English oaths if they believed that they received too little money

They brought a disgusting smell of old grease and firmly rooted dirt The men had horse faces, the women were laughing, half naked creatures with thick, greasy black hair, and they wore light green moccasins The mothers carried their infants with them, some of the babies being only two or three days old They were laced stark naked in the Indian cradles made of willow shoots and fitted with a hood, in which they looked like little live mummies Many of the poor children were half breeds When the advocates of a dual moral code do not respect even the white woman, how much less do they care about the good of the Indian woman, since she is not protected by custom or law, and not even by her own understanding of virtue and honor

When Arizona, New Mexico, and California came under the administration of the United States, Catholic missionary work among the Indians in these states stopped In Philadelphia there is a large Protestant educational institution for Indians and also a big farm belonging to it When I visited there, it seemed to be in excellent condition and full of pupils Indians from the northern states mainly come to this school and particularly members of the Sioux tribe, for that tribe most wants education A large and active organization, the Indian Mission, extends its interest over all of the country But these attempts belong to recent times The conscience of the United States is bothered by many crimes committed against the Indians The way in which these savages have been treated is an indelible stain on the history of the federal government, and the atrocities committed can by no means be

excused by appealing to the rights of the stronger. The redskins have been pursued and killed like beasts of the forest; avaricious government commissioners have cheated and exploited them, not caring whether their poor victims were treacherous and false or only ignorant. But when Helen Hunt, later Mrs. Jackson, published her novel entitled *Ramona*, in which this kind of conduct was criticized most severely, then the government's stand began to be censured violently Many improvements were immediately instituted and today there is perhaps very little room for criticism. But the improvements came too late and America must bitterly regret its former policy, for the poor savages, who were required to give a citizen's obedience to the laws of the land after they had first been deprived of all the rights of a citizen, cause the government a great deal of worry with their continual attempts at rebellion. It is strange that two novels, written by women—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Ramona*—have been so enormously influential, one in the case of the Negroes, the other in the case of the Indians Americans are in the habit of saying playfully that the government is waiting for a novel about the Chinese in order to make the final decision in the Chinese question.

In Arizona one evening we visited an Indian camp. Night was coming, campfires burned in front of tents, and children, playing and yelling, ran between the tents Men rested on the bare ground; some were cleaning their guns and others were tending to the horses. The women were baking bread; they mixed a little barley and corn flour and water on a somewhat flat, scooped-out stone, and then put the stone into the hot ashes. The mixture baked soon and was taken from the rock with a knife, and then new dough was mixed and put on the rock. The bread was a bit saltless and smoky but otherwise quite tasty.

Departing from Santa Fe, we slowly proceeded downward, leaving behind us the last outposts of the Rockies, which here were overgrown with splendid trees fit for masts. After a day's journey we entered the state of Arizona, whose wealth, as well as that of California, is in its mountains rich in precious stones and metals, and in its soil, which needs only water to become fruitful. In its natural condition this region is just like a desert. Sand,

nothing but sand, or at least some material that looks as much like sand as one berry does another berry That is especially true of the Mojave (or Mohave) Desert, through which we traveled for two days No matter where one looked—nothing but yellow sand Here and there stood a sunburnt tuft of grass, manzanita shrubs with their red stems and enormous leaves, gray cactuses, and a palmlike species of aloe plants

The heat was suffocating, the thermometer indicated 40° C [104° F] The night was no cooler than the day Dust, the fine white dust of the desert, forced itself into eyes, nose, and mouth underneath clothing and fingernails Every morning we had to wipe the dust off our eyelids before we could open our eyes Half dead we dragged ourselves out of the train at stopping places to look in the sand for agates, of which there are an abund ance here Sometimes the train stopped so that we could look at the chasms which again and again obstructed the way in the Mojave They are the remains of ancient eruptions and the earth around them is full of black lava Those terrifying depths, which one finds unexpectedly in the middle of the yellow desert sand are just like the chasms of hell They belong to the curiosities of Arizona and California and the Sierra Nevada has plenty of them We came to that mountain chain two days after we had left Santa Fe Again we began to rise upward slowly and by mak ing corkscrew like turns, but this time we traveled along the edge of appalling depths Fear gripped our hearts as the train made quick turns while speeding along the brim of dark abysses of which we could not see the bottom With thirsty, cracked lips the earth gaped greedily to swallow us It seemed as though the least movement on the part of a passenger would be sufficient to deprive the train of its balance and plunge it, shattered, into the depths But we become accustomed to everything in this world and we finally dared to go to bed, even though we knew that our road still twisted along the edge of this ghastly chasm in the midst of eleven to fourteen thousand feet high mountain peaks

How happily surprised we were the following morning when we awoke in a green oasis, we had left behind the sand and heat of the desert We were in Riverside a small paradise, on the

western slope of the Sierra Nevada. The city is nothing but a garden full of date and fan palms, vineyards, and orange groves. Here for the first time we saw California's tree of life, the beautiful, bluish-green eucalyptus, imported from Australia, and also the delicate, ethereal-leaved "pepper tree"; it has received that name from its fruit which resemble the berries of a pepper bush.

The city councilmen were on hand to welcome us and they took us in carriages to inspect the town Between the magnolia trees and flowering aloe plants flashed charming views of the Sierra Nevada. All this beauty has been created in twelve years from the desert-like soil Riverside has, as do all the other California cities, an excellent water system, and every parcel of land includes the right to use a certain amount of water All vegetation here is the product of skill; it is created by irrigation. We watched in several orange groves which were being watered how the water ran along small, evenly dug ditches among the trees. *Without* water the earth here is absolutely worthless. *With* water a small orange grove is worth thousands of dollars. Riverside has a sweet smell to temperance men, for the making of wine is prohibited here, and the grapes are either sold fresh or they are dried for raisins.

Now we were in California, the land of gold and oranges. Its nature is both so uniform and so characteristic that one gets a general impression of it immediately.

Small, bustling, prosperous towns living on fruit-growing have white and light-gray wooden houses—brick houses are not built because of earthquakes—and around each town is a wide area with vineyards, orchards, and meadows full of growing alfalfa. There are no natural fields of grass in California Between the vegetation one sees only yellow sand, manzanita, aloe, and cactus plants, and above the vegetation the arching blue sky and the mountains appearing blue on the horizon. It is monotonous, but this monotony does not tire one, for the beauty of the mountains is always new, always different, and no one who has once seen it ever forgets the blue sky of California

We passed several deserted gold placer mine buildings, which from the outside were exactly like the woolen mills at home in

Finland There was nothing about them to attract attention—nothing remarkable The gold prospectors have withdrawn to the highlands and they are never met along the public highways

In San Bernardino the hospitable people forced the train to stop for ten minutes and during that time men and women with large baskets in their hands went through the train distributing fruit and flowers In Pasadena, another small town, we were invited as guests for a whole day and we were entertained with dinners, music, speeches, and pleasure trips The large waiting room of the station had been transformed into a refreshment center On long tables were plenty of lemonade, apricots, and peaches as large, yellow, and fragrant as they are only in California This room was open all day and no one guarded it Over the door appeared a sign saying, "Refreshments for our dear guests, the Chicago Teachers Association" In Pasadena we saw an ostrich farm, the owner of which has become a wealthy man by raising ostriches and selling their plumes

The last night on the train was so hot that none of us could sleep although we were exhausted The heat was up to 44 5° C [about 112° F] It was absolutely calm, Nature seemed to have died of the heat in the San Joaquin Valley, surrounded by mountains When the sun rose in the morning, a faint breeze stirred, but toward day the sun again blazed a thousand times hotter Under such conditions writing in one hundred and twenty nine birthday and memorandum books seemed a very difficult task American youth also has indeed its own ardor in such matters, just as does youth in other lands

But one could even submit to that trouble with pleasure since thus one could reward good neighborliness It had been of the most pleasant kind Indeed, each one was a bit reserved at first, but the heat, constant relationship, mutual adventures and aspirations soon made all friends

Many had their own food supplies, which were replenished in the cities, and a happy family life prevailed in the cars Next to me were two girls from Chicago, who had their own tea kettle, and every morning they made tea over a spirit lamp A few order loving old ladies reveled in their luncheon preparations, they

washed dishes and moved about in the cars with their aprons on and their sleeves rolled up; they had with them sauce pans and pots with fried fish and birds, and they served tea to their neighbors in turn Enthusiastic bartering was carried on Crackers, cheese, and preserves were exchanged for lemons, cookies, and marmalade. Opposite me lived a teacher of German When her butter and tea ran out, she gave her leftovers to the Chicago girls and became their boarder. In the evenings I used to hear them deliberating whether they should make tea or coffee.

On the whole, cleanliness and order prevailed on the train. In each car a large container was continually filled with ice water. The only inconvenience was the lack of a door or curtain in front of the washroom, and generally there was a row of seventeen people in front of it with their hand towels, waiting their turn, watching how their neighbor washed his ears

In the mornings Sam, laughing and grinning, went around making up the beds. Every one had his own bed linens, and the girls were accustomed to scold Sam when, tired from the heat, he occasionally stuffed the sheets and covers together in a mess under the sofa lid. Criticism, however, had no effect on him The next *morning Sam again did as he pleased In some of the cars upper*-class students of a certain boys' school served as attendants; thus the boys got themselves a free trip to the meeting

At every stopover each one immediately hurried on his own errands, and when the train had started again, purchases were compared and each one told about his adventures On Sundays the girls regularly read the Bible, sang hymns, and listened to each other's Sunday school lessons, at the same time that they normally would have been in church or Sunday school. On Sunday evening all one hundred and thirty persons crowded into three cars and sang Sankey's songs until ten or eleven o'clock. Sometimes the inhabitants of other cars came to visit us or we went to call on them. Some rode in sleeping cars, some in tourist cars. A natural equality, friendliness, and helpfulness prevailed among all, although there were in the company university professors, school superintendents, headmasters, headmistresses, and poor tutors, and all kinds of men and women teachers of lower rank.

It was with sincere regret that we shook hands in saying good bye as the train rolled into the San Francisco station and our trip across the Rocky Mountains had ended

Chapter XIII

A Teachers' Convention in San Francisco

"CALIFORNIA is the drawing room of the world, and San Francisco is its bay window," said one of our polite hosts, a member of the executive committee of the convention, which had been sent to the station to welcome us

Although it was the dry season of the year, I felt like adding to his statement, "The City of the Golden Gate is perfectly charming. Flowers everywhere, countless flowers Everywhere dark-red fuchsia, graceful ivy, and languishing, beautiful honeysuckle, scarlet-red pelargonia three ells high, banana, fan and date palms with their splendid leaves"

The sections of the city which are lower down are constructed on pile foundations. The external appearance of the houses cannot be praised as beautiful, with the exception of those in the wealthy and stylishly built parts of the city But the houses, frequently with weather-beaten and slanting walls, which are covered over with winding plants with bright flowers, are in strikingly picturesque places And one can be satisfied with anything when one can look at such beautiful views as one sees in every direction in San Francisco The city is nothing but uphill and downhill, and cable cars glide along the streets with ceaseless haste. From every height the traveler looks with delight over the Golden Gate, whose waves at times gleam with white crests and at times rest exhausted in their blue-watered, gently shimmering morning dress, winking at the sunlight Sometimes when mist or fog makes dim the contours of the mountains, the alpine tract surrounding the city appears to best advantage. Then San Francisco, which rests on the breast of the Sierra Nevada, is as beautiful as a dream.

On the other side of the crest of rock which separates San Francisco Bay from the sea lies Golden Gate Park, probably the most beautiful park in the whole world. On one side of it is the

Pacific Ocean, on the other the Sierra Nevada surrounds it, and the vegetation is luxuriant in a southern way

It seems almost ridiculous that in speaking of California, Bret Harte s California with its prospectors and Chinese, one should talk about education and teachers, but one no longer finds Mexi can indolence in San Francisco The Anglo Saxon element is predominant here, and wherever this element enters, it builds churches and schools, it organizes, it works, and stamps every thing with the mark of activity Such was the case particularly on July 17 20, 1888, when the National Educational Association of the United States held its annual meeting in San Francisco Every year the various states bicker over which region is to be honored by having the next meeting held there, and the Northern and Eastern states had for the first time deigned to give this honor to the Far West

California, and especially San Francisco, had done its best to prove that it deserved this trust The arrangements, which were capital, had been entrusted to twenty one different committees The railroad, steamship, and hotel companies granted considerable reductions to those coming to the convention In every city in California the delegates were welcomed by the city councilmen, and women and teacher deputations, which asked them to stay over for breakfast or lunch, took them along on rides or steamboat trips Speeches were made, flowers and fruits were distributed In San Francisco hospitality reached its culmination The women of the city served a free lunch to both men and women teachers every day at one o clock Every evening the city s and California s staffs of teachers, the kindergarten, temperance, and many other associations received visitors and treated every guest in the pleas antest way Ice cream, fruit, cookies, and lemonade were served, every visitor received a beautiful bouquet of roses A cheerful friendly spirit prevailed in the rooms decorated with flowers, where young ladies, dressed with typical California elegance and costliness, went around and did the honors In San Francisco frank, lively southern hospitality is combined with the Anglo-Saxon organizational ability It is natural, likewise, that in a land of gold, where money can be acquired easily and the coin used in

making small purchases is the nickel (25 Finnish pennies),[1] such a trifle as several thousand dollars to sustain one's honor is considered a small matter.

What about the educational side of the meeting, the real substance and chief aim of all these side issues?

The educational work now being done in America is so gigantic that it reaches to the very finger tips of the colossus, the United States. It appeared clearly at the San Francisco meeting, where one could get a good bird's-eye view of the present state of education. Without taking into account the exhibitions of various schools, there were on the convention program six general discussion meetings with a total of twenty-four papers presented, and also approximately the same number of special meetings of the different departments These departmental meetings discussed the following subjects: kindergarten, elementary, secondary, normal, and university instruction, discipline, and physical education

If we examine the general meetings open to discussion, we note the following subjects treated by them. (1) literature in school courses; (2) the preparation of students for citizenship; (3) current criticism of the modern public school system; (4) "practical" education; (5) the relation of the state to the school with respect to educational supplies; (6) the American principle of work.

The discussion of the first question made apparent how great a significance the mother tongue and literature have in American schools and how greatly literature is believed to influence the student's everyday life. The exchange of opinion flowed in two separate streams: one faction desired a more thorough teaching of the native language with special regard given to the use of idioms and to the memorization of readings. The other faction warned against pedantry and asked that more time be allotted for the reading of poetry. In a rather insipid but well and poetically written paper, Miss Beecher[2] pointed out how necessary a taste for good literature is to woman, the maker of the home. All the

[1] In California one does not see pennies.

[2] Miss Mary L. Beecher, Memphis, Tennessee, spoke on "The Practical Value in Life of a Taste for Good Literature." *Editor.*

speakers agreed on the following conclusion the student must be given such a literary foundation that only good and wholesome literature will arouse his interest

After this purely educational discussion followed a lecture with the inviting title Ought Young Girls to Read the Daily Newspapers? The subject, and even more the speaker, Dr Harris of the Concord School of Philosophy (in Massachusetts),[3] had packed the auditorium to the point of overcrowding This question if any, was enough to stir minds in America, the prom ised land of newspapers To the audience s great joy the speaker answered the question with an unconditional yes Our girls, he said as well as our young men, should enter life with a knowl edge of sin Virtue which with its skirts cautiously pulled up its eyes closed trips past its fallen brothers and sisters is not worth much Today we need wide awake Christian citizens who know what is good what is bad, and fear, not the sinner, but sin Our girls must learn to know what life really is, and the daily news paper is a window through which they certainly may study it (Contented applause from the reporters table)

Dr Harris was followed by Professor Powell (of Washing ton), who was essentially of the same opinion as the preceding speaker He did point out, however, that daily newspapers are very different in value and that the public must perforce demand a higher moral position of the newspapers And he also added that stimulating unwholesome reading is just as dangerous for a boy as for a girl (constant applause), the differentiation which is made between the sexes in this matter is a definite sign of one standard of morality for men and another for women

The second question was concerned chiefly with school disci pline in all its phases Two things I think, particularly interest a European visitor to *good* American schools the excellent teach ing of the native tongue and the genial and respectful relationship noticeable between the student and the teacher The admirable opinions on this subject, which prevail in America, became ap

[3] Dr William T Harris Concord Massachusetts spoke on the subject cited above *Editor*

parent in a great measure during the discussion and especially in the speech of Mr. Duncan Brown of Kansas. Matthew Arnold says in his book about America that the desire to be witty spoils conversation in America, and the same criticism could be made of the speech in question. Nevertheless, for the rest, it was so perfect in form and so permeated with love for students, with such a deep understanding of the school's educative influence, that the listener forgave Mr Brown for the unnecessary jokes He demanded just, firm discipline, which requires absolute obedience from the student, but at the same time does not hesitate to make amends if the student has suffered unmerited punishment He warned against educating children without discipline or with the use of pretended discipline. "In a republic in which every boy is a prospective king and every girl a prospective queen. . . " Here he ceased, was silent for a moment, and then corrected himself with comical emphasis: "I beg your pardon, I forgot that for the present this is the opinion of only our prohibitionist party." [4] (Laughter and expressions of delight.) "In such a republic, I say, a girl as well as a boy must become more accustomed than elsewhere to self-government *and that goal can be achieved only through discipline.*"

In discussing the fourth[5] question, Professor Cook of the Illinois Normal School, in a dignified, straightforward, and thorough way, fought against the accusation that the public schools do not teach morality and do not cultivate the child's religious sentiment. "If we consider it credible," he said among other things, "that the majority of American homes are good, or at least attempt to be good—and I believe that we all hope that that is the case—why, then, do we view our schools with such distrust? Our teachers come from our homes and, what is more, from them we get our women teachers, school principals and superintendents Many of these educators are animated with the desire to advance their students and their schools. The teacher determines the spirit of a school, and our bitterest opponent has to admit that

[4] The American temperance, prohibitionist, party has in its program a demand for the political vote for women

[5] Actually the third question *Editor*

our teachers represent America's best, most moral, and most en lightened people

The next speaker, Professor Sheldon from Massachusetts, de clared openly that the accusation of lack of faith and immorality originated with the Catholics (stormy expressions of approval) When the schools are called immoral, the meaning is that they are not Catholic '[6]

Many speakers discussed the preparation of students for daily life and admitted that in that respect the school has neglected its responsibility One speaker mentioned, among other things, that he would like to travel in all directions of the United States to seek the American boy, for he did not know where the boy had disappeared In every place, shops, offices, and bureaus he met Germans, Canadians, Irishmen, and Scandinavians, but he found few traces of the American lads with whom he had gone to school Other speakers pointed out that the reason for this condition lay in the great power which the trade unions and brotherhoods have over the actions of individuals It constantly happens that this situation prevents the owners of publishing houses, shipyards, and factories from sending their sons into their own publishing houses, etc , as apprentices

In discussing the fifth question (the responsibility of the state to the school with respect to teaching materials), a very refresh ing argument arose between the states of Ohio and Massachusetts In Massachusetts the state gives the students their school supplies The state of Ohio does not do that Ohio's glib delegate explained that this kind of system teaches the residents of Massachusetts to borrow from others everything which they don't have themselves and to lend to others everything which they have At present the state furnishes the school texts Soon the parents will demand that the state furnish the children with clothes, and then after that furnish clothes for the little sisters and finally for the parents themselves From clothes it is only a step to food, and in the future Massachusetts will serve as a fit example of a motherly state which feeds and clothes its subjects just as a mother bird

[6] This statement was not made by Professor Sheldon but by Thomas J Morgan of Rhode Island William E Sheldon of Boston spoke on 'The Schools Fail to Give a Proper Preparation for Active Life *Editor*

does its little ones which wait with wide-open mouths All the speakers [except those from Massachusetts] opposed this system which they considered dangerous and inconsistent in a free society, because it originated in an antiquated principle, the gist of which is a government taking care of all its loyal but apathetic citizens

But the teachers of the United States are not all of the same opinion in this matter. Many think that education is free in name only if it does not also provide the children with school supplies. School books, for which most pay one or two dollars or even more, represent a sum which the poor can hardly manage to bring together. This matter of dispute is being debated at the present time in several states If the state is to furnish the textbooks, it must have the right to select them Should the state, then, make contracts with publishers and book salesmen? Or should the state become a publisher? Must a general competition among book writers be announced? The speakers at the meeting seemed to be afraid that thus the persons most familiar with the subject, that is, the teachers of the different subjects, would have the least to say in the matter. It must be remembered that in the United States the superintendents and members of school boards and boards of trustees need not be men who have taught and it is not even required that they be interested in or understand educational matters. Like other public officials, they are elected directly by the common people. Therefore, one finds on school boards and in other leading positions excellent educators side by side with a great many men who are better fitted to judge business matters, horses, and cattle than the virtues and needs of the modern school system. School board elections have a political significance, and ambitious young men often use these positions as stepping-stones in climbing to higher offices and wider spheres of influence Like all other systems, this one has its disadvantages, and the experienced educator has sufficient reason to fear leaving the selection of school texts to such a committee. Each of these school boards has in its own state an unlimited power, and the "commissioner of education" in Washington is an official appointed to take care of statistics; his duty is not to inspect the country's schools.

The last evening began with a lecture on "Physical Education

according to the Delsarte Method I do not have space here to explain that system Its purpose is, along with gymnastics, to develop in the students grace of movement and the mimic art Seven young girls attired in Grecian dress—I wonder if it was coincidence that they all were charming Hebe types—illustrated the short lecture by performing a series of beautiful movements on the exquisitely lighted stage to the sound of sweet music As one watched all the feminine graces which were placed on display *before an audience* of three thousand people, one thought more of the desires of the flesh and the eyes than of the psychological physiological dynamic principles which these young ladies were on the stage to demonstrate The exhibition was a ballet, a fine and tuneful ballet if one wants to call it that, but nothing more To a Northerner, our honest, sprightly Swedish gymnastics seems to be a firmer foundation than Delsarte

The main subject of the evening was the American idea of labor, and its effect on education The fundamental thought in every speaker s address was the following Educate boys chiefly to be men who do their work like men and with self respect, no matter what kind of work they do The girl was hardly mentioned She was passed off, as usual, with two or three high sounding phrases about the home and mother love In some questions woman s rights is only skin deep with American men, it has *not yet become a part of their flesh and blood*

If one examined the discussions of the different departments, one noted that the kindergarten and university departments had the best speakers and the most active participation That fact may be considered typical of modern America At any rate, it seemed to me that primary and college education were followed with much greater interest and enthusiasm there than elementary and secondary education Whether one is a friend or foe of Frobel s method one has to admit that American kindergartens are, for the most part, in excellent condition Of course, not all of them are free to the public, but enthusiastic societies are founding new kindergartens with indefatigable energy and very soon they will all presumably become state schools At the head of these organizations are intelligent men and women who have studied the

system, and they keep a close watch on the teachers. As a matter of honor, they take care that the teachers develop their schools to as high a degree as they possibly can.

So far as colleges and universities are concerned, in a republic in which knowledge is power one naturally finds the country's most eminent men and the most careful instruction in these institutions. A noticeable circumstance was the total absence of the coeducational school question from the program of the convention. After moving longer among the teachers, I found that the subject had been decided in principle. Of course, there still is a large faction which demands separate schools for each sex. But who are they? People with aristocratic tendencies. Just as the Catholics accuse the public schools of immorality, so do the accusations against coeducational schools originate with the American aristocrats, who are no less patrician than the nobility in the Old World even though they do not possess family coats of arms. Wherever a brilliant social life and class distinctions flourish, one finds separate schools for each sex. Thus, for example, in California, where the gulf between the rich and the poor is greatest, there is the smallest number of coeducational schools, although they do say that their number is now increasing. That is also true of the large cities in the East. If one analyzes the matter, he soon sees where the trouble lies. Coeducation continues Nature's healthy law which permits both boys and girls to be born in the same family. It issues from a simple, uncorrupted, and fresh spring. Aristocracy, class pride, and the polished life of the large cities are artificial. Artificiality and naturalness never go together. A paper flower seems repulsive to us when placed beside a fresh, dewy rose and so, too, a painted face compared with a child's rosy cheeks.

In the cities with a population under eighty to one hundred thousand, the coeducational school problem has been decided very calmly, and one no longer hears any noise being made about it.

School exhibitions are usually the conscience of school conventions. The exposition frequently exposes the faults which are covered up in the discussions. The San Francisco exhibition was good but not extraordinary and not even very extensive. A com-

paratively small number of eastern states were represented The outstanding exhibits belonged to the St Louis and California—more accurately, San Francisco—kindergarten departments, which displayed neat, systematically made clay and pasteboard products The clay work in particular was surprisingly good It is only to be hoped that in America they do not commit such kindergarten blunders as in England, where I saw, in so-called kindergartens, classes of children from two to three years of age occupied with reading and writing! Excellent also were the charts, made by women teachers with movable and separate objects by means of which children could become acquainted with the manufactured products of different crafts, the series representing the shoe in dustry, for example, began with an ox, goat, and sheep, and ended with a tiny pair of shoes This section was both neat and sub stantial

After the kindergarten exhibits, the next best was the Massa chusetts (Boston) State Normal Art School s exhibit, the school s preparatory, basic, and antique classes had sent splendid things The school is under the direction of men who have studied in the French L Ecole des Beaux Arts and that is obvious from their whole method It is far above the otherwise generally prevailing concept of art in the United States Particularly fine were the designs drawn for wall paper and stained glass windows In them a student, starting with a geometrical figure, had joined to it natural objects such, for example, as vines animal heads, clusters of berries and fruits The designs produced by the Woman s Institute of Technical Design in New York also were especially beautiful The secondary schools maps, botanical and mineral collections and geometry notebooks were outstanding, especially the relief, profile, and so-called product maps, the last of which were both neat and original The student first draws, let us say, a map of the United States with all the states and territories and then he covers the surface of every different area with the product which is chiefly got from that region Corn, forest products, iron cotton, cattle, etc, were ingeniously represented by grains of corn, splinters, microscopic tacks, and so forth, which were pasted to the cloth of the map It was reported that this kind of map

drawing was greatly enjoyed by the students The California schools had put on exhibition splendid and complete collections of water plants preserved in fully developed form and also good mineral collections. The geometry notebooks were almost all good, and even extraordinary, and apparently prove what great importance is placed on this subject in all American schools. The geometrical figures made out of cardboard by the students also were commendable, but the penmanship displays were rather poor, and the two or three schools which had sent hand-work to be displayed would have done better by staying away. The works were, to say the least, sad-looking But manual work and industrial arts are stepchildren pushed aside in the schools of the great republic Only in recent times have they begun to discuss the need of introducing them into the general schools Special industrial and manual training schools, on the other hand, had an excellent exhibition section, particularly outstanding was the exhibit of the St. Louis Manual-Training School for Boys. There one saw good and valuable objects, simple rulers cut out of wood, artistically turned table legs, mechanical drawings, and iron work.

On the whole, the exhibition seemed very small for the United States, for the exposition of such a gigantic country But distances there are so long that it is not at all surprising if the schools of Maine and Florida, requiring two weeks for such a trip, had not sent anything.

The effect of the exhibition was good, as I have already mentioned, but not imposing American schools, I think, follow the right principle, but they still need to grow and develop. America's greatest danger in education, as in other questions, stems from its isolated position It does not have an opportunity for comparison and therefore is exposed to the temptation of becoming self-satisfied It is to be hoped that the knowledge- and freedom-loving people, with their restless energy, will ever continue their country's educational work and that America will not stop to admire what it has already achieved. When one thinks how young the country is and yet how much old Europe has to learn there, one has to admit that America would not, indeed, admire itself without good reason.

Chapter XIV

On the Pacific Coast

I SAW the Pacific Ocean for the first time in the light of the early morning sun, in the sunshine which made the pink mountains of San Diego even redder and gave each whitecapped surge a lively, glittering crown of silver. The gigantic sea, smiling as blue as the ocean and sky can be only in California, lay at my feet. Not a ripple, not the least wrinkle could be seen on the surface smooth as silk; only around the rocks seethed the ocean's eternal breakers.

Coronado Bay near San Diego forces itself deep into the lap of the Sierra Nevada,[1] which defends itself against intrusion with a row of brownish red rocks out into the sea—a natural breakwater. At the upper end of the bay there has been built a lavishly magnificent California hotel, which is surrounded by leafy palms and an atmosphere saturated with the fragrance of roses. Against the yellow sand of the shore endlessly wash the majestically calm waves of the Pacific Ocean, which, like a sigh, lift the sea's bosom even though its surface is smooth as a mirror. Those large, mirror bright waves rush with a heavy din, with thick white foam, against the sand of the shore, sucking it up with thirsty lips. Every wave leaves behind shells and seaweed, starfish, crabs, and pearls.

The city of San Diego is high in the mountains, which here, as well as in most parts of California, can be cultivated all the way up to the top. The city is brand new, only a few years old, the dust in the streets is a foot deep, but the streetcar lines criss cross like a net and everywhere new buildings and orange groves rise endlessly just as though produced by magic. San Diego is on the border of Old Mexico, but one does not meet anything Mexican here except the name. Genuine American enterprise and haste prevail everywhere.

[1] This chain of mountains which runs along the shore on the California coast is more accurately known as the Coast Range but it is also referred to frequently as the Sierra Nevada.

Less than an English mile from the city is the old San Diego, the San Diego of the Spanish monks and missionaries, now shriveled up into a poor town. There one encounters nothing but the past, only memories. Silence, blazing sunshine, desolate, dilapidated adobe houses, and withered rose bushes in the midst of collapsed Moorish houses. The old church, also built of adobe by the first devout missionaries, has been patched and made into a United States customhouse Only a small group of houses is inhabited. There, under pomegranate trees, sit beautiful but indolent and idle Mexican women. In the yard are cats, melons, hens, dirt, and feathers; here and there shine heaps of leaves shed by the pomegranate flowers.

If one will follow from here the twisting mountain path which, making innumerable turns, winds down the Sierras, he will reach the San Diego Valley, or the Mission Valley, famous for its fertility. In the deceptively bright mountain air one can see it from a great distance. Here one will see the oldest and best preserved memorials from the time of the monks Seven miles from the city is the San Diego Mission, which now is only ruins; but quite well preserved remains of the monks' garden and their extensive water system, which reaches out over an area covering miles, can still be seen Below the ruins grew large date palms, planted by the monks, in the branches of which hung clusters of brown dates with an oily gleam. Behind them could be seen the bluish-gray wall of foliage of a grove of olive trees. At the lower end of the slope was a cactus hedge which the monks had long ago planted to protect their garden; at present the hedge is a wild, impenetrable forest more than six feet high. Its pear-shaped, thick leaves were so large that the smallest which I could find after a diligent search was three inches long—a small, deformed thing—all the others were at least the length of an arm. On the leaves bristled sharp, awl-shaped thorns many inches in length, and beautiful, brownish-yellow, deep-pointed flowers also dangled from them Not much was left of the garden. Through the cactus hedge I could get only a glimpse of a few varicolored geraniums.

The bishop, a courteous, tonsured Spaniard dressed in a long cassock, invited me into his residence He lived near the ruins in a humble house in the shade of a large banana palm The Catholic priests, the former almighty rulers of the valley, have become obedient subjects of the United States

Guided by the bishop, I went to see the ruins There I saw the remains of a quite large adobe building, plastered with yellow clay on the outside, the east side of the structure was supported by a row of pillars I was shown the sites of the chapel, the monks refectory, the cells, and the hospital where poor Mexicans and Indians had formerly been cared for A well, bricked over, could still be seen in the courtyard, on the eastern wall of which appeared signs of the crucifix which had been built into it This building had been constructed formerly during a great period of zealous faith The newly Christianized Indians carried the timber needed for the church on their shoulders from a virgin forest many miles away Within its walls had constantly sounded masses and hymns of praise in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the pagans had been festively baptized, and zealous prayers had risen to heaven, calling for the ruin of those very same Americans who now were the lords of both the church and its surroundings

Now the walls are profaned by the common inscriptions of tourists, and only the cross decorating the gable end reminds us any longer of the original purpose of the building There was no sign left of the fertile corn fields or the fields used to grow gigantic pumpkins, which the Indians had cultivated under the direction of the monks Nothing is left of the past but a grove of olive trees and the palms

When California became a part of the United States after the Mexican War, the number of Catholic priests was reduced and many monasteries and also so-called mission houses had to be abandoned I do not know whether all the present Mexican accusations against the United States government are justified Perhaps the only thing of which we can be sure is that the mis trust with which the Americans treat the Catholics has been the source of many wrongs done to the monks And yet California must thank the monks for many things They brought into the

country the olive trees, the palms, and the grapes, and put into use the simple, although now useless, water-conduit system They converted whole Indian tribes to Christianity, taught them to improve the cultivation of corn, and taught them to read and write, they took care of the sick and the poor and served as mediators in the affairs of the people and the distant Spanish government.

There was a sharp contrast between the quiet, melancholy memorials in the Mission Valley and life in San Diego, whither I returned in the evening. The polite city folks took me on a pleasure cruise to the seaward skerries There was music aboard, and I saw only elegant modern clothes and heard only modern talk on the calmly breathing Pacific Ocean.

San Diego is ultra modern A few years ago the frequent earthquakes aroused great panic in this part of California and people sold their houses and land at ridiculously low prices The fear soon vanished, however, and the feverishly swift life of the city was resumed. In San Diego I was shown long streets, which had developed in two years, with brick houses, shops, law and business offices. An activity which seems inconceivable to an outsider prevails here These lean, suntanned Californians with their calm, determined blue eyes, sinewy hands, and clothes soiled in daily tasks, find time for all kinds of things Life to them is a race. In one's ears ring dollars and cents, lots, silver mines, gold ore and malachites, orange gardens, race horses, and vineyards. Schools and churches spring up with the same magic speed that oranges are conjured up from the desert-like countryside Friendly and grand hospitality is found everywhere It is of a naïvely boastful sort at times, but its chief ingredient is sincere kindness. In this wonderful climate in which the fresh winds of the Pacific Ocean make the heat bearable, where nature seems to be able to create whatever it wants to, the human being seems to live just as a carefree child does on its mother's nourishing breast Few can resist the charm of nature here. Everything looks so especially wonderful that the world does not seem like a vale of tears but like a splendid place, if one only knows how to look out for his own good. And each passing carefree day seems to will to him another just as carefree.

For this reason it would be easy to believe that Californians live only for the present and completely forget all thoughts of a life after death But that is not the case They have brought with them their race s intense religious interests and love for the freedom of thought Even in the smallest and newest towns there are many churches, chapels, and places of assembly belonging to different denominations In every congregation there prevails just as active a life as in those of the northern states That fatalistic, meek religious resignation, which, for example, reigns among the Finnish people, is not seen at all here. The Californian seems to think that God has put him to live in these apparently fruitless regions in order to give him the opportunity to use his ingenuity And he obeys the suggestion, works tirelessly, sows, irrigates, and conducts business, is happy and satisfied, and cannot sufficiently praise our Lord, who has created such a paradise as California is Passivity and idleness he cannot understand at all Therefore he completely detests the Mexicans who owned this beautiful land for so many hundreds of years without being able to raise its value even to one fourth of that to which the American has brought it in a few years The Mexicans, in whom the memories of the war burn as do severed arrow heads in a wound, in their turn pay back the scorn with interest With their southern sluggishness and Spanish pride, they consider these americanos as work greedy misers

To the stranger the quiet struggle between two races which are externally united is one of California s most interesting peculiarities Sadly enough, there is another side to the matter, for the old Spanish influence, which has lasted for centuries, is vanishing It is one of history s many tragedies At present stubborn opposition is still keeping it alive Sometimes it happens that the children of Mexican parents obstinately refuse to speak any language other than Spanish in schools in which English was appointed the language of instruction when the country became a part of the United States When California becomes completely Anglo Saxon, it will at the same time lose its melancholy picturesqueness which a dying nation now gives it

Once more I saw the old Mission Valley from the San Diego mountains as the sun set. It was full of light, rosy haze. Veil-like, pink clouds of fog sailed here and there and through them appeared the gray olive trees and the large, shapeless clumps of palm trees. The most wonderful of all were the surrounding mountains whose slopes were dark blue in places, bluish-red or almost black in other places. At a distance on the horizon gleamed a narrow, milk-white strip of the sea.

On the following evening I arrived in Los Angeles, an old town which at present is completely modern. It is called a "garden city" and its surrounding vicinity is indeed nothing but orchards. These kinds of railroad trips along the shores of the Pacific Ocean also belong among California's peculiarities. There one can travel for a whole week, perhaps even longer, at times in the primitive forests, among the skyscraping cypresses and cedars, over small, rushing creeks, on the edge of chasms—and at other times one can travel whole days through regions where fig, apricot, orange, lemon, olive, and peach trees in endless rows flash past the windows of the car. There one does not see anything but fruit, and the air is full of sweet, warm, good odors. In these regions they also grow mangoes, large, yellow fruit with a soft, juicy pulp. A European, however, must become accustomed to their taste before he can like them An unusually great number of pumpkins and melons are grown. On the slopes of the Sierra Nevada they sometimes grow so high up in some places that it takes several hours of driving before the fields are reached. It is a fine sight to watch the harvesting of such a field. The big fruits roll down the slopes just like golden balls. Men stand below, with sacks ready, to receive them A proverb there goes as follows. "In California a man is not worth much; a pumpkin can strike him dead" At the annual California agricultural exhibition I saw a pumpkin weighing one hundred and thirty pounds. It was the size of a wagon wheel and reddish yellow in color. Many tomatoes are also grown, and they are eaten at almost every meal, for the Californian thinks that they help to keep his stomach in good condition. Tomatoes here are bright red and unusually juicy; frequently they weigh several pounds each.

The flower gardens in Los Angeles were excellent Red and white oleander plants from six to twelve feet tall, white rambler roses, which in some places covered even the roof of one story houses, gigantic aloes, whose sword like leaves radiated out in every direction, high as a house, and in their midst a strong smelling white cluster of flowers It was a wild prodigality of nature, as if she could not be generous enough after having nipped vegetation in the dry, sandy areas

Los Angeles is an inland town, but near it is Santa Monica, a little, quiet bathing resort famous for its beautiful situation, it has been named after Monica, mother of the church father, Augustine It has a large, blue, and sunshiny bay, at the foot of chocolate brown cliffs the gigantic waves roll calmly and sweetly, breaking into flakes of white foam Hosts of children sparkled like bright beads as they played on the beach or ran into the water to swim

Santa Cruz, which is a few hours trip north of Santa Monica, is famous for its shore grooved by the sea Here the ocean rushes so violently against the soft, reddish rock that it has carved into it a row of natural arches through which, at low tide, one can see the blue ocean and its white, foam-crested breakers The bathing place is on the other side of the town It is an open beach several miles long where the visitors ride on horseback, drive in small, light pony carts along the wet sand, look at the sea in the moon light, and retreat from the waves with fun and laughter Every where in America men and women swim together Nowhere on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, however, did I notice any objec tionable flirtations and equally little of any coquetry in the women s bathing suits Most wore dark blue flannel blouses, knee pants, and stockings, and on their heads they had small yellow caps made of oilcloth Unfeigned joy and natural behavior could be observed everywhere On the other hand, it is reported that Newport, near New York, a fashionable shore colony on the Atlantic Coast, is not entirely free of the tainted social atmosphere which, for example, prevails in modern French seaside resorts

The town of Santa Cruz is small but known for its wealth of fruit A certain hospitable lady took me into her garden and

there I could prove with my own eyes and mouth that the town is worthy of its reputation. I was allowed to pick from the trees the juciest and downiest peaches, velvety yellow apricots, and blackberries the size of a large thimble, which grew on bushes six feet high. My friendly hostess urged me to eat time and again with the favorite expression of Californians, "It is given to you from the heart." She was an energetic, weather-beaten woman who drove her own team of horses and raised her own family of children, four girls and two boys. On her collar she wore a golden brooch the size of a fist. On it was portrayed Rebecca at the well in the midst of several unusual figures. Later I found out that it was the insignia of the "Rebecca order," a free-masonry organization founded for women.

The most famous and fashionable bathing resort on the Pacific Coast is Monterey, which is called "the Newport of the West." There is in Monterey a grand hotel with hundreds of rooms, and there one can get dinners praised all over the United States. The garden of the hotel is trimmed in the French style and includes majestic palm trees. The élite of San Francisco's wealthy world move here in Parisian gowns, and life is fabulously expensive. When we arrived, we saw crowds everywhere on the red sand walks of the gardens and the parks Chinese in gaudy-colored attire sprinkled the lawns; waiters in frock coats hurried back and forth; ponies and saddle horses and donkeys were led into the yard or away from it

It seemed queer to see this modern, extravagant life a few stone's-throws away from the old mission house called El Carmelo, with its small, neglected churchyard and a quiet, black-robed priest praying before the altar in the chapel.

Not far from there we witnessed the Pacific Ocean in storm from Monterey's famous seventeen-miles long road along the coast. Below us the waves howled, looking in the dusk like raging white beasts, but our swift mustangs (Mexican horses) ran at a fast gallop along the mountain road which, winding up and down, frequently made the most unexpectedly abrupt turns. Seals and sea lions barked on the jutting rocks. Behind us rose a cedar-covered slope of the Sierra Nevada. Every tree had been twisted

so by the raging ocean winds, both in summer and in winter, that every mighty branch projected in the same direction, bent all the way down to the ground, as though the trees were trying to escape from the sea The shores had an abundance of fine, large abalone mollusks with their splendid shells, which are a beautiful blue or red within Chinese wearing dirty white shirts and sunshade hats stood everywhere along the road offering for sale to passers by corals, seaweed, and pearls They live by this kind of trade with tourists, and they dwell, both by summer and by winter, in tents which are incredibly dirty within, and around them the air is polluted with a rotten stench for a long distance "Johnny's' most important food is the abalone, which he pulls out of its shell and hangs out in the sunshine to dry Sometimes as much as two dollars is paid for the shells if they are well polished and beautiful

After staying for almost two weeks on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, I left it here, directing my course inland to the Santa Clara Valley, famous for its fruitfulness, and I did not see the ocean again until I returned to San Francisco

Chapter XV

China in America

DETECTIVE Bethell stood waiting precisely at the stroke of eight in order to escort us into the San Francisco Ghetto, the Chinese quarter of the city. He was considered the best guide in this Asiatic part of the American mosaic. He was an authoritative-looking gentleman with carefully shined boots; and a pair of intelligent eyes twinkled in his fat, reddish face It is not advisable for strangers to wander around in the Chinese district alone, *especially* at night, and of course it is at night that Chinatown is most worth seeing. The Chinese crawl out of their corners and, as night approaches, they become active just as do some vermin and insects.

The clock struck eight in the old Kearny Street town hall *The evening was dark and foggy; a sharp sea wind swept through* the streets. The detective was dressed like a respectable businessman; we ladies wore dark clothes.

"Ladies," said Bethell and tapped his nose with his thick forefinger, "ladies, you may follow me without any fear. No harm will come to you Whatever you may see—trust in me Under my protection you will have nothing to worry about"

Not one of us was in the least afraid and no one had even mentioned anything about fear, but our guide seemed to feel in a better mood after this gloomy introduction.

We had to walk for five minutes before we reached Sacramento Street, where China begins. Like a secret flood, the stream of Chinese has poured in on the otherwise alert Americans. Chinatown gained area *slowly, house by house, block by block; the* Orientals deprived the whites of one trade after another until the *city, amazed, suddenly found* some forty or fifty thousand Chinese in its lap. Petitions were sent to Congress and Congressional disputes resulted; East and West were of different opinions and they theorized and wrote long columns on the Chinese question. But

in the meanwhile John Chinaman, or Johnny, the usual nickname for the Chinese, continued coming to California in ever increasing numbers He washed, ironed, baked, slaughtered, became a skilled cook, servant, child s nurse, gardener, railroad worker, until he earned millions which were sent to China in small amounts He can sew by machine for sixteen hours, sleep without bedding on a table or on the floor, subsist on tea and dried fish heads, be almost without any clothes, experience difficulties without complaining and do any kind of work to which he is assigned, be it fine buttonhole stitching or laying rails on the railroad He can live in a dirty tent on a red hot sand dune in the midst of stinking heaps of rubbish and garbage Standing in the water for hours, he can get shellfish and live on them, after selling the shells Air, nourishment, clothes, sleep seem to be unimportant to him Is it strange, then, that the white workmen and especially the women workers are in despair competing with him?

First of all, we went to see the grocery stores on both sides of a dark, narrow street What was in them? Nothing but goods imported from China—no European or American foodstuffs Ducks boiled in oil and then dried and pressed flat, just like turtle shells, salted snails, crabs, salt, fish fried in oil, preserved vegetables, fruits, thin rice cookies, rice wine, dried mushrooms, duck intestines, pig livers, salt pork, and salted chicken legs The name of the firm was written over the door in Chinese The clerk was a grinning Chinese with long, thin braids twisted around his head, and he had both a drawing pencil and an abacus Johnny will not give up the foods which he has been accustomed to eat, but imports them from China He works for the whites and takes their money, but he will not trade with them and leave his money in this country America is not in the least dear to him, he does not care for it nor does he want it as his fatherland It is only a gold mine to him, nothing more

From the grocery stores we went to the barber shops in which customers' heads are shaved and ears are scraped clean for fifteen cents Cleaning ears is a part of the Chinese barber's function All of this is performed without soap, using tepid water and the narrow, sharp Chinese razors and other instruments

"Here," said our guide as we returned to the street again, "is a man worth hundreds of dollars."

We peered into a windowless, dark, damp hole the size of an ordinary cupboard. There sat a Chinaman, wrinkled and dry as an old turnip skin, in the midst of shoes and boots which hung in rows on the walls A lamp hung from the ceiling, and above it was a trapdoor. It was half open and we could see the dirty rags which at night, spread out on a ladder across the opening, served as the man's bedding

A theater was nearby. Bethell knocked commandingly on the box-office ticket window and shouted, "Charlie! Tickets for the ladies Right away!"

A hand came out of the ticket window and we got our tickets, red slips of paper with mystical, cabalistic symbols in the corners The detective winked at a white man in plain clothes and he departed We were led downstairs to the ground floor, where we again met the same man He had been sent to clear the way.

"Here live the actors and their . . . hm! . . wives," said Bethell.

A labyrinth of narrow stairs leading below the ground, narrow passageways, rooms the size of clothes closets. There were no windows to be seen, no air to be felt; instead, a puff of air filled with opium fumes forced itself into our lungs In every room there was a small shelf provided with the materials for smoking opium, and in a niche there was an idol, gold paper, and incense. A few rooms were closed, the inhabitants had already made themselves at home in them A narrow hole in the wall, approximately nine inches long by one inch wide, was the only ventilator they had. In one room sat a young woman with her child; in another were five young girls giggling and chattering while they rolled cigarettes with their graceful yellow fingers. Their dress was simple, but neat, the customary everyday apparel of Chinese women: a dark-blue blouse and lighter trousers. On the other hand, they had plenty of bracelets, rings, and necklaces. In a number of rooms could be seen opium smokers who had reached various degrees of narcotization, but silence prevailed everywhere. The reason for that was partially the presence of our friend the

detective and partially the fact that the evening was only beginning and most of the actors were still at their work

We ascended above ground again and went into the theater In the dirty lobby tickets were sold and tea was boiled, the actors painted and dressed themselves there and hangers on jammed the doorways A pock marked Chinese, the director of the theater, welcomed us with great politeness and showed us the store of costumes and arms worth ten thousand dollars There were several hundred spectators All sat quietly in a long, smoky hall, the men down in the parterre, the women up in the galleries On the stage, which lacked not only the wings but other stage decorations, at the moment of our entry performed a trio, two women and one man The women—two young men dressed up like women—were strutting with downcast eyes and wriggling their bodies like snakes, presumably feminine modesty and grace were thus portrayed by them As costumes they had handsomely embroidered blue and green silk blouses and wide, rainbow colored silk pants In their smooth-combed hair, the back arrangement of which I thought looked most like a beaver s tail, shone pearls and jewels Behind each ear was a bunch of red or blue flowers

Their lord and master had on his head a hat resembling Hermes winged helmet and flashing with gems On his brightly figured silk kimona, which looked like a dressing gown, were sewn hundreds of small, round sequins All three were excellently painted, even though not quite in the European fashion, for the eyelids and nostrils were painted a brilliant red An orchestra sat behind the singers, sometimes accompanying their songs, sometimes their monologues That singing and music defies description It had a tempo and also a melody, but no harmony, no color, no resonance The musical instruments were a kind of violin, the bottom of which was draped with rattlesnake skin, and drums and flutes of many different types The singers main power seemed to be the use of guttural sounds (falsetto) and shrill nasal sounds But the phrasing was good and the bass voiced speeches accompanied by music were sometimes even superb

The director of the theater stood behind the actors the whole

time. Beside him was a tray with cups and a large teapot from which the musicians and singers frequently received refreshment. After a little while the actors went out and the director immediately began a change of stage, or more accurately he put up something resembling wing decorations Three chairs were arranged in a row, a drape was put over them, and the whole thing was supposed to be a bed A slab of wood was set up on a table to represent a lamp. The actors, who had refreshed themselves with tea in the lobby during the intermission, entered again and a new scene began

These Chinese plays are given every evening from eight o'clock to ten o'clock, and the same play is usually performed for a year or even longer

We left the theater and went through an underground passageway to a large sewing workshop, where an old Chinaman had several hundred young Chinese men working on linens. From there we went to the shops of goldsmiths and china merchants, where gold, silver, bronze, amber, and sandalwood products and expensive china tempted us to try to bargain We bought a few small things, and the courteous merchants served us tea It had a bitter, sweet fragrance and we drank it without cream and sugar from small cups hardly larger than children's toys.

Across the street was a fine restaurant We walked through its spacious kitchen and serving rooms, where they prepared salads, chickens, rice, pork pies, and rice wine. In the dining room fine china dishes and thimble-sized wine glasses gleamed on the tables; in the place of knives and forks were chopsticks. On the walls of every room hung expensive tapestries embroidered in gold and silver; gilded screens decorated with beautiful carvings separated the opium shelves from the rooms The furnishings of the building had cost sixty thousand dollars.

It was now eleven o'clock. We left the more respectable part of Chinatown and entered narrow, bad-smelling, dark alleys.

"Come in here for a moment," said our guide briefly, pushing open a small black door and stepping in.

It was a pawnshop In the entryway lay opium-smoking Chinese outstretched. Inside the shop there were objects of every

concervable kind guarded by their owner, an innocent looking man with black stumps of teeth Bethell moved about the shop and inspected things just as though he [illegible]
fingered [illegible]
[illegible] corner

Look at this! he exclaimed, seizing from a shelf filled with them an object which looked like an unwieldy wooden sword It was a sheath for two sharp and wide knives or short swords, which were so heavy that we could barely lift them

Give me that other plaything, said the detective to the man, who laughed, a little embarrassed, and offered us slowly a closed fan neatly turned in dark bronze metal In vain did we try to open it Bethell pressed a certain place on the handle, which opened and snapped forth a narrow, sharp knife blade a foot long

The detective held out the swords and the knife toward the Chinaman and shook his head

See how an innocent wooden sword such as this can be easily carried in the folds of a large blouse and this kind of pretty fan can be carried lightly in the hand Of course, we are unarmed, but if on a dark night we should happen to meet someone at a street corner, the necessary weapons are available Oh, John Chinaman! Don t think that I don t know your tricks You look innocent but the devil skulks at your heels

We crossed the street to a large, darkly gaping house

Here are the largest opium halls, said Bethell 'The boys have not all congregated yet, so that you will not be able to see the worst life Follow me!'

In a room about eight to ten square feet in size lay a young Chinese on a low shelf, lighting his bamboo pipe He nodded calmly at the detective, put a pin dipped in thick, black fluid into a flame to soften, and let it drip into the bowl of his pipe, which had been turned out of a fungoid growth on the bamboo cane Then he puffed a few times, closed his eyes and rested his head on a pillow Three or four smokers in various stages of narcotization lay in the room, on the walls of which were wide shelves and bunks. In several rooms of the same size there were eighteen

persons at one time. Again it seemed to us that the air had disappeared from around us, and only opium fumes remained. The whole ground floor of this house was in possession of opium smokers; they were visible in great numbers through the half-open doors. Right next door was an opium shop from which the victims of that passion bought themselves enough of the black, sticky mass for one time at a price of five to ten cents.

"Here," said Bethell as we walked down a winding, dark, crowded alley, "here is Murderers' Alley Here a policeman has more work than in all the rest of the city Ten weeks ago three Chinese were murdered here in one night This is the favorite haunt of the Highbinders. The Highbinders, what are they? They are a kind of brotherhood of thieves and murderers. Look about you now, ladies. Do you see how each one of them keeps an eye on me—everyone who walks along this street? They know me, that is sure But note also how innocent they look We can be sure of it that every man whom we meet here has a crime on his conscience But do they look it? No, Johnny is innocent-looking up to his last moment"

The comment was exactly right and perhaps not exaggerated From those impassively calm, grinning faces shone only peaceful satisfaction with life, nothing else In the midst of the criminals walked a small Chinese servant-girl, a six-year-old child, carrying on her back an infant tied to her with straps With both hands she carefully carried a covered bowl and dragged her small, heavy feet along tiredly Tears sprang to our eyes as we watched the poor, wretched child. We offered to accompany her home, but she only shook her head and did not understand our questions. After we parted from her, we saw the girl enter a cellar way, the infant on her back whining and groping about for a rubber bottle hanging around her neck.

We had now arrived at the Highbinders' Club.

"Oho, the boys have not bolted their door," exclaimed Bethell in surprise. "They probably do not have anything special in view at present. Here, ladies, here are planned the most terrible deeds of the Chinese quarter. They have their Joss house (temple) upstairs, but it does not impede them. They go in there to burn

incense before the image of Confucius just before they go to their work

In the large, dimly lit hall there were a dozen Chinese in a group Some of them smoked opium, some conversed in low tones All of them appeared neat and peaceful

Well Joe said Bethell, slapping a young boy on the shoulder how are you? It hasn t been a long time since we last met each other How long have you been out?"

A week, sir, replied the youth, grinning

We walked up a steep flight of stairs to the temple located in a long narrow room divided into two by the altar At the rear could be seen the statue of Confucius molded out of black bronze, and around him stood other gods with club feet, horned heads, tails claws and dragons heads Incense in fine waxed thread burned on the altar, on which stood expensive vessels of gold and silver From the ceiling hung colored lanterns, shedding a mysterious light in the room Behind Confucius' altar lay a few Chinese smoking opium

After reaching the street, we went from Murderers Alley to another alley where virtue is murdered with the tacit consent of the police On both sides of a dirty street only a few feet wide were houses close to each other, gable end to the street Every house had a large grated window behind which sat a painted and gaudily dressed woman The street was crowded with men, even with white men who thronged outside the windows In one house a young girl dressed in a gaily embroidered, light blue silk jacket and wide, light green silk pants showed us around, her hair shone with grease and pearls Smiling light heartedly, she took us to several crowded but very neat rooms, one was furnished in European style Not even our presence hindered her from exchanging jests with those standing outside When the detective good naturedly, but without noticing his lack of logic, reproachingly said to her that she should begin a new life and marry, she showed all her white teeth as she grinned cheerfully

Ah Lo no marry No one want Ah Lo

Her carefree laughter was heart piercing—she practiced a legitimate profession

Only the greatest Chinese merchants are married and bring their wives with them. The rest of the city's forty thousand Chinese buy and sell women just like any other merchandise. Christian America views this annual importation of thousands of children from China[1] with the same calmness that general opinion in Europe tolerates two standards of morality and legalized vice. Detective Bethell answered me with exactly the same words with which the defenders of the aforementioned system in Europe turn aside accusations: "If we did not tolerate this, our women could not walk in peace on the streets "

The time was approaching midnight. Life in this kingdom of darkness began to become ever livelier, but we had already seen enough of this cancerous sore in American progress

The following day I visited a school for girls belonging to one of the Chinese missions. It seemed to give the old Chinese Adam only superficial unction. The girls were not trained for any definite trades but only "for the home," as they said. It meant that they got very little knowledge, they were chiefly taught sewing (crocheting and plain work) and they also learned hymns and Biblical quotations by heart. As soon as they reached the age of sixteen, or at most eighteen, they were married off to the first Chinese who gave notice that he desired a wife

"Our girls have a ready market," explained a woman teacher at the institution contentedly.

"But you said that the girls usually let themselves be baptized when they are full-grown. How can they then wish to marry men who worship idols and buy and sell wives whenever they want to?"

"Well, they do have some very difficult problems and many of them have run away and returned here when the husbands have sold them," replied the teacher tranquilly, "but of course they must marry. They believe that only then do they get a soul and become blessed. And, in addition, marriage is woman's destiny. Our poor girls have no other way out. Who would want a Chinese girl as a servant? She is entirely helpless One would not dare

[1] Mostly girls between the ages of six and twelve are brought to this country to be sold.

let her out the door, for the first Chinese meeting her—and white men also, alas—could take her home and keep her there as long as he wanted to without his having to answer for it. Here, at this institution, it has happened that eight- to nine year old girls have been stolen away in the middle of the day when they have been sent to sweep the stairs And we cannot hope for anything better since there are forty thousand Chinese men in the city If the police did not wink at such matters, the poor white women of the city could not walk on the streets unmolested even during the day"

Those words of the detective and the headmistress of the mission school seemed therefore to be the leading principle of our "Christian" society Everywhere the poor, coarse, ignorant woman is sacrificed to protect her sisters who are better off in life Perhaps the consequences of this point of view are nowhere to be seen in such heartbreaking form as in the Chinese quarter in San Francisco

Chapter XVI

The Poet of the Sierra Nevada

"YOU must not leave California without having seen Joaquin Miller," said the reporter of the *San Francisco Chronicle* as he bowed himself out of my room "Bret Harte is in London so that you will miss him, but the poet of the Sierra Nevada, 'the bard of rocks, creeks, chasms,' Joaquin Miller, is at home"

A few days later, through the efforts of friends, I met the peculiar writer, who is probably almost unknown in Europe, even though the majority of his works have been published in England. He was born in Kentucky,[1] which is referred to in America a little jokingly just as we in Finland refer to Sysma, but at the age of fifteen he came to California, at the very time when the gold seekers, Mexicans, and Indians were quarreling over it. At first he studied law and was a judge in Oregon for a short time, but was not happy in this position The diversified, venturesome life around him seems to have tempted him too winsomely for his poetic nature He gave up his law practice, became a gold digger, and fought in the war between the United States and Mexico side by side with Indians and white men who were not on a much higher cultural level than the savages. He was wounded repeatedly, and lived, to say the least, a checkered life in the mountains with hunters and Indians, then traveled to Europe, where he stayed for nine years in England, Italy, Germany, Norway, and Russia, and finally ended up in the Holy Land, where he lived for a long time in Nazareth, Jerusalem, and several other towns. The whole while he had used his pen diligently and had presented literature with some sixteen works, both poetry and prose, in which he painted in words the beautiful, enchanting nature of his native land. But he has never become very popular among his countrymen, for he is too impetuous, too passionate, too fantastic in his poetry. In addition to that, the private life of the

[1] Joaquin Miller was born in Liberty, Indiana *Editor.*

poet, who hated formality, was almost eccentric Sometimes he was married, sometimes he was single Sometimes he was accompanied by an amazingly beautiful little half breed girl whom he introduced as his daughter, sometimes he lived entirely alone and no one even knew for sure where he lived

But time slipped by and Joaquin Miller's maturity began to approach the bounds of old age One of his daughters married against his will and almost broke her father s heart The author then fled to his beloved mountains, bought himself a farm there, planted fruit trees, looked out over the sea, and wrote poetry in the starlight

I had been advised to write to him for permission to visit him In reply I received one day, after returning home from the country, the following lines written on the back of an ordinary calling card in an untamed, ponderous, almost illegible handwriting, with nearly every other word underlined 'I called on you in order to take you up to *my small home* in the mountains I am *very* sorry not to have met you If you have *nothing better* on your program, come *tomorrow* to __________, I ll meet you there

We met each other on the appointed day in Oakland, a little town near San Francisco, at the home of two admirable sisters who had a boarding school for girls there The whole house was full of bright sunshine and the cheerful buzzing of young voices, and from the class rooms came a persistent mumbling

Joaquin Miller, who sat in the drawing room, presented a sharp contrast to this everyday domesticity He was shriveled up, gaunt, ugly, carelessly dressed, nonchalant, indifferent He stood up, peering at me with his queer blue eyes, his look was fiery but at the same time hazy He squeezed my hand slowly, then turned away half embarrassed, half preoccupied, and sat down in his chair with his hands pressed between his knees Only his eyes saved him from being absolutely disagreeable His face resembled that of [John] Stuart Mill, who, although he was a great thinker, did not distinguish himself with his physical beauty His complexion was ruddy, his forehead was bald, and down the back of his neck hung a tuft of coarse blond hair But the eyes had absorbed all that would suggest a poetic nature with its

eternally raging passions, surges of restlessness, longing, and melancholy. Those eyes would have been almost beautiful in some other face. Now they were merely interesting.

After letting the conversation take care of itself as best it could, he suddenly looked at me and asked seriously, "Do you feel well?" Having asked this strange question, he began to talk incoherently but uniquely. His movements were awkward and embarrassed, just like those of an old bachelor who is not accustomed to women or to people in general. He seldom looked up at those with whom he conversed, but his thoughts seemed to thaw gradually and then to flow out in queer, short, apt sentences.

"I live high up in the Sierra Nevada," he said. "So high that I can hear how the stars scrape the earth as it turns around on its axis. Plato said that we lovers of solitude are either gods or wild animals. I am an animal. I am a wild—animal," he repeated slowly, staring at his hands and wringing them nervously. "There I have nothing but the sea, the moon, stars, mountains . . . and my five thousand fruit trees."

His homely face suddenly brightened up.

"My five thousand fruit trees! Can you guess how much work they require? And I am at work myself from morning till evening every day. Look at my hands Do you not see that they are covered with signs of hard work, hard calluses, scars, marks?"

Caressingly he stroked his large but well-formed hand, which was very hairy, as are the hands of all Americans.

"I have all kinds of fruit trees I even have olive trees. Do you know that since the time of the deluge the olive tree has had the dove's gray, silvery down on the underside of its leaves? Do you like the olive tree? It is a sacred tree I have planted them myself. . . . You come from the North? You do not have olive trees. . . .

"Do you know that God has blue eyes? I have discovered that. The northern races are the most powerful in the world. They can withstand snow, cold, and darkness. All of them have blue eyes. God is an incarnation of strength and goodness. God must have blue eyes."

He looked triumphant, then raised his forefinger to his left temple and sighed deeply

I received this scar in the Mexican War Do you know that we here in California walk over the bodies of dying nations? Travel in California and in Mexico and you ll find dying people at every step—Indians and Mexicans

Indians and Mexicans,' he repeated Then he bent forward and said in a half whisper, in a mysterious voice, Did you know that they are dying nations?

I love California, he continued monotonously, ' but it builds its civilization on a dying wilderness I love it I love our mountains and our grapes and our sea Do you love the sea? Seasick? Do you get seasick? I ll give you a remedy which is infallible It is an amulet a small picture of Saint Anne, and it safeguards against seasickness I shall give it to you and then you will return to your native land as though borne on the wings of angels

His talk was a rare mixture of fantastic dreams, eccentricity, shyness and self-consciousness such as one seldom hears

The noon bell interrupted our conversation, and girls streamed in Miller immediately stopped talking and like a snail drew himself back into his shell of silence, but after a little consideration he became his former self again The rosy cheeks of the young girls seemed to inspire him To a light-complexioned, golden haired girl he said very seriously, Miss E, you will have to comb the sunshine out of your hair You have too much sunshine in your hair

During the whole dinner hour he made his bizarre remarks without stopping Remaining inexorably serious, he did not smile even once although the others at the table burst into one peal of laughter after another His eyes did not seem to know anything about the humor expressed by his lips The whole while he remained melancholy, shy, and dreamy

After lunch he suggested that we go for a drive

' I ll take you to visit a friend of mine, he said, ' a friend of mine who lives in a paradise He has a sweet young wife, and you will get some of the most delicious pears to eat '

The horse was lean, he, too, was a raw boned, wild animal of

enormous proportions. We drove through avenues of bright-leaved "pepper trees" and of bluish-green eucalyptus trees. Here and there between the trees one could get a glimpse of the sea and the reddish rock peaks of the Sierra Nevada

Miller was in his element. He has embraced and clung to the peculiar beauty of California with all of his poetic nature and now he praised it in eloquent, glowing words Nothing seemed to annoy him more than the Californians' greed for money.

"Of course, they are very good people, but of a low sort, very low. They think only of dollars and cents" He pulled on the reins and stopped his horse. His face radiant with joy, he pointed out a little light spot dimly visible on the highest peak of a hazy range of mountains and said, "There is my home. It is small and insignificant, but I shall one day make it great through my work."

He began a long, fanciful eulogy of nature, without waiting for any answers. "Nothing can live that does not suck its nourishment directly from Nature. California, America, will yet once bitterly regret its greed for money which has enticed it to spurn Nature and to treat it as though it were a servant Many American poets have succumbed to that fault, and Bret Harte is the latest to follow in their footsteps. *Gabriel Conroy* is powerful, but Bret's most recent works indicate that he should again come closer to mother earth. And America is not the only victim of this temptation. In Europe also it ruins poets If Tennyson had rested closer to Nature's clean, motherly lap, his wife would not now be called *Lady* Tennyson."

The horse stopped before a small house whose green shutters were tightly closed, as are those of all California houses during the hot time of the year. Around the house grew date palms and luxuriant fruit trees, whose branches drooped with the August harvest. A Japanese servant conducted us to the lady of the house, a small, black-haired beauty, who served us tea and the luscious pears promised by Miller.

Miller was silent, but he followed the young hostess with wooing glances. His weakness for beautiful faces is well known

everywhere in America, and also how much misery it has caused him and others

But now he sat contentedly in his armchair, sipped his tea, and enjoyed himself Once he said, Are you truly happy, Daisy?

Truly happy, she assured him laughingly

Miller sighed in jest and said, She is happy She has a man, the right man, for a husband

Once he pointed to a small white flower in his buttonhole and said, Do you know why I wear this? Because it grows along the roads We have both been in the dust —nodding his head— in the dust

Our visit ended quite suddenly, for Billy [the horse] showed signs of excessive impatience On the trip back Miller again began his monologue and continued his thinking aloud in the most free and easy and yet shy way

I don t read very much Books teach us less than life does At present I have almost no books Only the Bible I learn most from people Look around you People are good There is not a single one who is not good or who does not try to be good When I was in the Holy Land do you know that I have been in Nazareth? Yes, I have And now I am writing a history of our Saviour based on the oral traditions which I collected there

Thus he continued his talk, going from one subject to another, until we arrived at the railroad station A man dispatched from a certain hardware store brought Miller a bundle of bills, and although he had just referred to dollars and cents scornfully, Miller now seemed to be severely troubled because of them We parted from each other in the greatest haste, and even before the train had started to move, I caught a last glimpse of him already disappearing behind the counter in a hardware store In saying good bye he had suddenly become serious and said, Is it very cold over there in your country? Of course it is How strange!

Even the slightest acquaintance with Joaquin Miller reveals his eccentric, unique temperament and talent It is not strange that three wives have considered living with him impossible He left his second wife, a talented and generally respected woman, explaining that he could not write with his wife and children

around him. When his oldest daughter reached her maturity, the father ordered her either to enter a convent or to go on the stage, for he could not support her

One could fill pages with these stories about him, true and untrue, which are in circulation. Without a doubt his private life has had a disturbing influence on public opinion of his works. Nevertheless, Miller's works do have a great esthetic value He has understood the nature of California and the West better than many others. He has penetrated the heart of those majestic mountains on the slopes of which grow luscious grapes and on the pointed peaks of which glistens winter snow His language is colorful, rich, bold, and poetically gentle. Perhaps the loveliest is his collection of poems entitled *Songs of the Sierras,* which he himself sadly calls "my May in June" They were published when the poet had already left his youth behind him. He describes in poetry what Bret Harte paints in prose, and these authors have much in common, even though one cannot say that either imitates the other. Both of them obstinately consider woman a mysterious, unexplainable "bundle of instincts." Sometimes, on their knees, they portray her as the object of devout adoration, and sometimes they describe her with scornful bitterness.

America awaits its great poet In the meanwhile, it amuses itself with producing forerunners in keeping with its own strong character, and of its own particular kind

Chapter XVII

Among the Finns in San Francisco

FINLAND is so unknown everywhere in the large world that generally one has to use all his ingenuity if he wishes to find out anything about his fellow countrymen in a foreign land

Although I knew that there were Finns in San Francisco, I could not find any trace of them, even after diligently consulting city directories In Frisco—the shortened American name for the city—there is a population of over 250,000 people made up of almost all the world s nationalities It is a seaport and its harbor constantly swarms with groups of seamen, it is one of the main stops on those ever more popular routes Australia New York and China New York This place is crowded with all kinds of people and one cannot easily lay his hands on our Matti [our Matthew, i e, a Finn] among them Finally I was directed to the Mariner s Church, a small sailors chapel far away near the ferry place where the Finns were reported to hold their divine services At eight o clock on a Thursday evening I went there The church, a small shabby looking building, was at the end of Sacramento Street, in the midst of sailors stores pawnshops, small saloons, and restaurants It was already pitch dark outside and I groped my way inside into the poorly lit entrance hall The chapel itself was being repaired and the services were being held in the so-called assembly room I stepped into it In a large, bare, and poorly illuminated hall were assembled about thirty men, mostly young and middle-aged and not a single woman Long benches stood in rows, one behind the other, in the center was an open space with a table Behind the table stood the minister, evidently a man of humble birth

When I stepped in, a little stir passed through the congregation and one of the men, who seemed to act as sexton and sacristan, showed me to my place, asked me hesitatingly in Finnish if I were a Finn, and gave me a hymn book After the minister

had welcomed me most heartily and blessed me, the divine service began. We sang a few of Sankey's songs and then followed the sermon. It resembled the sermons of the Finnish *hihhulit*[1] but had received additions from American Methodism and perhaps also from the Salvation Army. With the customary formal eloquence, his hands clasped together and with tears in his eyes, the preacher exhorted his listeners to rejoice in the Lord and to throw off the whole burden of sin. They were saved and washed clean of sin; they were elected as the heirs of heavenly bliss Let the children of the world mourn, but the children of God must be joyous. He constantly urged his listeners to turn to the Lord immediately, and also to rise and to testify before Him when He commanded it. Betweentimes he fulminated fire and brimstone damnations against other sects and churches, among them being mentioned even the Mormons. Very little attention was given to the real meaning of conversion and to the fact that belief must make the works fruitful.

During the sermon, which lasted one and a half hours, the congregation accompanied the preacher's words with sighs and exclamations.

"Verily!" "Oh, God our Lord!" "Verily, verily, amen!" "Come, Lord Christ!"

More people had arrived during the sermon, among them a few women, most of whom were tawdrily dressed The men generally had honest, melancholy faces; they appeared to be laborers and were dressed in dark, neat clothes.

Right after the sermon the minister sat down and urged the congregation to arise one by one and to testify before God if He bid them to do so. The man who had performed the duties of sexton and sacristan immediately stood up and explained, as he sighed many times, that he was Jesus' own and that he was very glad, "really heartily glad" He also thanked many friends whose names he mentioned and who had been of help to him in his former spiritual needs. Among them was also "Brother T.," the minister. One after the other of those present followed his ex-

[1] A fanatical religious sect in Finland somewhat resembling the sect in America known as the "Holy Rollers" *Editor*

ample and testified, many actually expanded upon their great joy in the Lord (I am so happy, so happy from the bottom of my soul —this expression is a direct translation from the American Methodists, who use it all the time)

One woman, also, bore witness, in an extraordinarily fluent way, of her great joy in and gratitude for having been saved She was a young girl, especially thoughtful and pleasant looking, she was neatly dressed, with a black straw hat on and a cloak. Some witnesses did not stand up but prayed aloud, others suggested one new song after another which were sung During every testimony sympathetic cries of the others accompanied the speaker Verily! So, so! Amen in the name of Jesus! Help us, O Lord!

Several times the minister interrupted the speakers, raising his forefinger in warning The speaker then sat down immediately, humbly saying, Excuse me, or Excuse me in the name of God In my opinion, this happened whenever the witnesses talked against the doctrines of the sect in some way or went into personalities References to personalities could be noted, however, throughout the divine service The persons mentioned who were present were prayed for aloud In his sermon the minister mentioned by name many saloon keepers, saloons, and other wicked places concerning which he warned his congregation In addition, he dropped hints about the circumstances of individual parishioners which an outsider could not, of course, understand His manner of speaking did not differ from that of the others in any way on the contrary, all of them had assumed for themselves the same mode of expression and the same exclamations, just as they all talked with the same glib eloquence, which seemed mostly to be only an empty flow of words without any kind of thought Sincere religious devotion seemed to dominate all of them, but it was obviously blended with turgid religious jargon

When the divine service ended, it was after ten o clock All gathered around me in a friendly way, shook my hand and said that they were sorry they had not met me earlier I was given flowers, and questions poured forth, noticeably enough, not about

Finland, but only about how America pleased me. Then we ate strawberries and milk in a neighboring restaurant.

All the women had left except the young girl who had testified in church. She said that she had been in San Francisco for many years; she was actually from southern East Bothnia; she had come here to her sister and brother-in-law and now was going to marry a Finnish sailor. She had acquired a great deal of the American woman's independent and polished manner. On the other hand, the men, with the exception of one who said that he was a reporter for a Finnish-American newspaper, were typical Finnish workingmen. If one had not looked at their clothes, one would have believed that they had just come from Finland. Most of them did not speak a word of English or they spoke it very brokenly with genuine Finnish inflexibility in the pronunciation of the sounds *f* and *d*. One could note in all of them the same sincere, sometimes surly, quietness which is peculiar to us Finns

The minister had all the earmarks of a religious fanatic. This was even more noticeable in conversation than in his sermon itself. One could note in him spiritual arrogance and passion against those who thought differently from him, and this, together with his unusually great lack of culture, had a repulsive effect. He was from eastern Finland, had come to America many years ago, and after his conversion had waded through some kind of course in a Scandinavian theological college. His whole behavior, however, indicated a very low degree of culture.

When the talk turned to Finland and conditions there, I was surprised by the unkind and indifferent attitude which prevailed among these countrymen of mine toward their native land. In particular, the minister expressed his critical opinions on conditions in Finland openly and with almost passionate dissatisfaction, and he mixed truths and untruths in a way which is, perhaps, characteristic of persons of his temperament.

"The gentry oppose emigration, for they fear that they themselves may some fine day be compelled to start working if the workingmen leave. For that reason they have begun to circulate through the press that he who leaves the country commits a crime against his fatherland. Fatherland? What is our fatherland? We

are Finnish Americans and America is our fatherland, not on the basis of birth but on the basis of sympathy It has received us and it helps us There at home one remains in the condition in which one is born, there are gentlemen and inferior people in Finland And inferior people remain inferior people all through their lives Here all are equal and anyone at all may become a bishop or president If a man has any ability at all, he can soon raise himself to a better position But Finland, what do we have to do with Finland any longer? It would be best if all departed from the land so that no one would any longer have to slave in the fields there, unless the gentry want to begin doing so Why should we inhabit in vain a land where nothing grows? They should come here where a man may become rich in a few years without having to do even a tenth of the work which he does at home No, we are well off here, here we ll stay But even though we feel friendly toward old Finland, we are Americans who have come from Finland Here we want to produce our own civilization have our own church and our own schools But Finland does not help us We should get our own branch of the Society for the Advancement of Public Instruction, articles, and books—but—we do not get them Finland scorns us and has forgot us The gentry try to persuade the people that we are traitors Therefore we want to get along on our own and we will with the aid of God We do not need your state church, which persecutes those who believe differently, and we do not need your ministers,[2] who are proud, but we will establish our own free church here in the New World Nor do we long for the gentry, for here we are all equal, etc

He flavored his words abundantly with benedictions, religious exclamations, and Biblical phrases, and the reporter often repeated his words, especially in reference to American equality,' of which they had a naïve conception Both seemed to forget that here more than anywhere else a man's own ability, energy, and capacity for work determine whether he can survive the struggle for bread, which has started even in America in spite of the coun

[2] Here he mentioned many ministers and their doctrines and described their mode of living very bitterly

try's great resources The others, for the most part, sat silent or expressed their thoughts more cautiously Their remarks also betrayed either indifference or dissatisfaction as soon as the talk turned to Finland.

After finishing our discussion with unanimous wishes for the progress of both "old Finland" and the Finnish-Americans, we parted, shaking each other's hands heartily

Although the above-mentioned outbursts of feeling are rare among our emigrants—at least they never appeared in such radical form—they do tell us here in Finland "to be careful " The problem of people without landed property bears the closest relationship to the emigration problem. We cannot be reminded of it too often Before the problem of the landless people has been satisfactorily solved, it is useless to ponder over the reasons for the emigration mania. Emigration is a sign that our nation has begun to awaken, that it is striving for economic independence, and that it no longer will yield passively to poverty, which we can get away from, or at least relieve. It should, therefore, be a challenge to us to examine our conditions and see if they cannot be improved. If the emigration question helps to awaken us in that respect, the knowledge which it gives us has not yet cost us too much if only the awakening occurs soon Otherwise lands in which greater freedom prevails and which have a more fertile soil will gradually rob us of our country's marrow, our workingmen.

The Finns in San Francisco live entirely apart from other Finnish settlers, and they have very little contact with the motherland. Their numbers vary according to the time of year, for a large part of them are seamen At the time of my visit (August, 1888), it was estimated that there were nearly a thousand of them, but in wintertime there are sometimes twice as many as that. The permanent residents are, for the most part, workers at the docks, artisans in all kinds of trades, keepers of small saloons, and innkeepers In addition, there are always sailors in the city, sometimes more, sometimes less, men who sail on the Pacific Ocean and seldom or never visit their native land. Recently the Finnish immigrants have pushed in ever-increasing numbers into other parts of California. At the time when I was in San Fran-

cisco there were approximately one thousand Finnish settlers in Mendocino County

On the whole, the Americans had formed a favorable opinion of the Finns in San Francisco I heard that from several sources But they were considered very uncultured and suited only for some of the rougher kinds of work and trades They do not have enough ability and the desire to rise higher The complaint was also generally made that they make their own success more diffi cult by not learning the language of the country—that complaint, by the way, applies to all Finnish Americans Among others who expressed these opinions were the American minister and the missionary of the Mariner s Church They deplored the Finns, and especially the minister s, inability to speak English, which is an unsurmountable wall between our people and their American brethren They commended the minister s earnestness and religious zeal by means of which, they said, he consistently effects conversions in his congregation,' which nevertheless was not large But they appeared to doubt his experience and ability to gather around him and keep together the many different elements of which the San Francisco and California Finnish immigrant settlements are composed They seemed to consider it both desir able and necessary that some steps should soon be taken for the improvement of the spiritual charge there, especially for the sake of the many seamen who visit San Francisco

We meet them all the time, they said and they are the only ones with whom we cannot talk, for we have a special Scan dinavian assistant for Swedes Norwegians and Danes We cannot extend a helping hand to those poor Russian Finns Give our regards to your countrymen and tell them that they must send someone here to help us

There are also quite a few Finns in Astoria, Oregon When I first arrived in New York, I received a letter from a Dr Kinney in Astoria, in which he asked to be informed where he might get temperance literature in Finnish According to this letter there are about a thousand Finns in Astoria He mentioned them in terms of praise as a religious and industrious people with their own temperance paper (it probably has stopped appearing by

now), but who otherwise are in great need of education. They do not know the language of the country and therefore cannot use to advantage the educational means which are available to them Also, they did not have a minister Since then they are reported to have organized themselves as a regular congregation.

In general, there is very little unity among the Finns living on the Pacific Coast They get very little news about their native land and have little love for it. On every side they are surrounded by different religious creeds which have a confusing effect on them since they do not have enough ability in the language in which they hear sermons, and no information concerning religious questions in general, in order to form their own definite opinion of them. They see freedom around them—freedom in religious, political, and social questions—but they have not been brought up for such freedom here at home Therefore it generally remains for them only unintelligible talk, and often they understand of freedom only its caricature, license

Chapter XVIII

Yosemite

Here, said our driver, is Inspiration Point, and now we can see Yosemite Valley Ladies and gentlemen, we are in the heart of the Sierra Nevada, four thousand feet above sea level The mountains around us average about four thousand feet They are called God s masterpiece, this is the most beautiful place in the world. The Alps are child s play compared to Yosemite

The tired horses stopped at the sound of his drawling, monotonous guide s voice, which repeated the same exaggeration three hundred and sixty five times a year He pushed his broad, ornamented Mexican hat back on his neck, wiped the sweat from his brow, and continued, On the right is El Capitan, seven thousand feet high Look at that pine over there in that mountain crevice It is one hundred and twenty feet high and looks like a small shrub Well, now, say, isn t California a land of wonders?

He looked as proud as if he had just created the land himself Each one of us tried to see as much as we could and no one answered him Yosemite Valley, the object of every Californian s pride, opened before us, shining in the sunlight, answering our look with a smile of victory For a day and a half we had sat in the stagecoach crowded together like well packed sardines Our bones had been beaten to pieces by relentless mountain roads, our faces were painted with fine dust, and our cheeks and eyes burned as though they were on fire We were ready to welcome any chance of quick escape from our imprisonment, but we were not prepared for this bit of earthly paradise, which surpassed all of our expectations Charming reality made amends for our sufferings

Above us arched the bright blue sky of California, which in July does not even dream of clouds or mists Below us smiled the valley with its cypress and gum trees, whose bluish green

color was in dignified contrast to the severe dark green of the gigantic spruces and their knotty, reddish-brown trunks. The Merced River crept down the mountain slopes, sparkling, gurgling and babbling, as sunbeams danced on its joyous waves. The sun shone hotly above our heads, for it was just noon, but at the same time it created charmingly soft bluish-gray shadows around the mountain tops. On the right, the Bridal Veil waterfall wove a light lace of mists and foam over the granite rocks On the left, one thousand five hundred feet above the floor of the valley rushed Yosemite Falls.

"This must be the most beautiful place in the whole world," exclaimed one of our traveling companions with a sigh of ecstasy; she was an innocent little school teacher from Kansas, who until now had never seen anything but the corn fields of that state

The driver smiled contentedly, the horses got a word of encouragement, and the beautiful vision vanished from our sight at the next bend. But it appeared again On the way to a hotel situated at the other end of the valley, there is a series of views, each one more beautiful than the other. One believes himself to come so near the colossal mountains that their proximity begins to oppress one, but the clear air deceives one and the distance is three times as great as one believes it to be The valley is about ten English miles in length and soon we experienced that it took many, many tired steps before we reached those mountains which we thought we could touch with our outstretched hands.

And two hours after our arrival our whole group scattered like chaff before the wind in order to go rambling Next to the beach resorts on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, Yosemite is the most popular goal of tourists in California Even now the hotels were overcrowded and everywhere could be seen wandering groups, either on horseback or on foot. All were suntanned, gay, and covered with real California dust, which cannot be described in words; it can only be felt in the nose, on the tongue, and on the body.

We tried to get ourselves as clean as we could in view of our eagerness to go out, and then we started off—three amazons with knockabout hats on and staffs in hand. In the valley rested a

soft, bluish mist, but the highest mountain peaks glistened gleaming white in the hot afternoon sunshine We directed our course along the eastern slope of a mountain called Half Dome to the Vernal and Nevada Falls Yosemite is an Indian word and means "the grizzly bear" This remote valley with its wild, wooded mountain ravines was for a long time the favorite haunt of bears and Indians The name of every lake, river, and mountain peak was originally given to them by Indians, and at every step here we met with old traditions and legends, but they are vanishing distressfully fast in the modern business routine which now completely governs the place

Among the traditions which still remain are the following: 'An Indian girl picked flowers by the Bridal Veil Falls The spirit of the water fell in love with her, stepped out of his foamy empire and threw over the maiden his watery mantle gleaming with pearls, thus selecting her as his bride The maiden drowned, and the spirit, inconsolable, sighs its sorrow, weaving its sweetheart s bridal veil Another goes like this 'One day an angel from heaven stepped on a mountain called the Goddess of the Valley Such a fiery love for the angel overcame the spirit of Yosemite that he neglected his empire But the heavenly visitor refused to become his and disappeared Then the spirit of Yosemite relinquished his rights as ruler, broke his scepter, and went out into the world's turmoil to forget his beloved one But before leaving, he created every flower beautifying Yosemite, every silvery wave, every murmuring tree, to make the valley attractive to the daughter of heaven"

It can still be noted from many of the names that they are of Indian origin the valley's chief,' "the Indian child s cradle," ' the spirit of the wicked wind," etc

We climbed up a mountain path suitable for the use of mules' feet but not for men s feet On the slopes grew plenty of wild gooseberries, but the prickles of the bushes set our greed at naught Oaks, cypresses, and hazelnut trees sometimes furnished us with shade We found wild cherries, blackberries, elderberries, and stone brambles at every step The eucalyptus and the mint spread their strong and intoxicating fragrance around them Here

we met smiling women riding on pretty little donkeys with nodding heads. There a shiny lizard glided in the rocks and beyond that a squirrel was rustling in a hazelnut tree. Farther on we were greeted courteously by a hunter wearing leggings and carrying a long rifle.

Ah! . . . Vernal Falls! A silvery veil hanging over a three-hundred-feet high, rust-colored rock wall. Under a dense drizzle from the falls, we clambered ahead, leaving the donkey trail and getting on the path intended for human beings It was so narrow that sometimes we had to walk along a crevice in the rock Upward, a precipitous, sheer wall; below us, a dizzying abyss. We barely dared to talk, so that the tongue would not list toward the side of the chasm and deprive us of our balance We finally reached a resting place in a deep mountain vault so close to the falls that its water seemed to spurt over us Through a natural arch we saw, just as in a frame, the whirling, foaming masses of water and counted four different rainbows above it. Opposite us were two ladders, and by climbing about fifty steps upward we reached the top of the falls and from there we could see at a distance the "Nevada" plunge raging down the rocks which formed the base of a gigantic mountain called "Clouds Rest" An hour's walk brought us to its edge. We had to follow the Merced River, which here races with clear, shimmering waves and small rapids over a hard granite bottom. The "Nevada" is twice as high as its sister "Vernal," and both compete with each other in beauty. In the summer neither of them has very much water, but there is enough in each so that one can admire them. A lonely hotel is right at the foot of the falls. Majestic Glacier Point on the opposite side observes the angry turmoil of the water spirits; on the other side, Liberty Cap and Mount Broderick stand out sharply outlined against the sky

On the return trip, as we walked along a path intended both for people and donkeys, two long-legged, young Mexican gentlemen with happiness in their eyes joined us. They left their horses in care of their guide, a ruddy, husky-voiced man with a stiff mustache, and helped us to descend. In Yosemite all the tourists believe themselves to be of the same family, and people who

happen to meet each other talk openly and frankly, give and receive advice about horses, guides, hotels and itineraries, and also narrate their adventures and tell stories In these stories honest John usually plays an important part John is a small, shaggy donkey with sanctimonious eyes, widely known for the treacherous way in which he throws a rider off his back

After wandering about for four hours, we returned to our hotel not too tired to make plans for a new excursion on the morrow We had gone about eight English miles and climbed about one thousand five hundred feet upward My friends, both girls from the plains of Missouri, thought that they had achieved a great deal and accepted the hotel owner s smiling congratula tions with glad self esteem

Early the next morning we were on our way to Glacier Point, Yosemite s most famous observation point The sky was cloudless and so were our gay tourist hearts The only cloud of worry in our hearts was fear over the fate of our lunch Some of the women on horseback had taken it along and had promised to leave it at Glacier Point, but in my soul lived a gloomy suspicion of their honesty and good memories And food, as we know, is an im portant stake in a tourist s life Be that as it may, the route at least was charming The rays of the morning sun danced in the valley, around us rose, like the towers of Gothic cathedrals, the slender, ethereal, graceful mountains called Sentinel, Cathedral Spires, and the Three Brothers Calm and majestic, El Capitan stood at the mouth of the valley and Sentinel Dome in the south At every step new views opened up before us, new, lovely beauty, and our hearts filled with thankful admiration in the light vi brating morning air Cathedral Rock was so surprisingly like a church with its innumerable spires that we stopped to wonder if it was the work of nature alone

The path, a sandy trail, which was one foot wide at its nar rowest and two ells wide at its broadest spots, led upward along dizzy, snakelike turns, winding up the mountain just like a string around a cone of sugar In spots we could count six circuitous turns below each other It was so hot that we could have roasted pigs in the sand There were no trees, but flaming red stemmed

manzanita bushes which reached up to our shoulders grew along the path. The giants of the primitive forest for which Yosemite is famous grew on the slopes but not close enough to the path to give us shade. Our tired legs required rest frequently and at each bubbling spring we drank nectar out of an old sardine box—Yosemite's most common drinking-cup Once we threw ourselves down flat in the middle of the path, almost exhausted as we were, but we were awakened from our stupor by the noise coming from around the nearest bend A surprised donkey stood there staring at us with terror in his mild face; with outstretched neck, the driver also peered at us over his packs.

After walking for five hours, we reached the Snowhouse Hotel on the summit of Glacier Point, seven thousand two hundred feet above sea level. What a reward for all our hardships! In the sunshine the mountain peaks with eternal snow cooling their brows shone like beautiful crowns. And what a lavish display of colors and lights in those clear, light-brown mountain streams, silvery-foamed waterfalls, dark-green pine woods, gently green fruit trees. Yosemite has its own beauty Lonely, melancholy, and fantastic like a sigh out of the Indians' barren wilderness, in the midst of civilization's hustling daily life All that California still has of its wild forests' poetry can be found concentrated in Yosemite. In the midst of modern tourists in checkered clothes, over the soft rugs of the inns and their French foods, between the telephone and the telegraph a breath of air still blows from the time when the redskins with shining eyes and bated breath silently crept along the shore of a river in tracking their foe, when the grizzly bear, growling, sought shelter from storms in the wild mountain caves, and the eagle was the only fisher in the babbling brooks . . .

Reality snatched me back with a grim hand from the world of dreams. All that was left of my lunch was two dusty sandwiches and a broken egg With hungry eyes I looked down at the restaurant, which, like a doll house, could be dimly seen deep down in the valley below my feet.

Going down was like a dance, and we came to the restaurant

so hungry that we had to eat all the foods on the menu before we were full

After spending three days in Yosemite I left this paradise with regret But not before I had visited the famous forest called The Giant Tree Grove in which the primeval forest left behind about six hundred of its representatives gigantic fir trees (so called redwood cedars) which measure about twenty eight to thirty three feet in diameter Many of them have their own names Lincoln Grant Andy Johnson the Faithful Married Couple the Gray Giant the Three Sisters and so forth Wawona is the name of the largest tree and coaches travel through it just as *though through a majestic gate Although the opening has been* made in the tree purposely the tree is just as vigorously alive as the others While we were there—about forty of us cheerful tourists in all—a young couple stood up and were married hurriedly and merrily by a justice of the peace A young lady and a young man from among the tourists served as bridesmaid and best man respectively The bride looked about twenty five years of age but she had been (in this way) married four times already The whole ceremony took place calmly and quietly in the shade of the gigantic trees

Such is California There the primitive forest and the most modern developments intermingle

Chapter XIX

With the Mormons

THE great Salt Lake in Utah lay white and sleeping in the moonlight of an August night when we approached it. The Rocky Mountains, high, silent, looking like giants standing hand in hand, guard the slumbering city at their feet.

Salt Lake City, the capital of the Mormon state called Utah, is in a broad valley which formerly was a desert but which "the saints"—as the Mormons call themselves—have, through their industry, changed into a fertile, cultivated area with running water, cows standing knee-deep in alfalfa, and fruit trees heavy with apricots and peaches.

The city is a continuation of this luxuriant vegetation It seems as though every house had been allotted a liberal reserve border of green space when the city was planned The streets are untidy and dusty, but with a charmingly beautiful, misty-gray perspective over the plains; on the horizon gigantic waves seem to have petrified in the midst of furious struggle Every street is an avenue bordered with trees: among the straight Italian poplars, walnut trees, and lindens grow fruit trees with their ripe fruits, Here, as elsewhere in America, the street urchins do *not* steal the fruit Freedom fosters a feeling of responsibility and in few countries are the public places so free of vandalism as they are in America.

The next morning I went to look at the city My guide was an agreeable youth who looked like a gentleman and I wondered to myself how many wives he was blessed with. That dreadful thought inevitably slips into the visitor's mind in seeing a masculine resident of Utah.

The city, with its twenty thousand inhabitants, was not in itself any more remarkable than other cities. The houses were similar to those elsewhere in the West, red brick houses or light-gray and white wooden houses with green shutters; they were small but

neat in the middle of their gardens Sometimes there were in one lot, two, three, or even more separate houses They are from the time when polygamy was still permitted, wealthy Mormons then built separate houses for their different wives Since the law prohibiting polygamy was passed (January, 1882), the Mormons have been able to keep several wives only in secret Not far from Prospect Hill, a plateau, from which the city and the Salt Lake can be seen in their greatest beauty, are the graves of Brigham Young and three of his wives, they are marked only by smooth stones with simple epitaphs In the Lion House, a dwelling built of a yellowish kind of stone, lived not only Brigham Young but also Joseph Smith,[1] the founder of Mormonism, during the early period of the Mormon state That house has also been witness to countless of those religious ceremonies, a great deal resembling orgies, with which the saints, and especially the prophets', weddings were usually celebrated On one of the best streets of the city was a pretty cottage in the middle of a garden It had been built by Brigham Young for his favorite wife, Amelia Folsom, who still lives there Outside the city is "freedom park," planted by Joseph Smith There the prophet was accustomed to take his morning walk and to drink ice cold water, containing sulfur, from its spring

It was Sunday and at twelve o clock we went to the Tabernacle, a large hippodrome like building, which accommodates ten thousand people The acoustics in this gigantic temple is so excellent that, if it does not happen to be time for the divine service, the guide never neglects to drop a pin on the floor in front of the altar, at the same time asking a tourist in the gallery opposite to listen to it fall The trick is reported to succeed in most cases

When we entered the temple, the congregation was assembled there Below the majestic organ of brown wood and gilded pipes sat the choirs Immediately below them sat three "prophets," who at present head the Mormon Church, on seats covered with red velvet Below the prophets, around a table covered with a white cloth, sat nine bishops who were occupied with breaking the

[1] Joseph Smith, of course, never reached Utah *Editor*

communion bread. During the divine service, stewards, young men dressed in black, carried it to the congregation in silver baskets. The same stewards distributed wine, i.e., water, from small glass jars. To us "gentiles"—as the Mormons call those who think differently from themselves—it seemed that those young gentlemen discharged the duties of their office quite frivolously, for they seemed to have plenty of time for small, pleasant flirtations with the younger and prettier communicants of the opposite sex

The divine service included very good choir singing and also two sermons. One sermon was delivered by a prophet, the other by one of the bishops. The first was similar in content to the sermons of Unitarian ministers: it did not contain much dogmatic theology in the usual sense but only sound and humane morality. The second, which was given by a young man with a dark, determined-looking face, in somewhat fanciful oratory, breathed more of pure Mormonism. That does not mean polygamy. Polygamy is only one aspect of Mormonism, and since the anti-polygamy bill was enacted, the Mormons have not, of course, been able even to preach it publicly In the tracts which contain the main points of Mormon dogma, for example, there is no mention at all of polygamy. Many who oppose Mormonism consider the aforementioned statute a mistake Now many of the foremost Mormons have been in prison for their religious beliefs (i e, they have had several wives). This has stimulated their faith and given birth to a secret and energetic dissemination of doctrine. They consider themselves martyrs and can easily win the ignorant over to their side by telling them of their sufferings "for the sake of Christ." Thus, for example, Mormonism has spread almost unbelievably among neighboring Indian tribes, and it is a known fact that it has won many among the Scandinavian common people In America they generally believe that Utah could not have been changed into a flourishing territory in such a short time if the majority of its inhabitants had not formerly belonged to the working class in countries in which they were accustomed to work hard with an unyielding soil.

I had the pleasure to meet there a woman who was very well

versed in Mormon history and religion and who has lived for a long time in Salt Lake City Her descriptions, together with what I have found in American sources,[2] present an interesting as well as a secret and mysterious side to Mormonism

The main points of original Mormonism were, in brief, the following There are many gods of both sexes and we here on earth obey one of them He is eternal and omnipotent and we are his sons and daughters Our spirits have been born of Him in the heavenly kingdom and He is in us He is of spiritual matter There is no difference between spirit and matter other than that of quality Spirit is matter refined God is omnipotent, but He is not personally omnipresent He resides in the center of the universe, near the planet Kolob It revolves on its axis once every thousand years and that period of time is a day to the Almighty Jesus Christ was God s Son with God s spirit in a human body In entering Heaven he got the same kind of body as do those who, saved have been resurrected from the dead He differs from his Father only in age and authority The Father is oldest and represents them both He is with us through the Holy Ghost, which is matter like electricity and which performs all the miracles Miracles are only the result of natural laws, although of a higher kind than those with which we are acquainted By the laying on of hands, the prophets and elders pass on to us the Holy Ghost Only the clergy has that gift

There are three heavens all those who have not rejected but have not obeyed the gospel will, after the resurrection, go to the lowest heaven, typified by the stars In the middle, the earthly heaven, typified by the moon, shall live those who accepted the gospel but nevertheless have remained indifferent The highest heaven, the celestial, typified by the sun, is reserved for those who have been baptized in Jesus Christ through some one sent by him (Joseph Smith) and have lived a holy life The earth is created

[2] For example I may mention *Life Among the Mormons* and *The Mormon Prophet and His Harem* by C. V Waite (Chicago 1882) [See Catharine V Waite *The Mormon Prophet and His Harem or An Authentic History of Brigham Young His Numerous Wives and Children* (Chicago 1868), and *Adventures in the Far West and Life Among the Mormons* (Chicago 1882) *Editor*]

of matter, as are we. It breathes as do we, but only the saints know that.[3] Sometime it will become refined matter as will we.

"When Christ comes again, this land will be assigned as the habitation of those who are entitled to the glories of the celestial heaven. Jerusalem will rise again from defeat and Zion, or the New Jerusalem, will be established in Jackson County in Missouri, whence the saints (Mormons) were expelled in 1833. Those who have sinned against the Holy Ghost, i e, those who have apostatized after receiving the Holy Spirit, will be sentenced to eternal punishment with the devil and his angels. The gospel, which people must obey in order to be saved, requires that its adherents: (1) believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and in His prophets Joseph Smith and Brigham Young; (2) repent their sins; (3) through baptism wash away both their own sins and those of their ancestors who died unbelievers; (4) believe that some sins cannot be atoned for in any other way except by their blood, which, when shed by the priesthood, shall ascend to God like sweet-smelling incense and expiate their sins; (5) believe that God gives to him who is strong in his belief just as many wives and concubines as He gave David and Solomon; (6) believe that if a man dies, his brother must take his wife and raise up seed unto his dead brother."[4]

The doctrine of polygamy is in its details something like the following: "God has again established his priesthood on earth through Joseph Smith, his prophet, who leads the people by direct revelation from God There are many worlds in New Zion and each one of them is ruled by one God. Joseph Smith and the other saints (i.e., Mormons) will each have a world to govern and their descendants will populate it. Their wives will become goddesses and each will rule her own descendants, subject to her husband's superior godhead. If a woman loves her husband, she will want to exalt him to the godhood of a world in the New

[3] The expression "the earth breathes" is a favorite with the Mormons and they use it time and again. It is considered—I may say so—one of the passwords of the saints. Why, I do not know, but perhaps because it sounds so fascinatingly mysterious It was repeated many times in the sermon which I heard.

[4] *Life Among the Mormons.*

Zion A man cannot become a god if he does not acquire enough descendants to populate the new world If a woman by her selfish love or malice does not allow her husband several wives, she prevents her husband from becoming a god in the Celestial Kingdom, which the Mormons call the New Zion An unmarried person cannot achieve any honor in eternity Those who do not marry here cannot get married hereafter, therefore all marriages are made for eternity

Although a man can have several eternal wives he can have many others whom he has wedded for a time These are called authorized or proxy wives They are often either widows or women who have been engaged They are eternally married to their dead husbands or fiancés, but in this life sealed to some other man for a time Here on earth they and their children belong to their temporal husband, but in the celestial kingdom both they and their children will belong to those with whom they are wed ded for eternity Brigham Young had four such proxy wives, all of whom had been Smith s and who, with their descendants shall be delivered to Smith in the New Zion

This very point in the Mormons theory of polygamy gives rise to refined immorality among them It is quite usual for women whose husbands are alive to have a second husband belonging to a different category Thus a wife can belong to two men at the same time She is married to one for a time and sealed to another for eternity If she begins to love some other man more than her own husband and the other man loves her she can be joined in matrimony with him, while she continues living with her first husband In addition, if she is fanatical, she can marry for a time even though she is already married for eternity in order, sup posedly, to bear children for some dear deceased relative and thus increase his honor in eternity

It is easy to guess how many disputes and how much misery such doctrines bring about Proxy wives usually live a wretched life The eternal wives treat them with scorn and may even punish and mistreat their children The proxy wives have to do the heaviest tasks in the home, their food is poor, their clothes wretched and they get a crowded chamber for themselves and

their children to live in. If they complain to the husband, he reminds them that they are only his temporal wives and therefore cannot demand for themselves the same rights as the eternal wives have; and husbands also comfort them with the honor and bliss which they can enjoy in eternity with their eternal husbands. When a man dies, the elders usually determine whom the widow has to marry temporally in order to bear children for her deceased husband

In spite of all its disadvantages, the pious belief in polygamy is very strong. Often the wife will urge her husband, who has lived monogamously, to take several wives, thus showing her love for her husband If the man and wife love each other, the necessity for the man to live polygamously causes a great deal of sorrow to both After tears and many doubts, they select a second wife together and the result usually is that the man gradually pushes aside his first wife, or that the first wife and her husband together oppress and torment the poor new wife and her children.

Peace and harmony and happiness in the usual sense of the words do not exist in the Mormon harems, even though the saints themselves try to convince others of it Those who have been some time in their company tell grim things about them And even persons who otherwise favor Mormonism admit that among the eternal wives there prevail constant strife and bitterness Emeline Free was for a long time Brigham Young's favorite wife. The other wives were so enraged by this and so jealous that Young had to have a private hall built between her house and his own quarters in order that he could visit her without the others seeing him go there. Every time a man takes a new wife, or one of the wives bears him a child, an epidemic of fury and sorrow rages in his harem The women curse Mormonism, vow that they will return to "paganism," and disclose all the secrets of Mormonism; they cry, have convulsions, whip their children, and threaten to kill their husband Then the husband remains away and sends old, experienced women who have left everything behind them except their fanatic belief in Mormonism to visit the insubordinate wives. These women preach to the ill-disposed wives, describe for them the bliss of heaven and the goodness and

love of their husband, and also remind them of the eternal perdition which awaits the fallen Gradually the storm in the harem subsides—until the husband buys the new wife a ticket to the theater or a new dress, and then it will break out again

Life in the Mormon harems was like that in a pension Every wife had her own rooms or special room according to how much or little the husband favored her In this room she lived with her children, whom she herself had to take care of Some one of the wives, in her turn, took care of the household according to the husband s orders She had the keys and the others had to obey her At the table the favorite wife sat nearest the husband, after her the others sat according to the number of children they had, the childless wives sat farthest away These, for the most part, lead a pitiful life among the Mormons They have not added to their husband s eternal honor in any way, and they are of no significance At the theater (the Mormons favorite amusement is the theater) the husband sat with his favorite wife in a loge, the other wives sat in poorer places, to which the husband usually went once or twice during the course of the evening to see them The orchard was common to all, but each wife had a different flower bed or section of the garden The husband generally hired one or more teachers who taught all the children Since the wives divided the household work among themselves and took care of their own children, there were hardly any servants, and even poor men could keep several wives A certain restaurant proprietor had four companions on his road of life the first took care of the children, the second did the bookkeeping the third the cooking, and the fourth the sewing

Since the prohibition of polygamy, the same custom has still been practiced in secret and, on the whole, very little change has actually occurred in harem life The man has—so it is rumored—a wife, a sister in law, a governess, and a servant in his house Secretly all of these women are his wives, and since the women themselves, for the sake of their religion, approve the deception and the neighbors also are Mormons, they can avoid the suspicions of the authorities very easily If a large group of children attracts attention, the older children are sent here and there, or

else short work of it is made with the babies that come into the world The important thing is that the children have existed and not that they live long. Their greatest importance does not come until New Zion.

All the details of these infernal theories are never preached publicly because of the "badness of the gentiles" The lamb is usually sheared only after it is in the fold, and then it is informed of these mysteries only after they are absolutely sure that its faith and fear of sinning against the Holy Ghost are sufficiently strong

Since the Mormons in the beginning persecuted everyone with inexorable severity and killed all who tried to flee from Utah in despair, they were able for a long time to keep secret the grim and immoral aspects of their doctrines In addition, the main tenets which the Mormon apostles preach are such that only they who have an inclination toward mysticism or fanaticism can let themselves be converted. And such persons are always easy to keep in any religion at all which offers them sufficient nourishment for their fancy. That mysticism plays an important part in Mormonism is proved by the fact that those who have forsaken it usually become spiritualists. This is a well-known matter recognized by both groups.

Only on the basis of its charms, the mysticism of which influences some natures, can we explain why so many well-educated people, particularly women, have joined the Mormons Thus, for example, Mrs. Augusta Cobb, a Bostonian, left her intelligent and lovable husband and several children to become one of Young's many wives. The same man's other wives were refined, educated women, who voluntarily exposed themselves to the hardships and heavy labor which awaited them as Mormon wives in Utah, which then was almost barren

With a fanatic's desire to torture herself, the Mormon wife also was ready at once to urge her husband into polygamy. It happened that some newly married wives discussed it together in the following way:

"Do you already have some one new?"

"No, have you?"

Not yet, but I have told my husband that he will very soon have to take someone'

Do you have any candidate?

'Yes, we have now decided to take Eliza She has been with us long knows our ways, and is good natured My husband is opposed but (a deep sigh) I have said to him that the matter will not improve so What has to happen, will happen [5]

Polygamy has, however, been the cause for many leaving the sect and for considerable disagreement among the Mormons Many of them have opposed it, arguing that the founder of original Mormonism, Joseph Smith, never mentioned it among the articles of belief revealed to him by God That seems peculiar, however, since we know that polygamy flourished among the first Mormons and that Smith himself had many wives

This man, who probably was half deceiver, half fanatic, was born in 1805 in Vermont At the ages of fifteen and seventeen he had his first visions when God and Jesus Christ stepped down to him and forgave him all his sins and selected him to build their kingdom on earth anew At the same time he got an order to search for two plates of gold, on which was engraved the oldest history of America He found them in a stone chest on a hillside near a city called Palmyra in New York state, but the devil pre vented him from getting them, even though they were already in his hand

After many revelations in which he talked with angels, Moses, Elijah, and even God Himself, he began to preach, acquired fol lowers for his teachings, and in 1830 founded the Mormon Church, which he called the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints It was an ecclesiastical hierarchy, which the prophets con trolled with an iron hand At first everyone had to pay one tenth of all his earthly possessions, even the women had to give a tenth of their chickens, eggs, flowers, and vegetables Later, during Young's reign, a kind of communism was introduced, for the church actually owned the banks, the stores, offices, farms, etc, and only paid a salary to their caretakers All new arrivals were forced to do hard labor, and discipline was unbelievably rigorous

[5] *Life Among the Mormons*

Then after they were banished from Missouri, the Mormons moved to Utah, experienced difficult times among the Indians and grizzly bears in the dry, hot wilderness, but by dint of hard work they soon changed their desert into a garden. They built mighty water systems with which they made the fields fertile, planted fruit trees, built railroads, founded banks and businesses In 1850 appeared their first newspaper, *The Deseret News,* with Dr. W Richards, "prophet, seer, and revelator," as the editor. In 1851 the Tabernacle was built and two years later the Temple was begun In 1849 the Mormons sent a petition to Congress asking that Utah be joined to the United States as a territory. It was accepted, and Young was appointed governor of Utah Territory and also the superintendent of Indian affairs there

This aroused general indignation throughout the land and when the Mormons soon after that again were in open rebellion, the government sent three thousand men to Utah in September, 1857. The following year, however, they were thoroughly beaten there and this, an ignominious war for the rest of America, ended in favor of the Mormons in that a compromise court of justice was ordered to decide the dispute. The government did not achieve a controlling position until the end of the 1860's When Garfield, in his inaugural address, said that he intended to put his foot on polygamy, it is reported that the Mormon leaders said, "Yes, if we don't put our foot on you first." Later it was discovered that Guiteau, Garfield's assassin, had many wives in Utah, and the American newspapers tried very hard at that time to trace Garfield's murder back to the leaders of the "saints"

At the present time dissension has weakened the Mormons The first apostate had been a man named Gladden Bishop, who already in 1853 had dared openly to oppose Smith's doctrines received from God. His followers were called Gladdenites and the other Mormons persecuted them with the utmost cruelty. In 1860 a new opposition arose, the leader was Joseph Morris, who said that God had sent him to purify the Mormons' sacred doctrines distorted by Young. "The Church's Secret Brotherhood," whose duty it is to maintain order within the church, punished him

and persecuted both the Gladdenites and Morrisites with sword and blood

After Brigham Young's death there was no man as strong as he had been to assume the leadership of the church, for that reason the various sects can be more in peace at present But even now things happen in Utah the likes of which we would have to search for in the times of the inquisition, if only they came to public notice Young s favorite boast is reported to have been I loosen by bowie knife and push it away from me with my eyes closed Then when I am accused of murder, I ask, Can you say that I committed it?

The Mormons have done a good piece of work in Utah One must needs remember that when one looks around during the divine service in the Tabernacle The saints give a total impres sion of coarseness, hardness, and energy Ugly, often brutally tough looking faces with a surly expression, brown, calloused hands, and robust bodies One seldom notices in them anything of the refinement, keenness, and buoyancy which are otherwise peculiar to Americans During my short two day sojourn among them, I was often reminded of the *hihhulit* in Finland Both seem to have the same earnest, energetic faith and the same proud intolerance toward those who think differently

In leaving the church, I heard around me at every step the Danish and Swedish languages but not Finland s Swedish A woman looked at me sternly and said loudly to her neighbor, Look how she stares at us Just as though we Mormons did not look exactly like other people!

The rest of the day I spent at Garfield Beach, a favorite bath ing place on the shore of the Salt Lake Local trains from the city, crowded to the ceiling, brought out throngs of children and adults, who rushed into the calm lake, laughing and talking, dressed in blue and red swimming suits

Swimming in the Salt Lake is so laughable that even the most melancholy are compelled to smile in watching it The water in the lake is perhaps the world s heaviest water, it has twenty per cent of different kinds of salts Swimming in it is impossible, for the person floats on the surface like a cork in a wash basin Try

as violently as one will, he cannot get under the water. As the onlookers laugh heartily, someone always tries to jump or dive into the depths—in vain. Heavy, dark waves roll againt the swimmer and raise him lightly as a grain of sand on their crests; there one can rock on their soft, springy billows and watch the gay activity around one, and look far, far above the surface of that sea-like lake. A saying there goes, "Send one tired of his life to the Salt Lake." There is nothing more fun to watch than a group of bathers in the lake.

After becoming convinced that the bathing Mormons were the most genial and harmless people in the world, I joined the others. Yet I extended my hand a bit fearfully to a male "saint" who asked to help me into the water. A little before I had seen —or fancied that I had seen—how he had helped three ladies and a neat little group of youngsters with uneasy courtesy, and of course I immediately suspected that there was his harem having its Sunday recreation.

After bathing, everyone looks just like Lot's wife, for the salt in the water is deposited on the skin and in the hair. For that reason there is a shower room in each bathhouse, where the swimmer can wash himself clean with fresh water before getting dressed.

The calm Salt Lake is extraordinarily beautiful in the sunset and in moonlight. Then the silent, gloomy surface of the lake shines like melted metal, and on the wide prairie which surrounds it gleam innumerable small salt springs and brooklets with their white frost of salt, just like jewels in a pale-green setting.

About a day's journey from Utah, as we come to Colorado, the Rocky Mountains change into a wild, desolate wasteland. It takes two full days and nights of travel to cross a bare, defiant-looking, wildly beautiful region. The Rio Grande River,[6] like a silver ribbon, threads its way deep down at the bottom of chasms which divide the mountains. These kinds of river-beds or narrow valleys are called canyons (derived from the Spanish word *cañon*), and there are plenty of them in Colorado, Arizona, and California.

[6] Either the Colorado River or the Gunnison River is probably intended here *Editor.*

The train has a foothold on the right bank of the stream and like a swift insect it goes dashing over the toes of the giant mountains

Darkness, dampness, and coldness prevail in these clefts which the mountains overshadow all the year—summers, winters, nights, and days But the traveler has the most wonderful, most fabulous most splendid views opening up before him every minute With repressed breath, with eyes which are tired from seeing so much beauty heaped up in one place, the traveler stares ahead of him Nature, in a moment of rage, has deprived herself of all vegetation Rock, nothing but bare rock Now we are in a rock wasteland Rock walls, gloomy and perpendicular, many thousands of feet high, surround us, on their fantastically colored peaks float carefree, sunshiny wisps of clouds The horizon is shut off on every side by rocks, here black, grimly lustrous and damp There on a brick red wall shine pink and white spots with whitish moss in the crevices Here the mountains have disguised themselves as old towers and churches on which one believes that he can see marks of the trowel and sledge hammer

The most famous of the chasms is the Black Canyon, where the mountains, trees, and river seemed to have been painted with black paint, so gloomy and dreary and ghastly was the darkness there A place where the train seems to rush into two enormous mountains, so narrow is the gap between them, is called the Royal Gorge On both sides of the opening at the Castle Gate are picturesque mountains whose slopes closely resemble the gate posts of an old castle

Escaping from its burden of rocks, Nature creates majestic forests from her lap In Marshall Pass, a miracle of engineering science, the traveler can look at the shoulders of the forest giants The track there runs up the side of a conical mountain, making innumerable turns and horseshoe bends until it reaches a surprising height

The whole way from here to Colorado Springs is an endless miracle The traveler is almost frightened in reaching Manitou, for there he must again marshal all of his powers of admiration Manitou, which is called the Saratoga of the West, is a mineral water spa below Pikes Peak in the Rockies Green, snow capped

mountain peaks reaching up to the clouds smile down on the hotels which during the passing years have crept higher and higher up their slopes Sulfur and iron springs, small rills and mountain brooks gleam everywhere. The air is bluish, delightfully light and clear; Nature smiles a majestically happy smile On one of the slopes lies buried Helen Hunt, the warm-hearted and eccentric author of *Ramona.*

Not far from Manitou is "the Garden of the Gods," which could easily be included among the wonders of the world. From a rich, light-green grass plain rise rocks in the most fantastic formations, in all colors, from chalky white and the lightest rose to sandstone color, dark brown, orange and blackish gray Some look like pyramids, some like pillars in different styles, belfries, fortresses. Major Domo is a half-leaning, narrow rock, several hundred feet high, which seems to be making fun of the law of gravitation. On the surface of most of these rock formations appear different-colored figures just as though they had been drawn by some gigantic artistic hand The heads of deer, cows, and people, children's hands, horses' hooves, and camels can be distinguished with surprising clarity from a long distance. In the center of the valley stands a light, slender, lonely rock, which in the moonlight looks like a woman wearing a veil and which is called "the goddess of the garden."

and out with the same aimless haste which one can see enough of in some country homes in Finland

Naturally, we talked about Finland and immigrants The man was intelligent and pleasant and his remarks were sound He had come here many years ago but his family had lived here for only six years He believed that the workingman could absolutely earn his bread here more easily than in his native land, for the wages in America were very high At this point the wife commented Yes, but the dollar in America does not go any further than the mark in Finland does although there are five times as many pennies in it The husband granted that, but added that the workingman even at that can earn money more easily here than at home, if he knows how to work The less competent, on the other hand, had better stay at home for here a man has to know how to work with both hands if he wants to earn money

When we parted tears came to the wife s eyes and she said that she wanted to return to Finland This talk did not seem to please the husband He looked down, dug his heel into the floor, and expressed the opinion that there was time enough in the future to think about the voyage home They had not accumulated very much yet, and two of the children were still small

In Ashtabula I met Mr Edwards He was from Fredrikshamn and had settled in the United States many years ago In his printing office were several nice looking Finnish printers, and I was given a freshly printed, still wet sample of the *Yhdysvaltain Sanomia* a newspaper of about the same size as the *Folkvannen*

I returned to the Harbor with Mr Edwards and drove around there, stopping in to greet a number of Finnish families The poorer lived in rented rooms along the inferior streets in the lower section of the town The wealthier had their own houses in the part of town which is situated on the heights above the harbor Almost all the men worked at the loading dock Thousands of immigrants move through Ashtabula every year, mostly single young men who work here today, there tomorrow, until they become tired of it, or they are discharged or they want to try their luck somewhere else The number of those who are more permanent is about five hundred They do not have their own

minister or church, but Mr. Edwards was accustomed, with the help of one or another of the men, to have church services and temperance meetings in the Swedish church. They have tried to get their own minister, but their attempts have not been successful

Generally, the immigrants who stream this way are corrupt—drunkenness, fighting, and laziness being their chief vices As elsewhere in America, the Finns in Ashtabula live their own life completely. The men probably know a little broken English, but the women usually do not know a word, and even the children know very little English before they go to school This lack of knowledge of the country's language is general among the Finns. I happened to meet a man from Kalajoki in an isolation hospital in Chicago and he could not speak a word of English yet although he had been in America for almost a year Naturally it made his care difficult, and he admitted it himself. In Washington I was informed that a Finn had been committed to the insane asylum of some county in Missouri but that they had begun to suspect that he was sane and that he had been brought there by mistake But no one could talk with him and my informant eagerly urged me to communicate with the doctor of the asylum. Unfortunately enough, I was unexpectedly separated from my informant, who had not given me the address of the institution, and therefore I could not find out about the matter.

The Finns, on the whole, adhere to the customs and habits of their native land During my stay in Ashtabula it seemed to me that they do not adopt anything but unnecessary luxury, which they then very unsuccessfully try to fit into their disordered lives Indeed, I did visit homes which were a bit different from the others and in which the orderliness was passable Nowhere, however, did I notice even a trace of the order-loving, beautifying hand, which rules in American homes, even in the poorer ones. Although families lived in their own houses with large halls and many rooms and got a good rent for their upstairs apartments, I nevertheless had to look at the same kind of home conditions as in the poorest hovels in Finland. The children in rags, half-naked; the wife, unwashed, indolent, her hands folded or carrying a large child who could already walk; musty, close, stifling

air made up of the same ingredients as in the native land tobacco, dust and dirt In only one home did I see the wife doing needle work Everywhere there prevails the same passive apathy, which can be defended in Finland, where the cold, need, and unemploy ment paralyze energy, but here, with prosperity in the house, it seems condemnable The men, who have had to take care of their families, had become more animated through their work and their contacts with many kinds of people The women, on the other hand, seemed to have lapsed into indifferent lethargy The same indifference toward Finland which existed in San Francisco prevailed here, the Finns did not even ask for news from their native land The only matter in which they were interested was whether I was an immigrant and whether I intended to stay in Ashtabula In only one home did the wife say that they intended to visit Finland once again, and she apparently did not mean it but said it only out of some kind of courtesy

It is likely that these emigrants, plagued by need at home and tempted by more easily acquired bread in America, in leaving their homeland, at once cut all ties which have bound them to it Their passive slowness is founded on the national theory, It was so ordained , and they continue their life in the New World, under new conditions, with the same melancholy resignation as in the homeland The world is and will remain the world, this life is only an earthly life, no matter where we may be, and only after this begins our real existence Of what use is it, then, to hustle and trouble oneself in accumulating treasures which moth and rust doth corrupt ?

The only delightful memory which I have of the Ashtabula Finns is that they did not display any kind of subservient submissiveness to the gentry There was no trace of that in them Of course, it would have been more pleasant to have been re ceived a bit more *hospitably*, but, on the other hand, it was better to encounter indifference rather than feigned servility They are not equal to the freedom which has educated the Americans to a certain noblesse oblige courtesy toward all people But this indifference is at least the dawning of self respect

Unforeseen circumstances prevented me from visiting the

Finnish settlements in Michigan and Minnesota. They are the favorite haunts of Finnish emigration and the best part of our countrymen streaming to America gather together there. The Americans hold the agricultural Finns in esteem, but often confuse them with the Scandinavians. I was often in the company of some people from Minnesota who, of their own accord, began to talk about these Finnish pioneers and praised their industry, their love of their native land, and their knowledge of it. These Americans liked to brag about their familiarity with Runeberg's *The Tales of Ensign Stål* and Topelius's *The Surgeon's Stories*, about which they had heard a great deal from their Finnish neighbors.

Many of the immigrants who have settled farther north are wealthy. Like the Swedes, the Finns, if they have any kind of political opinions, usually belong to the Republican party. For the most part, however, they are cut off from the election battles by their ignorance and poverty, or they are in the hands of the agents of the different parties, who persuade them to vote for their respective candidates. Generally, there is a good deal of dissension among the Finns, intolerance, and schism; even a caricature of the language battle in the homeland has been produced in this far-away country. I do not report this on the basis of my own experience, for I have only had it at second hand, mainly from Americans living in the states where there are large numbers of Finnish immigrants.

Chapter XXI

The Homes and the Customs of the New World

THE external order is somewhat alike in almost every home, although financial conditions naturally vary considerably[1] Breakfast is eaten early The Americans are nervous, restless people They go to bed late and get up early In the finest hotels breakfast is started at six o'clock Eight o'clock is already late Most people eat breakfast between half-past seven and half-past eight Women of the fashionable world sleep late in the morning, but only in the northern cities Farther south they get up early because of the heat

Breakfast is not a trifling matter Even in the poorest boarding houses barley or oatmeal porridge, coffee or tea, a warm course made up of meat or salt pork with potatoes, and usually also freshly baked bread are brought to the table In most middle-class homes, buckwheat, corn, or rice flour cakes, which are eaten with butter and maple syrup, and also eggs, fruits, and berries are served in addition to this During the hot time of year the wealthier begin their breakfast with oranges and peaches, the less affluent are content with strawberries, blueberries, or blackberries; in some

[1] These notes are the result of observations made during a six months visit in homes in different parts of the United States, namely, in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia Chicago, Indianapolis, and San Francisco, and also the country side of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and California Since I cannot list separately all those families with which I stayed, I will mention for purposes of illustration that, of ten of my hostesses, nine were married, three of them being widows, and that they had both full grown and smaller children Of six who were married, two were childless, four had either full grown or school age children The single woman had an adopted daughter Seven were college graduates and, in addition, four of them had taken master's degrees at universities Three of them were writers and lecturers, one was a doctor, one was the headmistress of a school, one had a store, the single woman devoted all of her time to woman's rights, and one of the widows to charity, two had no definite duties outside the home Four had two servants, four had one, and two did not have any Of their husbands, two were businessmen, one was an author, one a government official, one the head of a boys school, one an estate owner I have mentioned these facts, so that the reader can know approximately what kinds of home conditions these observations are based on

places boiled raisins, apples, or plums are eaten instead of fresh fruits The American believes that this habit protects him against many stomach troubles—and I mention it here as his opinion. In the southern states I saw refined ladies eat two or three large oranges and other fruits at seven o'clock in the morning. In New England, in accordance with a very old custom, they eat a kind of bread made of coarse meal and plentifully seasoned with brown syrup, and brown beans, every Sunday morning. This dish (Boston brown bread and beans) has to be smoking hot when eaten and has to be prepared on the same morning, no matter how early the breakfast is served. Americans playfully say that a New Englander would not know how to spend his Sabbath if he could not begin it with warm bread and brown beans.

Of course, either the housewife or the servant has to be up early to get the breakfast ready in time Some make the dough on the preceding evening and bake the bread in the morning. Most, however, scorn this practice, for the bread can go sour easily. They make their dough as soon as they get up; soda and baking powder, which are used everywhere, speed up the fermentation. The dough is kneaded into small cakes, which are baked in a small coal or gas oven; these ovens get hot very fast (In America the dough is allowed to rise only once before the baking) The porridge is prepared from a kind of flour which has been boiled before so that it does not need prolonged cooking, in some homes cold rice porridge with cream is sometimes eaten, or finely ground bread, which is mixed with milk Meat and potatoes are not boiled or fried as well as with us. It is a general practice and not the result of carelessness, for even in the best restaurants potatoes and meat have the same, somewhat raw taste. A young girl invited me home one evening to her parents' house. They did not have a servant and as we were on the way to her home she herself bought a piece of meat. To my surprise, I saw the same piece of meat on the dinner table precisely a half hour later, and the mother praised her daughter for her thoughtfulness.

Dinner or lunch is everywhere eaten at about one o'clock and in comparison with breakfast it is much simpler; it usually consists of one warm course or cold cuts, tea, and sometimes a fruit tart

which has been baked on the previous day In one home I was served only a plateful of soup, grapes, and a cup of tea The heat presumably is the reason for that custom At one time I ate lunch in a cafe where women teachers, seamstresses, and office girls ate their meals Most of them took only a glass of milk and a pastry, or coffee and a sandwich When I wondered about it, I was told, Goodness, who is hungry in the middle of the day?

In well to-do homes dinner is served between six and eight o clock It consists of several hot courses The poorer people drink tea at six o clock and eat sandwiches and pastries, or berries, sometimes a hot dish or cold cuts are served if lunch has been light In my opinion, variety in food is not considered very im portant here or in England The same kinds of foods were pre pared often, and after staying with a family for a week the guest already knew the menu of the house But, on the other hand excellent vegetables and fruits are plentiful

Baking and laundering are usually performed at home, both in the city and in the country, perhaps New York is the only exception to this rule Monday is washday and woe to the house wife who does not follow that practice I have seen all the travel ers in a railroad car, laughing and jeering rush to the windows to look at washing spread out to dry in the middle of the week From the point of view of health such a practice is, of course, excellent, but to one unaccustomed to it, it seems like a threaten ing sword of Damocles every week There are two practical ad vantages to it the housewife does not have to invest large sums in linen supplies and it does not disturb the routine of the house hold as much as do the large washings of us Northerners

Friday is sweeping day ' On that day we shake our rugs everywhere in the United States from Maine to California, a champion of woman s rights assured me All except poor house wives, of course, she added scornfully

The English American custom of covering floors completely with rugs makes daily sweeping unnecessary The floor is gone over with a broom or a sweeper once, at most twice, a week, in winter it is not done even so often In the larger cities, where there is plenty of dust, soot, and coal smoke, and also in Cali-

fornia, where the dry season lasts for six months, the housewife has to clean more often and dusting and polishing must be done continually. Elsewhere great cleaning takes place in the home only at Christmas, in the spring, and in the fall All kinds of small objects made of old china, mother-of-pearl, and bone, Chinese and Japanese fans and curiosities, which one sees as decorations even in simple homes, make dusting quite difficult.

"But we think," exclaimed the aforementioned lady, "that the woman who does not do her own dusting and who does not darn her husband's socks herself is a wretched housewife. We have our own little peculiarities, too, you see."

On the other hand, the American woman does not have many copper utensils to polish. In the kitchen there are mostly metal pots and pans, both enameled and unenameled China pots and pans, and tin utensils In addition, to make her work easier and to save her time, she has many kinds of soaps and ammonia solvents, wire sponges for washing dishes, various aids for cleaning pots and the stove, steam boilers for cooking, chopping irons, knives, meat axes, and different kinds of sauce pans, washing powders, baking powder, pudding and soup powders In most houses there are gas ovens in addition to ranges, the richer homes have three, or even four, different kinds of ovens heated by gas or coal. These kinds of aids and also the custom of bringing vegetables, fruits, fish, birds, and meat home ready cleaned, scaled, or plucked save a lot of time.

Strict punctuality and systematic scheduling of work, however, help most in saving time. Not only do meals, shopping and other tasks have set times, but the method of working itself is clearly systematized. There is, so to speak, a conscious intelligence which pervades the thousands of small tasks in the home. Its results can best be seen in homes in which the housewife or servants, or both, have less ability. Even in such homes the maintenance of the customary household laws of the country keeps those homes on a much higher level than they would otherwise be.

The homes of the cultured classes are well cared for everywhere, and they are quite alike so far as the requirements of cleanliness and orderliness are concerned. The difference which

exists among various countries consists in *how widely these requirements have spread among the so called lower levels of society* In just this respect the United States is far superior to all other nations The cause of this I believe, is chiefly the principles of freedom and equality, which implant self respect even in the poorest people and make the school a road of learning for all Elementary education is the same for all classes of people and it is free to all Even the daughter of a workingman gets a comparatively thorough education and a relatively long period of attendance at school This education cultivates her ability to think and develops her ability to take care of her housework and money matters intelligently Moreover, she is prepared directly for her household duties in domestic arts or cooking schools which exist everywhere either independently or as a part of regular schools In them girls are taught the general rules of baking, cooking, and washing, and they are permitted to apply them in practice work Every day the teacher appoints three or four of the students as supervisors or housekeepers who, under the guidance of the teacher, direct the cooking, dish washing, scouring, baking and ironing In the classes which I saw there were approximately from twelve to twenty girls, all between eleven and fifteen years of age All had white hats on, wore white aprons, and had loose sleeves The course lasts for six weeks in some places, a whole year in others The students probably are not fully qualified housekeepers when they graduate, but at least they have received theoretical and practical instruction in housekeeping, cooking, and all kinds of minor matters, which, united, keep the machinery of the home going

In the South the heat has enervated the women During slavery, when Negro servants crowded around them, they were spoiled, but even there the war of slavery with its terrors and the poverty following the emancipation of the slaves awakened a better, more vigorous spirit In the West women do hard work and often wear themselves out in performing heavy household tasks, even though they have come from cultured homes In the country and in the smaller cities of New England the housewives are reluctant to keep servants They would rather have their

laundry and sewing done by strangers, hire a helper to do the rougher jobs, and take care of the household tasks themselves. Since the husband seldom comes home for lunch, and the children usually take a lunch to school with them, the burdens of a housewife are considerably decreased.

Generally, American women are not timid when there is work to be done. It seems that the most refined woman has only to take off a few of her fashionable baubles and she is ready to do any rough work whatsoever I saw a young lady with a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars, on her maid's day off, shake rugs and sweep the floor of a guest room in which she expected a friend of hers to stay on the following day. She worked very calmly and didn't even explain the reason for my finding her on her knees on the floor, broom in hand. I stayed for a short time in a home in which a mulatto girl who was studying at Oberlin College was a servant. She was poor and supported herself in this way during vacations Her fried chicken and oyster salad, I believe, would have made the mouth of a gourmet water. At Wellesley College poor students take care of setting the tables and waiting on them A certain lady had two servants who belonged to a club which celebrated its anniversary with a day-long excursion. This lady rose an hour earlier than usual, prepared breakfast, made the beds, washed the dishes, made lunch, and so forth, while the temperature stood at 38° C [100° F]. I stayed for a while in a family which consisted of the husband, wife, and the [illegible] Before going [illegible]

[illegible]

in the coal and took out the rubbish for the rubbish man to pick up. The wife and her mother did all the housework with the exception of the laundry and large cleanings. In their small, neat kitchen they had a rocking chair in which they sat their guest while they washed the dishes. Domestic-arts and cook books stood in a row on a shelf; decorations made of varicolored grasses and bunches of flowers hung from the ceiling; the hearth was beautified with shells. Both women were college graduates. In spite of their household tasks, they had time to read, interest themselves in woman's rights, do needlework, and be sociable.

But, they said, we omit all unnecessary matters, even though many would consider our procedure a violation of all the time sanctioned household practices '

So far as servants are concerned, I can hardly judge native born American women, for I saw comparatively few of them as servants Ireland has for a long time, supplied the United States with servant girls and in recent years so also have Germany and the Scandinavian countries These immigrants are usually un skilled, indifferent, and untidy, but they are contented with wages considered low in America and therefore get the positions For that reason comparatively few American women go into service They think that they are too good to mingle with these foreigners who are inferior to them in every way In recent times the call for competent servants has begun to become greater and schools of domestic arts have been established in several of the cities where large numbers of immigrants land Native born American servant girls seemed very well educated and clever, but they get enormous wages, and I believe that they have a great deal of liberty of action Since they are so expensive, only a few are employed in each home and the responsibility of doing the house hold work is theirs They are required to be skilled and also to think for themselves

One important reason why American housewives stand so high is, I believe the freedom which they enjoy in their home life The husband and wife have received their education in the same kinds of schools often have even attended school together They are equals and each moves in his own sphere as an independent person Usually the man is employed and leaves home at eight o clock in the morning, or even earlier, not returning until late in the evening or at the earliest not before six o clock Many busi nessmen have to be away on trips for weeks and even for months That forces the wife to act independently This freedom develops a sense of value and responsibility in her She has executive power in the family circle and is respected accordingly

In Germany, an American woman said to me, sons go to their mothers only when they need food and clothing but here the son considers his mother just as smart as his father is '

Because of the respect and freedom she enjoys, the housewife thinks highly of her work at home and requires others to respect it, too.

"I think that it is so much fun to keep house," I often heard women of various degrees of education exclaim.

American women, like those of England, are inferior to German and Scandinavian women in arts and crafts Indeed, they do hold their own in dressmaking and plain sewing, but they are weaker in knitting, spinning, and weaving. The working-class women particularly are unskilled in these matters but that is to be expected here, the homeland of factories It is true that there are manual training schools almost everywhere, but according to what I found out they teach only dressmaking and linen sewing, embroidering, and knitting in them. Things needed at home are sewn here, as elsewhere, at home or outside, according to the means and ability of the housewife Some sew their linens and children's clothes at home but have their own dresses made by someone else. Others hire seamstresses to come to their homes to make all the needed clothes at one time; the wealthy have all their clothes made by others They who had definite duties outside the home set aside a special day for patching and darning; usually Saturday was devoted to these tasks so that the clothes would be ready for the Monday wash

Art and art criticism are still undeveloped in the United States, but a sense of beauty is found everywhere. It can be noted in the dresses. Of course, the cultured circles, and especially the fashionable people, dress somewhat as the members of the same classes do in other countries, but here the need for pretty and neat clothing has penetrated, by means of education, deep down to the lower social classes. I do not remember ever seeing there, in a workingman's home, in the poor sections of cities, or in places of employment, such ragged and dirty clothes as one must needs look at so often in Finland. German and Scandinavian women who have immigrated here keep abreast of the American women in matters of dress, but the women from Italy, Ireland, and Bohemia are obviously inferior. In New York and other big eastern cities where a large percentage of the inhabitants are of the na-

tionalities mentioned, one notices an obvious difference in the outward appearance of the people The American woman thinks so highly of herself and her family that she always goes about neatly dressed From the point of view of cleanliness, she takes care of her children, and especially infants, extremely well Some times on my travels I saw from eight to twelve babies in a coach, but seldom did I see a dirtily clad child At lonely stations far away in the western mountains or on the desert like, sandy prairies extending for miles, the baby of a workman or of the station master had a clean bonnet on his head and a neat dress on, and his small nose was cleaned with a snow white handkerchief When a poor, simply dressed woman carrying a baby in her arms stepped into a streetcar, it was a pleasure for an outsider to look at the child s neat clothes, and on long railroad trips one could often admire, for many days, the considerate care given children

The American woman's way of dressing, however, has one great *but*, and that *but* is the corset I do not want to argue that the use of corsets is greater here than among English, French, and German women, but in any case it is so widespread that it may endanger American women's health One does not note the corseting of the American women with such painful obviousness as in the shapes of the naturally stout German women American women are usually slim and delicate like English women but not so strongly built as they are Perhaps the American woman is much more seriously threatened by tight binding, for she has to compress her lungs quite a lot before her shape looks unnaturally slender But the movement for reforming women s clothes origin ated in America and is spreading there, with more and more interest being expressed in it In almost every larger city there are health, or so called reform, dress seamstresses, and large associations with hundreds of members are spreading information on the subject through lectures, brochures, and exhibitions by models The movement is led by Mrs [Annie] Jenness Miller, and the new dress has been named after her the Jenness Miller dress It is not so beautiful as the Scandinavian reform dress, but it is not so formal looking as that and is more practical Many already have such dresses, and, especially, many women who work

at a desk, write, or stand up a great deal wear two-parted skirts and reform corsets. On the other hand, short clipped hair is something unknown to the American woman and seldom, perhaps never, does one see boyishly bobbed hair in the United States Carefully selected colors, gracefully fitting clothes, and strict cleanliness are generally characteristic of the cultured American woman.

An unfavorable side of the generally prevailing neatness and cleanliness is the extravagance which the stranger finds everywhere The prodigality of nature in this rich land, whose resources are gigantic, seems to influence the people. They are not stingy; they gladly pass out handfuls of money; they like to adorn themselves, their homes, their children, their gardens; they love to see beautiful paintings, jewels, brilliant flowers, they love to hear the rustle of silk, and to smell good perfumes The American love of jewels has become proverbial, and they can be seen on men's shirt fronts, neckties, fingers, on women's hands, arms, necks, and ears; on little children's dresses, and school girls' collars. According to his means, everyone gets either real or imitation jewelry. Hospitality and generosity prevail everywhere. The Americans' extravagance is often childishly well meaning but here it does not seem as reprehensible as elsewhere, for in this wealthy nation people give to their less fortunate brothers with open hands, richly and abundantly, and here the road to wealth —at least in comparison with conditions in other lands—is open to the poorest, if he himself has the ability to follow it. "What I like about America," said Carlyle to Emerson, "is that a man can eat his fill there if he works hard."

An English author has said about American children that they are the naughtiest children in the whole world, but that they grow up to be the best citizens in the whole world. Whether the statement is true I do not know. It is true that the children do grow up freer and that the rod is rarely used; Americans do not want to stifle their children's individual talents, but to teach them self-respect. At a great Bible meeting a certain respected religious woman speaker uttered a few words which, in my opinion, describe quite well the American way of raising children:

"I have eight children," she said, "and people are accustomed to ask me how I can manage all of them 'Dear me,' I say to them, 'it would never even occur to me to manage them I only try to teach them to manage themselves That is their lot in life.'"

In my opinion, this method of education seemed to have particularly happy results, probably for the reason that strong confidence is joined with freedom The home has its own rules that the children have to obey absolutely, and one often hears the father or mother calmly say, "You know that you must do so and so" The love and trust between children and parents make good homes everywhere equal But what makes a good American home so pleasant is the delightful mixture of freedom and conformity to law, of cheerful friendliness and respect, which prevails in them I believe, however, that another danger of quite a serious kind threatens American children Their development, which the climate makes sufficiently rapid, is hastened by education They are usually charming to look at with their small, beautifully shaped heads, bright, dark eyes, and fine limbs It is a pleasure to be with them, for they are well-mannered, alert, and natural; even the poor children look the questioner straight in the eye and answer questions frankly And even from the faces of very little children shines complete intelligence If one compares a six-months old American child with one of our children of the same age, one notes a surprising difference In the American child one does not see anything of the sleepy, undeveloped, and half ready as in a Finnish baby One sees infants everywhere in America; they are taken on rattling streetcars, on rocking steamships, on excursions in parks, on long railroad trips, into churches and stores Lately, kindergartens for children of all classes of people have been established everywhere unbelievably fast Seldom do parents and teachers use the old fashioned admonitory way of talking in simple words and phrases when they speak with children They do upbraid them very severely sometimes, but they talk just as they do to adults All these facts put together are responsible for the small American being an individual of strong character at an age when our children here seem to be nothing but small animals which eat and sleep

In less cultured, or otherwise lower class, homes, the freedom granted youths sometimes takes the wrong direction. A full-grown daughter has her friends, a son his companions, who come and go, with an abundance of picnics, rides, and dances. The parents live their own lives and not very much value is placed on their demands. In good homes, on the other hand, there is nothing more beautiful than the relationship between the parents and fully grown children Under the apparent, pleasant equality hides a tender respect on the part of the children

The American man generally bears the character of being vigorous and determined In the society world, of course, there are blasé people here as elsewhere in the world, but in the common man, the worker, the businessman, teacher, minister, engineer, the above-mentioned qualities are very conspicuous Here more than elsewhere, the man is the shaper of his own fortune and can begin working for pay early in life. "To make money," as they say in America, is a condition of life for the American, whether he intends to turn to study for a profession, become a businessman, or go west to become a cowboy or a cattleman, a railroad stockholder or bridge builder One constantly hears said about young men: "And then he earned so and so much, for such and such a length of time, and could buy himself a share in this or that business" Or, "Charlie intends to travel westward, but his father thinks that it would be better for him to work here for a while longer and earn a little more to begin with."

It is quite commonly known that the cancerous growth, indebtedness, has nowhere spread as it has in the Northern Countries. The young American usually avoids that peril His native land offers him enough work for good pay and he works diligently to be able to turn later to the field in which he intends to make his regular living. I was told in America, "The Scandinavians are our best immigrants, but they have peculiar ideas about honor. They get all involved in debt and—would you believe it—both men and women in debt get married and don't consider it wrong!"

Of course, one can reply that ideas of honor vary in different lands. In my country many practices acceptable in the American political and mercantile worlds would be considered dishonest.

Money easily becomes a boy s slogan It is well if it does not become Money at any price If it is the latter, then follow swindles, speculation mania, and finally perhaps the kind of bankruptcy which only America can produce Greed for money and the desire for speculation are followed by a lust for the power of money, which is the lurking enemy of the United States Large companies whose incomes double mathematically collect into their own hands the work and the profits, and the workingman frequently is the loser During political elections multitudes of voters sell their votes, or the agents of the parties bribe them either directly with money, or indirectly with promises of jobs to get them to vote for a certain candidate

No educated and impartial American denies the truth of this But America is a large, noisy, rapidly growing child All its faults are in the open, its virtues and vices are both in the clear daylight All improvements have to take place slowly, for the people themselves rule Not until the need for some reform has penetrated to the people can the reform be accomplished For that reason, said an American educator, we shall tip over with our load many times before the people learn to rule, and the idlers and criminals sent over by Europe certainly do not make our task easier

There is still another reason, a more natural one, why a young American wishes to get on his own feet as soon as possible He wants to become independent, get married, get his own home and his own assured place in society Everywhere one meets fathers of families who have been postmen messengers, or hired hands but have risen higher For the most part, they have saved up money in their first jobs for the costs of their upkeep at a college or some other higher educational institution, where they have added to their knowledge Then, with the help of their new learning they have found themselves a more profitable kind of work In the West, where money can be made more easily and where business life is more turbulent and exciting, the boy can easily neglect his own education He is so interested in earning money that other matters become insignificant He becomes an uneducated, bragging man, who figuratively and literally jingles

his money, lives only to increase his income, and lets his wife waste money on silk dresses, jewelry, and beautiful furniture. He considers it a matter of honor that he has the most beautiful house, the best-dressed wife, and the best-paid servants in the whole neighborhood. He does not like to see his wife and daughters do any work, for it might appear that he is not man enough to support them. And the American does not scorn anything in the whole world so deeply as he does an idle and impractical man who cannot manage to rise to wealth

His position at home is considerably different from that in most of the European countries Already in school he is taught to respect women. One probably cannot visit any school in the United States without noticing this. Wendell Phillips once said, "Real chivalry is one of man's most important virtues But chivalry does not consist merely in allowing woman the right of equality with us; it has to be seen also in our pity for her, for she is physically weaker." These words, which one often sees on the walls of schools in America, reveal one of the principles according to which the boy is educated

Coeducation brings him closer to the girl and places him on a natural, calm, and friendly footing with her A warmer climate [than in Finland] and a national predilection for sports keep him outdoors a great deal; he rides, rows, plays ball and enthusiastically takes part in all kinds of gymnastic games From the ages of fourteen to sixteen he directs his thoughts to the exciting problem, "What shall I become? How shall I earn money?" That prevents him from thinking too much about the changes taking place in his physical development at that time. The mother has more authority and influence over him than in Finland. His position in relation to the women servants in his home is different from what it is in the Northern Countries. The women servants in America have more dignity and pride. Even though he is their master's son, they are women, and as women they demand his respect. Nowhere do they permit the improper custom of sending a servant girl to a young man's room in the morning either to take water there or to pick up shoes to be brushed. In the absence of legalized houses of ill-fame the temptations threat-

ening outside the home are fewer Since there are plenty of all kinds of schools everywhere, the boy usually does not leave the shelter of his home at a very young age

The young people associate with each other naturally When a young man becomes interested in a girl, both the persons con cerned and the parents take the matter quite calmly The young man is called the girl s *beau*—he is something between a fiance, a good friend, and a suitor—they walk, read, and play music together, correspond with each other, and are invited by friends and relatives to call on them together Sometimes this association results in an engagement, sometimes it does not A girl may have many young men around her, and none of them look too despondent when she finally marries one and turns down the others

In my opinion, taking charge of such a crowd must be quite trying but the American woman gets out of this fix surprisingly well Seldom does one see in her the faults of flirtation, affecta tion and fastidiousness, generally she is friendly, cheerful, and natural It often happens that when one stays with an American family one notices on the first or second evening a young man who prepares the lemonade, repairs a broken lock, holds the skein of yarn as it is being wound, escorts the women to church or to a concert, and works in the house, for the most part, in a very familiar way If one asks who Mr B or Mr C is, one is very calmly told that he is Miss Caroline s or Miss Mary s beau and no other explanation is given If the girl is spoiled and capricious, she becomes easily provoked with her beau over both supposed and real signs of indifference Then she stays up until perhaps one o clock at night, writes letters which she tears up immediately, and comes down to breakfast with her eyes red and swollen with weeping

These kinds of events, however, are probably quite rare, for Americans generally are not hampered by sentimentality It seems to me that in questions of love and marriage there is in them very much of the peasants naturalness in going straight to the heart of the matter

The beau system is common to all social classes The servant

girl and the shop girl, the seamstress, the rich young lady, everyone has a beau almost as surely as she has a parasol and a handkerchief. Of course, this custom can lead to a great deal of more or less innocent flirtation. But it seems to fit American character and conditions. Recent American authors have described their countrymen as extremely nervous, refined, and sensitive, and so satiated, so deprived of their spontaneity, that they find pleasure in analyzing any unexpectedly powerful and new mood in themselves. That description presumably is true as it applies to the most polished society in New York and Washington, for in the latter city a kind of court life is already to be seen But I do not think that *all* Americans make that impression on a European. I am more inclined to think that the men in America have weaker passions and the women less sentiment than do the inhabitants of the Old World. At any rate, one does not see in America any signs of the heavy, deep, sluggish but also dangerously intensive sentimental life which is characteristic of the people of the Northern Countries. The American's emotions seem to be better adapted to the even, calmly glowing warmth of marriage than to the suddenly blazing flame of passion which, in devouring all, consumes its own vitality.

Since the young people go side by side both in school and in social life, in getting married they know just about what they can expect from each other, and likewise they know each other's faults and defects quite well Perhaps for that reason wives there —as with peasant wives here—have fewer frustrated expectations The women understand their husbands better, for they are not maudlin and weak but practical by nature Husbands and wives often have the same interests, the same goal. They both wish for themselves a comfortable home, where they can be hospitable to their friends, a respected position in life, a good income, and activity in some religious, political, literary or charitable direction. I believe that they do not have much of the exceedingly idealistic conception of love, which the inhabitants of the North have *in theory*. But the Americans are superior to us in practicing it. An English authoress says, "The American does not love his wife more dearly than the Englishman does his wife, but he shows his

love better' The stranger notices that immediately in visiting American homes, both upper class and lower class The courteous, natural attentiveness with which an American man always treats a woman seems to survive even the purgatorial fires of matrimony An American is just as tender and attentive at home as he is active, businesslike, and energetic in his work And he is just as practical at home, too He takes the baby, lifts a heavy load into its place, pulls down the shades, or moves a chair to be sat on precisely at the right moment Whistling cheerfully, he carries coal or wood into the kitchen in spite of his ring adorned hands, and in spite of his high hat, he goes to the butcher shop across the way and brings home meat, and he does all this without looking at all as though he, the master, were doing it only out of grace

Of course, this matter is judged in many different ways by people, depending upon the point of view of the critic concerning a man s position as head of the family A German professor writes, America is not a Christian country, for wives do not treat their husbands with due respect I heard a wife ask her husband, a learned scientist, *to go upstairs to get her thimble* and the saddest part was *that the man went* "

America is a wives paradise, an old lady, who had often been to Europe, said to me with tears in her eyes No one can be so tender and so considerately attentive as an American hus band, no one is so affectionately indulgent He *wants* to make his wife happy

In a little town on the Illinois prairies there was a section which was called Sweedtown, Swedes or descendants of Swedes lived there I was told that when they first came from Sweden, the men were generally drunkards, beat their wives, were indiffer ent about their future, and had great swarms of children, half naked and ignorant, whom they left to fare for themselves The women were dull, indifferent, resigned, and passive But in the second generation there could already be seen a clear change The young people wanted to get into better circumstances, attain cleanliness and order in their home conditions, and gain the respect of their neighbors, they sent their children to school and saved for their own old age And the greatest difference, added

the narrator, "was evident in the position of the women. They were more active, more free, and more cheerful than their mothers had been, and the men were more respectful and tender than their fathers had been."

While traveling in the West, I was in the same railroad car with a young working-class couple for four days The wife was very young, pale, and sick-looking They had two children; one was three years old, the other six weeks old During the day the older child was always cared for by the father, except when he went to the smoking car; the wife took care of the baby whom she was nursing. At night the father took care of both children until two o'clock, when the mother took the smaller one into her possession

When the train came to a lunch station on the first day, the man gave his wallet to his wife and said, "You need nourishing food in nursing the baby Go now and eat lunch in the restaurant; I'll eat from our lunch basket." The wife objected, but the husband took the child from her lap and laughingly said to the others sitting nearby, "She doesn't dare let this bundle out of her hands, but I'll show that I'm not a bad nurse myself" Every day the wife ate in a restaurant, the man from the lunch basket. When I mentioned this little incident at a social gathering, one of those present, a minister, very surprised, asked, "Why do you tell that story? It was a perfectly natural thing for the wife to have nourishing food since she had recently been ill and needed nourishment for two"

Another noticeable trait of the American man is his predilection for his wife's company It can be observed on the steamship crossing the Atlantic, a voyage lasting from eight to eleven days discloses many small differences between various nations. The German women gathered together in small groups to sew and chatter; their husbands sat in the smoking salon playing cards, or they walked on deck. The American men, on the other hand, were always with their wives The husbands and wives walked, read, and played cards together; they talked together, or the man read aloud to his wife while she sewed.

The equality more or less noticed in all republics has influenced

even family life in the United States In America one does not often meet pasha like husbands All told, the husband there is an active, somewhat boorish man, who admires his wife, enjoys every spare hour spent with her, considers his home as the best in the whole world, and, contentedly rubbing his hands together, says, My wife says that I am an excellent husband I don t know about that I only know that I do my best and that my wife is the best of wives

When the national character is practical, it seldom happens that the wife considers herself superior to her husband even though she may have had—as it frequently happens—a more thorough literary education than her husband has had The wife admires her husband s business ability or his political, commercial, or other practical attainments and if the husband lacks knowledge of or interest in her endeavors, she says very calmly, ' My husband is so busy that he does not have time for literary studies ' In my opinion, the women in general do not make any unreasonable demands of marriage, as if the freedom they enjoy has influenced them to give in without grumbling when they see that the husband really wishes something

Finally, I cannot help mentioning a certain characteristic of American society I mean the respect that everyone has for re ligion, everyone adheres devoutly to his own religious views but at the same time grants complete freedom to those who think differently And this quality is not characteristic only of some special sect or creed, it is common to all, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Quakers, Unitarians, and Universalists Those who have not been able to attach themselves to any of the usual Chris tian denominations have founded separate spiritual communion on a general religious or moral basis, and they gather in their meeting houses to hear lectures, sing and talk Every church and every congregation has its own Sunday school, Bible classes, mothers and young peoples associations, sewing, reading, singing, and charitable organizations Young and old, men and women, edu cated and uneducated talk kindly and enthusiastically about our pastor, ' our church, ' our Sunday school ' I give full credit for this achievement to the church and to the ministry The

ministers have stripped off the rigid armor of dogma and orthodoxy and no longer go about like the knights of the Middle Ages with a visor covering their faces. They do not live apart from their congregations but in their midst; every matter touching the congregation touches them, and they try to follow the developments of the time. The church has ceased being a marble statue and has become a live, warm, merciful reality The result has been that many have found peace and rest in its bosom.

Everyone seems to have a need for some kind of religion; everyone longs for some kind of communion with a Higher Being. Since the congregations usually are small, a friendly kind of association prevails among their members. If the minister is liked, the congregation cannot make enough of him. If they think that he looks weary, they immediately collect a sum of money and send him to Europe for a few months, perhaps all the way to the Holy Land. When he returns home, he finds that the church has a new altar piece or some new stained glass, the parsonage veranda has been altered, or a bed for the use of the congregation has been contracted for in some hospital, or the congregation, during his absence, has found some other way of surprising him. Once a month, on an appointed day, he holds a reception. Then all gather together at his home to drink tea, to talk about family matters, the church, works of mercy, problems of the day, religious questions. The young consult about the affairs of their choir, Shakespeare or Emerson clubs In one family with which I stayed for a while, the daughter was often depressed although she tried to hide it. Finally her mother said to me, "I don't know what is the matter with her. I don't know any other way out; I'll have to stop in at the rectory tonight" The family belonged to a Unitarian congregation whose minister, Miss K., had been in office for about eleven years The next day, toward evening, as I unexpectedly entered the drawing room, I saw a gray-haired woman in a black dress sitting in an easy chair and on her knees before her the daughter of the house, her head on the minister's breast, weeping bitterly. A few days later the mother said very happily, "Have you noticed that my daughter is herself again? I knew that Miss K. could bring her back to her senses."

In many places I had the opportunity to attend small meetings which the young people held, gathering together after finishing their work in stores, offices, or at home, in order to decide about the next year s activities in their church Sunday schools or Bible classes These meetings began at nine, sometimes ten, o'clock in the evening and all the participants, both men and women, had had a very heavy workday

Love of church and minister, as such, of course, means nothing for the church and the minister are not the heart of Christianity But since there, as well as here, it is a natural manifestation of the soul s aspiration for unity with the Supreme Being, it has a great significance

When one finds this love everywhere in the United States side by side with the greatest possible freedom of thought, one necessarily recollects that Puritans founded this commonwealth They were, in their day, the best, most liberal and enlightened people of their native land, England They were, in their day, a noble product of the majestic movement seeking enlightenment and freedom, their humanity and reformation awakened Europe to the dawn of modern times[2] They loved liberty of conscience so dearly that they exposed themselves to the storms of the ocean and the dangers of an unknown, wild land, rather than yield to the compulsion of conscience One begins to see that the foundation they laid was sufficiently deep, broad, and strong to stand firm through the centuries and that their powerful yet invisible arms must still sustain a nation whose history shows that there is so much moral strength left within as to cast off its own faults without any outside coercion

[2] A broad interpretation of history *Editor*

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